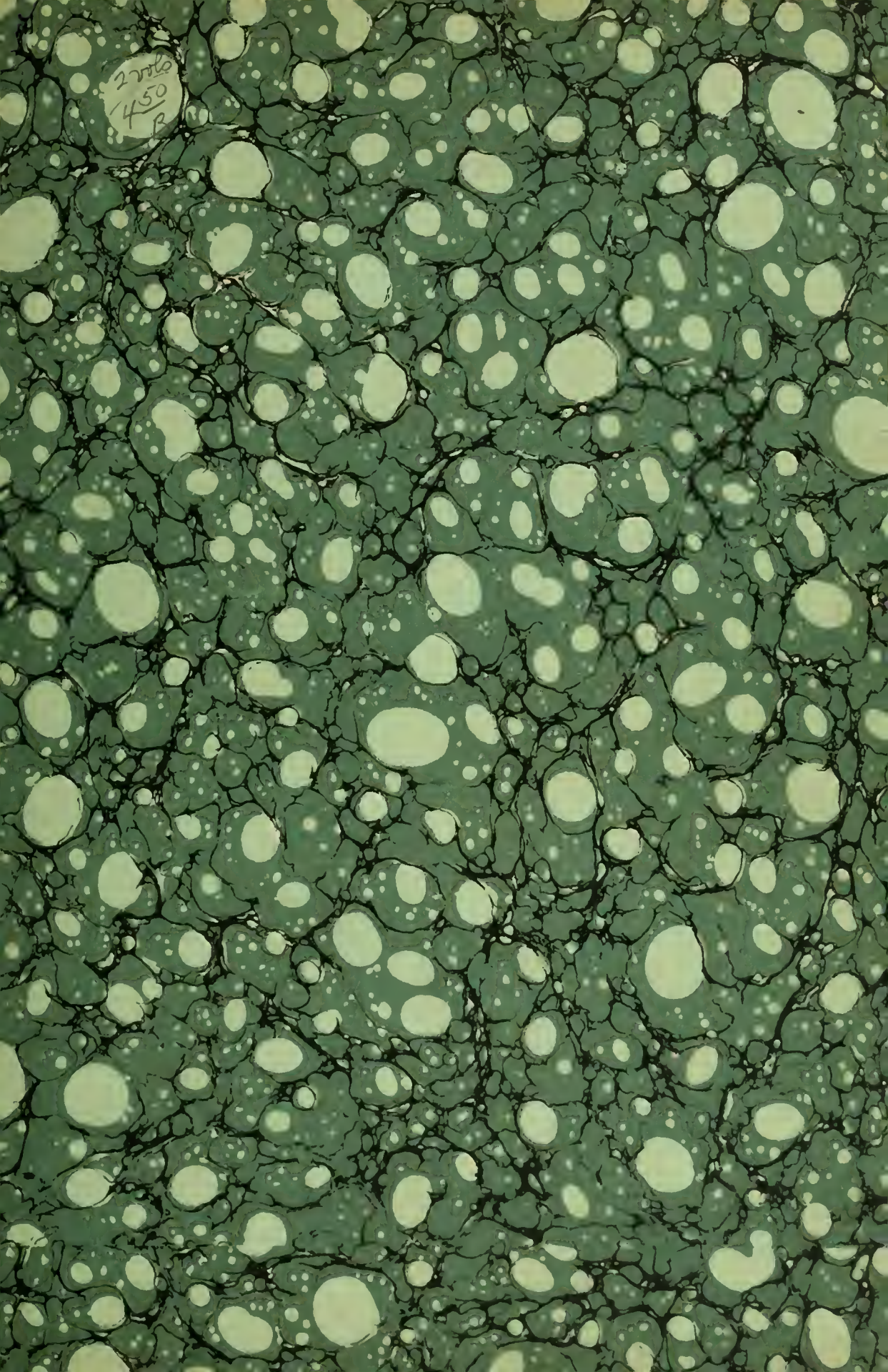


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HIS EMINENCE JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, D. D.

Trials and Triumphs

—OF THE—

CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA



DURING FOUR HUNDRED YEARS, FROM THE LANDING
OF THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO THE PRESENT TIME

PUBLISHED WITH THE APPROBATION OF HIS GRACE
THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO

EDITED FROM AUTHENTIC RECORDS

BY

PROFESSOR P. J. MAHON,
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WITH PREFACE BY

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CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

VOLUME II.

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS

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Archbishop of Chicago.

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Chapter XXVII.

Catholicity During the Revolution.

FIRST SIGNS OF INDEPENDENCE.—CATHOLICS AN ILL-TREATED MINORITY.—PATRIOTISM FORGETS PERSECUTION.—MEMORIES OF IRELAND AID THE CAUSE.—BIGOTRY OF JOHN JAY.—MARYLAND CATHOLICS OUTSPOKEN.—HOW CANADA WAS ESTRANGED.—JOHN CARROLL AND BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—FATHER GIBAULT SEEKING ALLIANCES.—HELP FROM CATHOLIC FRANCE.—ENGLISH TORYISM.—WASHINGTON COUNSELS LIBERALITY.

HE moment of England's triumph in the last century was the dawn of American independence. When England, aided by her colonies, had at last wrested Canada from France, and, forcing that weakened power to relinquish Louisiana to Spain, had restored Havana to the Catholic sovereign only at the price of Florida, her sway seemed secure over all North America from the icy ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, from the shores of the Atlantic to the Mississippi. But her very success had aroused questions and created wants which were not to be answered and solved until her mighty American power was shattered.

While Spain and France kept colonies in leading-strings, England allowed her American provinces to thrive by her utter neglect of them. Monarchs granted charters liberally, and with that their interest seemed to vanish, until it was discovered that offices could be found there for court favorites. But the people had virtually constituted governments of their own;

had their own treasury, made their own laws, waged their wars with the Indians, carried on trade, unaided and almost unrecognized by the mother country.

The final struggle with France had at last awakened England to the importance, wealth, and strength of the American colonies. It appeared to embarrassed English statesmen that the depleted coffers of the national treasury might be greatly aided by taxing these prosperous communities. The Americans, paying readily taxes where they could control their disbursement, refused to accept new burdens and to pay the mother country for the honor of being governed. The relation of colonies to the mother country; the question of right in the latter to tax the former; the bounds and just limits on either side, involved new and undiscussed points. They now became the subject of debate in parliament, in colonial assemblies, in every town gathering, and at every fireside in the American colonies. The people were all British subjects, proud of England and her past; a large majority were devoted to the Protestant religion and the house of Hanover, and sought to remain in adherence to both while retaining all the rights they claimed as Englishmen.

A small body of Catholics existed in the country. What their position was on the great questions at issue can be briefly told.

They were of many races and nationalities. No other church then or now could show such varieties, blended together by a common faith. Maryland, settled by a Catholic proprietor, with colonists largely Catholic, and for a time predominantly so, contained some thousands of native-born Catholics of English, and to some extent of Irish origin, proud of their early Maryland record, of the noble character of the charter, and of the nobly tolerant character of the early laws and practice of the land of Mary. In Pennsylvania a smaller Catholic body existed, more scattered, by no means so compact or so influential as their Maryland brethren—settlers coming singly during the eighteenth century mainly, or descendants of such emigrants, some of whom had been sent across the Atlantic as bondsmen by England, others coming as redemptioners, others again as colonists of means and position. They were not only of English, Irish, and Scotch origin, but also of the German race, with a few from France and other Catholic states. New Jersey and New York had still fewer Catholics than Pennsylvania. In the other colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia, they existed only as individuals lost in the general body of the people. But all along the coast were scattered by the cruel hand

of English domination the unfortunate Acadians, who had been ruthlessly torn from their Nova Scotian villages and farms, deprived of all they had on earth—home and property and kindred. With naught left them but their Faith, these Acadians formed little groups of dejected Catholics in many a part, not even their noble courage amid unmerited suffering exciting sympathy or kindly encouragement from the colonists. Florida had a remnant of its old Spanish population, with no hopes for the future from the Protestant power to which the fortunes of war and the vicissitudes of affairs had made them subjects. There were besides in that old Catholic colony some Italians and Minorcans, brought over with Greeks under Turnbull's project of colonization. Maine had her Indians, of old steady foes of New England, now at peace, submitting to the new order of things, thoroughly Catholic from the teaching of their early missionaries. New York had Catholic Indians on her northern frontier. The Catholic Wyandots clustered around the pure streams and springs of Sandusky. Further west, from Detroit to the mouth of the Ohio, from Vincennes to Lake Superior, were little communities of Canadian French, all Catholics, with priests and churches, surrounded by Indian tribes among all which missionaries had labored, and not in vain. Some tribes were completely Catholic; others could show some, and most of them many, who had risen from the paganism of the red-men to the Faith of Christ.

Such was the Catholic body—colonists who could date back their origin to the foundation of Maryland or Acadia, Florida or Canada. Indians of various tribes, new-comers from England, Germany, or Ireland.

There were, too, though few, converts, who, belonging to the Protestant emigration, had been led by God's grace to see the truth, and who resolutely shared the odium and bondage of an oppressed and unpopular Church.

The questions at issue between the colonists and the mother country were readily answered by the Catholics of every class. Catholic theologians nowhere but in the Gallican circles of France had learned to talk of the divine right of kings. The truest, plainest doctrines of the rights of the people found their exposition in the works of Catholic divines. By a natural instinct they sided with those who claimed for these new communities in the western world the right of self-government. Catholics, of whatever race or origin, were on this point unanimous. Evidence meets us on every side. Duché, an episcopal clergyman, will mention Father Harding, the pastor of the Catholics in Philadelphia, for "his known attachment to British liberty"—they had not yet begun to talk of American liberty. Indian, French, and

Acadian, bound by no tie to England, could brook no subjection to a distant and oppressive power.

The Irish and Scotch Catholics, with old wrongs and a lingering Jacobite dislike to the house of Hanover, required no labored arguments to draw them to the side of the popular movement. All these elements excited distrust in England. Even a hundred years before in the councils of Britain fears had been expressed that the Maryland Catholics, if they gained strength, would one day attempt to set up their independence; and the event justified the fear. If they did not originate the movement, they went heartily into it.

The English government had begun in Canada its usual course of harassing and grinding down its Catholic subjects, putting the thousands of Canadians completely at the mercy of the few English adventurers or office-holders who entered the province, giving three hundred and sixty Protestant sutlers and camp-followers the rights of citizenship and all the offices in Canada, while disfranchising the real people of the province, the one hundred and fifty thousand Canadian Catholics. How such a system works we have seen, unhappily, in our own day and country. But with the growing discontent in her old colonies, caused by the attempts of parliament to tax the settlers indirectly, where they dared not openly, England saw that she must take some decisive steps to make the Canadians contented subjects, or be prepared to lose her dear-bought conquest as soon as any war should break out in which she herself might be involved. Instead of keeping the treaty of Paris as she had kept that of Limerick, England for once resolved to be honest and fulfill her agreement.

It was a moment when the thinking men among the American leaders should have won the Canadians as allies to their hopes and cause; but they took counsel of bigotry, allowed England to retrace her false steps, and by tardy justice secure the support of the Canadians.

The Quebec act of 1774 organized Canada, including in its extent the French communities in the west. Learning a lesson from Lord Baltimore and Catholic Maryland, "the nation which would not so much as legally recognize the existence of a Catholic in Ireland now from political considerations recognized on the St. Lawrence the free exercise of the religion of the Church of Rome, and confirmed to the clergy of that Church their rights and dues."

Just and reasonable as the act was, solid in policy, and, by introducing the English criminal law and forms of government, gradually preparing the

people for an assimilation in form to the other British colonies, this Quebec act, from the simple fact that it tolerated Catholics, excited strong denunciation on both sides of the Atlantic. The city of London addressed the king before he signed the bill, petitioning that he should refrain from doing so. "The Roman Catholic religion, which is known to be idolatrous and bloody, is established by this bill," say these wiseacres, imploring George III, as the guardian of the laws, liberty, and religion of his people, and as the great bulwark of the Protestant faith, not to give his royal assent.

In America, when the news came of its passage, the debates as to their wrongs, as to the right of parliament to pass stamp acts or levy duties on imports, to maintain an army or quarter soldiers on the colonists, seemed to be forgotten in their horror of this act of toleration. In New York the flag with the union and stripes was run up, bearing bold and clear on a white stripe the words, "No Popery." The congress of 1774, though it numbered some of the clearest heads in the colonies, completely lost sight of the vital importance of Canada territorially, and of the advantage of securing as friends a community of 150,000 whose military ability had been shown on a hundred battle-fields. Addressing the people of Great Britain, this congress says: "By another act the Dominion of Canada is to be so extended, modeled, and governed as that, by being disunited from us, detached from our interests by civil as well as religious prejudices; that by their numbers swelling with Catholic emigrants from Europe, and by their devotion to administration so friendly to their religion, they might become formidable to us, and on occasion be fit instruments in the hands of power to reduce the ancient free Protestant colonies to the same slavery with themselves." "Nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion through every part of the world."

This address, the work of the intense bigot John Jay, and of the furious storm of bigotry evoked in New England and New York, was most disastrous in its results to the American cause. Canada was not so delighted with her past experience of English rule or so confident of the future as to accept unhesitatingly the favors accorded by the Quebec act. She had from the first sought to ally herself with the neighboring English colonies, and to avoid European complications. When she proposed the alliance, they declined. She would now have met their proposal warmly; but when this address was

circulated in Canada, it defeated the later and wiser effort of congress to win that province through Franklin, Chase, and the Carrolls. It made the expeditions against the British forces there, at first so certain of success by Canadian aid, result in defeat and disgrace. In New York a little colony of Scotch Catholics who would gladly have paid off the score of Culloden, took alarm at the hatred shown their faith, and fled with their clergymen to Canada to give strength to our foe, when they wished to be of us and with us. In the west it enabled British officers to make Detroit a center from which they exerted an influence over the western tribes that lasted down into the present century, and which Jay's treaty—a tardy endeavor to undo his mischief of 1774—did not succeed in checking.

Pamphlets, attacking or defending the Quebec act, appeared on both sides of the Atlantic. In the English interest it was shown that the treaty of Paris already guaranteed their religion to the Canadians, and that the rights of their clergy were included in this. It was shown that to insist on England's establishing the state church in Canada would justify her in doing the same in New England. "An Englishman's answer" to the address of congress rather maliciously turned Jay's bombast on men like himself by saying: "If the actions of the different sects in religion are inquired into, we shall find, by turning over the sad historic page, that it was the——sect (I forget what they call them; I mean the sect which is still most numerous in New England, and not the sect which they so much despise) that in the last century deluged our island in blood; that even shed the blood of the sovereign, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, superstition, hypocrisy, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the empire."

One who later in life became a Catholic, speaking of the effect of this bill in New England, says: "We were all ready to swear that this same George, by granting the Quebec bill, had thereby become a traitor, had broken his coronation oath, was secretly a papist," etc. "The real fears of popery in New England had its influence." "The common word then was: 'No king, no popery.'"

But though Canada was thus alienated, and some Catholics at the north frightened away, in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the French west the fanaticism was justly regarded as a mere temporary affair, the last outburst of a bigotry that could not live and thrive on the soil. Providence was shaping all things wisely; but we cannot be surprised at the wonder some soon felt.

Now, what must appear very singular," says the writer above quoted, "is

that the two parties naturally so opposite to each other should become, even at the outset, united in opposing the efforts of the mother country. And now we find the New England people and the Catholics of the southern states fighting side by side, though stimulated by extremely different motives; the one acting through fear lest the king of England should succeed in establishing among us the Catholic religion; the other equally fearful lest his bitterness against the Catholic faith should increase till they were either destroyed or driven to the mountains and waste places of the wilderness."

Such was the position of the Catholics as the rapid tide of events was bearing all on to a crisis. The Catholics in Maryland and Pennsylvania were outspoken in their devotion to the cause of the colonies. In Maryland, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, trained abroad in the schools of France and the law-courts of England, with all the learning of the English barrister widened and deepened by a knowledge of the civil law of the continent, grappled in controversy the veteran Dulany of Maryland. In vain the Tory advocate attempted, by sneers and jibes at the proscribed position of the foreign-trained Catholic, to evade the logic of his arguments. The eloquence and learning of Carroll triumphed, and he stood before his countrymen disenthralled. There, at least, it was decided by the public mind that Catholics were to enjoy all the rights of their fellow-citizens, and that citizens like Carroll were worthy of their highest honors. "The benign aurora of the coming Republic," says Bancroft, "lighted the Catholic to the recovery of his rightful political equality in the land which a Catholic proprietary had set apart for religious freedom." In 1775, Charles Carroll was a member of the first committee of observation and a delegate to the provincial convention of Maryland, the first Catholic in any public office since the days of James II. "Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the great representative of his fellow-believers, and already an acknowledged leader of the patriots, sat in the Maryland convention as the delegate of a Protestant constituency, and bore an honorable share in its proceedings."

When the news of Lexington rang through the land, borne from town to town by couriers on panting steeds, regiments were organized in all the colonies. Catholics stepped forward to shoulder their rifles and firelocks. Few aspired to commissions, from which they had hitherto been excluded in the militia and troops raised for actual service, but the rank and file showed Catholics, many of them men of intelligence and fair education, eager to meet all perils and to prove on the field of battle that they were worthy of

citizenship in all its privileges. Ere long, however, Catholics by ability and talent won rank in the army and navy of the young Republic.

We Catholics have been so neglectful of our history that no steps were ever taken to form a complete roll of those glorious heroes of the faith who took part in the revolutionary struggle. The few great names survive—Moylan, Burke, Barry, Vigo, Orono, Louis, Landais; here and there the journal of a Catholic soldier like McCurtin has been printed; but in our shameful neglect of the past we have done nothing to compile a roll that we can point to with pride.

When hostilities began, it became evident that Canada must be gained. Expeditions were fitted out to reduce the British posts. The Canadians evinced a friendly disposition, giving ready assistance by men, carriages, and provisions to an extent that surprised the Americans. Whole parishes even offered to join in reducing Quebec and lowering the hated flag of England from the castle of St. Louis, where the lilies had floated for nearly two centuries. But the bigotry that inspired some of our leaders was too strong in many of the subordinates to permit them to reason. They treated these Catholic Canadians as enemies, ill-used and dragooned them so that almost the whole country was ready to unite in repulsing them. Then came Montgomery's disaster, and the friends of America in Canada dwindled to a few priests; La Valiniere, Carpentier, the ex-Jesuits Huguot and Floquet, and the Canadians who enlisted in Livingston's, Hazen's, and Duggan's corps, under Guillot, Loseau, Aller, Basadé, Menard, and other Catholic officers.

Then congress awoke to its error. As that strategic province was slipping from the hands of the confederated colonies, as Hazen's letters came urging common sense, congress appointed a commission with an address to the Canadian people to endeavor even then to win them. Benjamin Franklin was selected with two gentlemen from Catholic Maryland—Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll. To increase their influence, congress requested the Rev. John Carroll to accompany them, hoping that the presence of a Catholic priest and a Catholic layman, both educated in France and acquainted with the French character, would effect more than any argument that could be brought to bear on the Canadians. They hastened to do their utmost, but eloquence and zeal failed. The Canadians distrusted the new order of things in America; the hostility shown in the first address of congress seemed too well supported by the acts of Americans in Canada. They turned a deaf ear to the words of the Carrolls, and adhered to England.

Canada was thus lost to us. Taking our stand among the nations of the earth, we could not hope to include that province, but must ever have it on our flank in the hands of England. This fault was beyond redemption.

But the recent war with Pontiac was now recalled. Men remembered how the Indian tribes of the west, organized by the mastermind of that chief, had swept away almost in an instant every fort and military post from the Mississippi to the Alleghanies, and marked out the frontier by a line of blazing houses and villages from Lake Erie to Florida. What might these same western hordes do in the hands of England, directed, supplied, and organized for their fell work by British officers! The Mohawks and other Iroquois of New York had retired to the English lines, and people shuddered at what was to come upon them there. The Catholic Indians in Maine had been won to our side by a wise policy. Washington wrote to the tribe in 1745, and deputies from all the tribes from the Penobscot to Gaspé met in the Massachusetts Council at Watertown. Ambrose Var, the chief of the St. John's Indians, Orono of Penobscot, came with words that showed the reverent Christian. Of old they had been enemies; they were glad to become friends: they would stand beside the colonists. Eminently Catholic, every tribe asked for a priest; and Massachusetts promised to do her best to obtain French priests for her Catholic allies. Throughout the war these Catholic Indians served us well, and Orono, who bore a continental commission, lived to see priests restored to his village and religion flourishing. Brave and consistent, he never entered the churches of the Protestant denominations, though often urged to do so. He practiced his duties faithfully as a Catholic, and replied: "We know our religion and love it; we know nothing of yours."

Maine acknowledges his worth by naming a town after this grand old Catholic.

But the west! Men shuddered to think of it. The conquest of Canada by a course of toleration and equality to Catholics would have made all the Indian tribes ours. The Abnakis had been won by a promise to them as Catholics; the Protestant and heathen Mohawks were on the side of England, though the Catholics of the same race in Canada were friendly. If the Indians in the west could be won to neutrality even, no sacrifice would be too great.

Little as American statesmen knew it, they had friends there. And if the United States at the peace secured the northwest and extended her bounds to the Mississippi, it was due to the Very Rev. Peter Gibault, the Catholic

priest of Vincennes and Kaskaskia, and to his sturdy adherent, the Italian Col. Vigo. Entirely ignorant of what the feeling there might be, Col. George Rogers Clark submitted to the legislature of Virginia, whose backwoods settlement, Kentucky, was immediately menaced, a plan for reducing the English posts in the northwest. Jefferson warmly encouraged the dangerous project, on which so much depended. Clark, with his handful of men, struck through the wilderness for the old French post of Kaskaskia. He appeared before it on the 4th of July, 1778. But the people were not enemies. Their pastor had studied the questions at issue, and, as Clark tells us, "was rather prejudiced in favor of us." The people told the American commander they were convinced that the cause was one which they ought to espouse, and that they should be happy to convince him of their zeal. When Father Gibault asked whether he was at liberty to perform his duty in his church, Clark told him that he had nothing to do with churches, except to defend them from insult; that, by the laws of the state, his religion had as great privileges as any other. The first Fourth of July celebration at Kaskaskia was a hearty one. The streets were strewn with flowers and hung with flags, and all gave themselves up to joy. But Clark's work was not done.

The English lay in force at Vincennes. The Rev. Mr. Gibault, who was there during the brief English rule, and down nearly to the close of the century, ministered for many years to both French and Indians; Flaget, afterwards Bishop of Bardstown and Louisville, was for a time at Vincennes, followed by Rivet, a priest driven from France by the Revolution—a man of learning and ability. During his ministry at Vincennes, from 1795 to 1804, Rivet devoted himself especially to the Indian tribes in that territory. In his registers he styles himself "Missionary to the Indians, temporarily officiating in the parish of St. Francis Xavier." Father Gibault and Col. Vigo, who had been in the Spanish service, but came over to throw in his fortunes with us, urged Clark to move at once on Vincennes. It seemed to him rash, but Father Gibault showed how it could be taken. He went on himself with Dr. Lefont, won every French hamlet to the cause, and conciliated the Indians wherever he could reach them. Vigo, on a similar excursion, was captured by British Indians and carried a prisoner to Hamilton, the English commander at Vincennes, but that officer felt that he could not detain a Spanish subject, and was compelled by the French to release him. When Clark, in February, appeared with his half-starved men, including Capt.

Charlevoix's company of Kaskaskia Catholics, before Vincennes, and demanded its surrender with as bold a front as though he had ten thousand men at his back, the English wavered, and one resolute attack compelled them to surrender at discretion. What is now Indiana and Illinois, Wisconsin and Upper Michigan, was won to the United States. To hold it and supply the Indians required means. Clark issued paper money in the name of Virginia, and the patriotic Col. Vigo and Father Gibault exhausted all their resources to redeem this paper and maintain its credit, although the hope of their ever being repaid for their sacrifice was slight, and, slight as it might have been, was never realized. Their generous sacrifice enabled Clark to retain his conquest, as the spontaneous adhesion of his allies to the cause had enabled him to effect it. The securing of the old French posts, Vincennes, Fort Chartres, and others in the west which the English had occupied, together with the friendship of the French population, secured all the Indians in that part, and relieved the frontiers of half their danger.

Well does Judge Law remark: "Next to Clark and Vigo, the United States are more indebted to Father Gibault for the accession of the States comprised in what was the original Northwestern Territory than to any other man."

Those Western Catholics did good service in many an expedition, and in 1780 La Balm, with a force raised in the Illinois settlements and Vincennes, undertook to capture Detroit, the headquarters of the English atrocities. He perished with nearly all his little Catholic force where Fort Wayne stands, leaving many a family in mourning.

The first bugle-blast of America for battle in the name of freedom seemed to wake a response in many Catholic hearts in Europe. Officers came over from France to offer their swords, the experience they had acquired and the training they had developed in the campaigns of the great commanders of the time. Among the names are several that have the ring of the old Irish brigade. Dugan, Arundel, De Saint Aulaire, Vibert, Col. Dubois, De Kermorvan, Lieut.-Col. De Franchessen, St. Martin, Vermonet, Dorré, Pelissier, Malmady, Mauduit, Rochefermoy, De la Neuville, Armand, Fleury, Conway, Lafayette, Du Portail, Gouvion, Du Coudray, Pulaski, Roger, Dorset, Gimat, Brice, and others, rendered signal service, especially as engineers and chiefs of staff, where skill and military knowledge were most required. Around Lafayette popular enthusiasm gathered, but he was not alone. Numbers of these Catholic officers served gallantly at various points

during the war, aiding materially in laying out works and planning operations, as well as by gallantly doing their duty in the field, sharing gayly the sufferings and privations of the men of '76.

Some who came to serve in the ranks or as officers rendered other service to the country. Ædanus Burke, of Galway, a pupil of St. Omer's, like the Carrolls, came out to serve as a soldier, represented South Carolina in the Continental Congress, and was for some time chief-justice of his adopted State. P. S. Duponceau, who came over as aide to Baron Steuben in 1777, became the founder of American ethnology and linguistics. His labors in law, science, and American history will not soon be forgotten.

Meanwhile, Catholics were swelling the ranks, and, like Moylan, rising to fame and position. The American navy had her first commodore in the Catholic Barry, who had kept the flag waving undimmed on the seas from 1776, and in 1781 engaged and took the two English vessels, *Atlanta* and *Trepassay*, and on other occasions handled his majesty's vessels so roughly that General Howe endeavored to win him by offers of money and high naval rank to desert the cause. Besides Catholics born, who served in army or navy, in legislative or executive, there were also men who took in the great struggle whose closing years found them humble and devoted adherents of the Catholic church. Prominent among these was Thomas Sims Lee, governor of Maryland from 1779 to the close of the war. He did much to contribute to the glorious result, represented his state in the latter continental congress and in the constitutional convention, as Daniel Carroll, brother of the archbishop, also did. Governor Lee, after becoming a Catholic, was re-elected governor, and lived to an honored old age. Daniel Barber, who bore his musket in the Connecticut line, became a Catholic, and his son, daughter-in-law, and their children all devoted themselves to a religious life, a family of predilection.

In Europe the Catholic states, France and Spain, watched the progress of American affairs with deepest interest. At the very outset Vergennes, the able minister of France, sent an agent to study the people and report the state of affairs. The clear-headed statesman saw that America would become independent. In May, 1776, Louis XVI announced to the Catholic monarch that he intended to send indirectly two hundred thousand dollars. The king of Spain sent a similar sum to Paris. This solid aid, the first sinews of war from these two Catholic sovereigns, was but an earnest of good-will. In France the sentiment in favor of the American cause overbore the cautious

policy of the king, the amiable Louis XVI. He granted the aid already mentioned, and induced the king of Spain to join in the act; he permitted officers to leave France in order to join the American armies; he encouraged commerce with the revolting colonies by exempting from duties the ships which bore across the ocean the various goods needed by the army and the people. The enthusiasm excited by Lafayette, who first heard of the American cause from the lips of an English prince, soon broke down all the walls of caution.

Lafayette himself sailed for the New World in 1777. His departure created a great sensation in France and England, and was hailed with intense joy by the Americans. On his arrival in the United States he was almost immediately appointed to the rank of major general in the army. A few days after began his acquaintance with Washington, which soon ripened into intimate friendship.

"The sensation produced by his appearance in this country," says Ticknor, "was, of course, much greater than that produced in Europe by his departure. It still stands forth as one of the most prominent and important circumstances in our revolutionary contest; and, as has often been said by one who bore no small part in its trials and success, none but those who were then alive can believe what an impulse it gave to the hopes of a population almost disheartened by a long series of disasters."

Congress expressed its high sense of the value of his example and of his personal worth by the following resolution: "Whereas the Marquis de La Fayette, out of his great zeal to the cause of liberty in which the United States are engaged, has left his family and connections, and at his own expense has come over to offer his services to the United States, without pension or particular allowance, and is anxious to risk his life in our cause: Resolved, that his services be accepted, and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family and connections, he have the rank and commission of major general in the army of the United States."

A year after the Declaration of Independence, France, which had opened her ports to American privateers and courteously avoided all English complaints, resolved to take a decisive step—not only to acknowledge the independence of the United States, but to support it. Marie Antoinette sympathized deeply with this country, and won the king to give his full support to our cause. On the 6th of February, 1778, Catholic France signed the treaty with the United States, and thus a great power in Europe set the example

to others in recognizing us as one of the nations of the earth. America had a Catholic godmother. Amid the miseries of Valley Forge, Washington issued a general order: "It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe to defend the cause of the United American States, and finally to raise us up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth, to establish our liberty and independence upon a lasting foundation, it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the divine goodness and celebrating the important event, which we owe to His divine interposition." France now openly took part in the war, and in July, 1778, a French fleet under d'Estaing appeared on our coasts, neutralizing the advantage which England had over us by her naval superiority. The ocean was no longer hers to send an army from point to point on the coast. This fleet engaged Lord Howe near Newport, and co-operated with Sullivan in operations against the English in Rhode Island. After cruising in the West Indies it again reappeared on our coast to join Lincoln in a brave but unsuccessful attack on Savannah, in which fell the gallant Pulaski, who some years before had asked the blessing of the pope's nuncio on himself and his gallant force in the sanctuary of Our Lady of Czenstochowa, before his long defense of that convent fortress against overwhelming Russian forces.

In July, 1780, another fleet, commanded by the Chevalier de Ternay, entered the harbor of Newport, bringing a French army commanded by an experienced general, John Baptiste de Vimeur, Count de Rochambeau. An army of Catholics with Catholic chaplains, observing the glorious ritual of the Church with all solemnity, was hailed with joy in New England. The discipline of that army, the courteous manners of officers and privates, won all hearts. What that army effected is too well known to be chronicled here in detail. When Lafayette had cornered Cornwallis in Yorktown, Washington and Rochambeau marched down, the fleet of the Count de Grasse defeated Admiral Graes off the capes of Virginia, and, transporting the allied armies down, joined with them in compelling Cornwallis to surrender his whole force.

None question the aid given us by Catholic France. Several who came as volunteers, or in the army or fleet, remained in the United States. One officer who had served nobly in the field, laid aside his sword and returned to labor during the rest of his life for the well-being of America as a devoted Catholic priest.

But France was not the only Catholic friend of our cause. Spain had,

as we have seen, at an early period in the war sent a liberal gift of money. She opened her ports to our privateers, and refused to give up Captain Lee, of Marblehead, whom England demanded. She went further; for when intelligence came of the Declaration of Independence, she gave him supplies and repaired his ship. She subsequently sent cargoes of supplies to us from Bilbao, and put at the disposal of the United States ammunition and supplies at New Orleans. When an American envoy reached Madrid, she sent blankets for ten regiments and made a gift of \$150,000 through our representative. When the gallant young Count Bernardo de Galvez, whose name is commemorated in Galveston, was made governor of Louisiana, he at once tendered his services to us; he forwarded promptly the clothing and military stores in New Orleans; and when the English seized an American schooner on the Louisiana lakes, he confiscated all English vessels in reprisal.

Spain had not formally recognized the United States. She offered her mediation to George III, and on its refusal by that monarch, for that and other causes she declared war against England. Galvez moved at once. He besieged the English at Baton Rouge, and, after a long and stubborn resistance, compelled it to surrender in September, 1780; he swept the waters of English vessels, and then, with the co-operation of a Spanish fleet under Admiral Solano and De Monteil, laid siege to the ancient town of Pensacola. The forts were held by garrisons of English troops, Hessians, and northern Tories, well supplied and ready to meet the arms of the Catholic king. The resistance of the British governor, Campbell, was stout and brave; but Pensacola fell, and British power on our southern frontier was crushed and neutralized. Spain gave one of the greatest blows to England in the war, next in importance to the overthrow of Burgoyne and Cornwallis.

On the northwest, too, where English influence over the Indians was so detrimental, Spain checked it by the reduction of English posts that had been the center of the operations of the savage foe. America was not slow in showing her sense of gratitude to Catholic Spain. Robert Morris wrote to Galvez: "I am directed by the United States to express to your excellency the grateful sense they entertain of your early efforts in their favor. Those generous efforts gave them so favorable an impression of your character and that of your nation that they have not ceased to wish for a more intimate connection with your country." Galvez made the connection more intimate by marrying a lady of New Orleans, who in time presided in Mexico as wife of the viceroy of New Spain.

But it was not only by the operations on land, that the country of Isabella the Catholic aided our cause. Before she declared war against England, her navy had been increased and equipped, so that her fleets co-operated ably with those of France in checking English power and lowering English supremacy on the ocean.

Yet a greater service than that of brave men on land or sea was rendered by her diplomacy. Russia had been almost won by England; her fleet was expected to give its aid to the British navy in reasserting her old position; but Spain, while still neutral, proposed an armed neutrality, and urged it with such skill and address, that she detached Russia from England, and arrayed her virtually as an opponent where she had been counted upon with all certainty as an ally. Spain really thus banded all Continental Europe against England, and then, by declaring war herself, led Holland to join us openly.

Nor were France and Spain our only Catholic friends. The Abbé Niccoli, minister of Tuscany at the court of France, was a zealous abettor of the cause of America. In Germany the Hessians, sent over here to do the work of English oppression, were all raised in Protestant states, while history records the fact that the Catholic princes of the empire discouraged the disgraceful raising of German troops to be used in crushing a free people; and this remonstrance and opposition of the Catholic princes put a stop to the German aid which had been rendered to our opponent.

Never was there such harmonious Catholic action as that in favor of American independence. The Catholics in the country were all Whigs; the Catholics of Canada were favorable, ready to become our fellow-citizens; France and Spain aided our cause with money and supplies, by taking part in the war, and by making a continental combination against England; Catholic Italy and Catholic Germany exerted themselves in our favor. Catholics did their duty in the legislature and in the council-hall, in the army and in the navy; Catholics held for us our northeastern frontier, and gave us the northwest; Catholic officers helped to raise our armies to the grade of European science; a Catholic commander made our navy triumph on the sea. Catholic France helped to weaken the English at Newport, Savannah, and Charleston; crippled England's naval power in the West Indies, and off the capes of Virginia utterly defeated them; then with her army aided Washington to strike the crowning blow at Cornwallis in Yorktown. Catholic Spain aided us on the western frontier by capturing British posts, and under Galvez

reduced the British and Tories at Baton Rouge and Pensacola. And, on the other hand, there is no Catholic's name in all the lists of Tories.

Washington uttered no words of flattery, no mere commonplaces of courtesy, but what he felt and knew to be the truth, when, in reply to the Catholic address, he said: "I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic Faith is professed."

A couple of brief sketches are added as illustrating the quality of fighters that Catholicity gave to the cause of American freedom. John Barry was a sturdy Irishman, born in the County Wexford in 1745. The boy was brought up in virtue and simplicity, and the purest principles of the Catholic religion were impressed on his mind and heart. As his keen eye daily swept the boundless waters, the foaming billows came to have the charm of an attraction, and he conceived a great fondness for the ocean. His father, a man of good sense, noticing the direction of his son's inclinations, placed him on board of a merchantman; and, at about fourteen years of age, John Barry began to sail regularly between Philadelphia and the British ports.

By self-culture and fidelity to duty, he rose rapidly in his chosen profession. At the age of twenty-five, he was captain of the *Black Prince*, one of the best packet vessels of that day. The owner of this ship was Meredith, of Philadelphia, at whose house Washington was an occasional visitor. Here he first met the young sailor, "and marked the future commodore."

Captain Barry was already an American citizen. When the Revolutionary war began, he espoused the cause of the oppressed colonies with great enthusiasm, and embarked his all in the struggles of his adopted country. He gave up, to use his own language, "the finest ship and the first employ in America, and entered into the service of his country."

Congress, towards the close of 1776, purchased several merchant vessels with the view of having them hastily fitted out as ships of war. To Captain Barry was committed the superintendence of the equipment of this first American fleet. When all was finished, he was appointed to the command of the *Lexington*. This was the first ship to hoist the stars and stripes. Captain Barry without delay proceeded to sea in search of the enemy's cruisers. In the midst of a superior hostile force, he had a wide and dangerous field for the display of his genius and patriotism. Under the very eyes of an English

squadron, he made short work of several of the enemy's small cruisers, and on the 17th of April, 1776, fell in with the armed tender, *Edwards*, which, after a spirited contest, he captured. This affair is worthy of note as the first capture of any vessel of war by a regular American cruiser in battle.

No American successes caused more annoyance to the British than those of the navy. In 1775, Washington had fitted out several vessels to cruise along the New England coast as privateers; and in the same year congress established a naval department. The first capture on the seas in the name of the United Colonies, (that of the British store-ships *Margaretta* and *Tapuaquish*), was made in Machias Bay, by five brothers named O'Brien, sons of Maurice O'Brien, then residing in Maine (May 1, 1775). Soon swift sailing vessels, manned by bold seamen, infested every avenue of commerce. Within three years, they captured five hundred ships. They even cruised among the British Isles, and burned the ships lying in the harbors.

Captain Barry was next appointed to the *Effingham*, but as the rigorous winter prevented the ship from proceeding to sea, he joined the army, and by his dashing bravery and cool judgment, won the admiration of all. After the British army under Lord Howe had obtained possession of Philadelphia, Captain Barry continued in command of the *Effingham*, which was still ice-bound in the Delaware, a few miles from the city, and in a position which the English general saw could be rendered of great service to the British, if the vessel and her commander could be gained over to the royalist cause. Lord Howe accordingly made an offer of fifteen thousand guineas—equal to about one hundred thousand dollars—and the command of a British ship of the line to Captain Barry if he would deliver up his vessel to the English. With a noble indignation, this heroic Catholic replied that "he had devoted himself to the cause of his country, and not the value or command of the whole British fleet could seduce him from it."

While the English held the Delaware, he gave them constant annoyance by boat expeditions, cutting off their supplies and smaller craft. On one occasion, with only twenty-eight men in four small boats, Captain Barry captured two British ships and a schooner. "The courage that inspired this small and heroic band," says the National Portrait Gallery, "is not alone sufficient to account for his wonderful success, but it must be ascribed to a combination of daring bravery and consummate skill by which the diminutive power under his command was directed with unerring rapidity and irresistible force."

“I congratulate you,” wrote Washington to Barry, “on the success which has crowned your gallantry and address in the late attack upon the enemy’s ships. Although circumstances have prevented you from reaping the full benefits of your conquest, yet there is ample consolation in the degree of glory which you have acquired. You will be pleased to accept of my thanks for the good things which you were so polite as to send me, with my own wishes that a suitable recompense may always attend your bravery.”

Getting at last to sea, in command of the *Raleigh* of thirty-two guns, Captain Barry kept three British ships at bay, and after disabling one he succeeded in running his ship ashore, and saving most of his men. He received the title of Commodore, being the second American officer upon whom it was conferred. In the famous frigate *Alliance* he made many captures, and after a terrible engagement, in which he was severely wounded, took the English sloop of war *Atlanta* and her consort, the brig *Trepassy*.

In the spring of 1782 he performed a most brilliant action. Returning from Havana with a large amount of specie and supplies, he encountered a British squadron, in the very sight of which he attacked and disabled the sloop *Sibyl*. When hailed by the squadron as to the name of the ship, the captain, etc., the commodore gave this spirited reply: “The United States ship *Alliance*, saucy Jack Barry, half-Irishman, half-Yankee—who are you?”

After the Revolution, Commodore Barry, as the senior officer, continued at the head of the navy till the day of his death. During the misunderstanding with the French government in 1798, which occasioned a brief naval war, he rendered eminent service in protecting our commerce, and inflicting severe punishment on the French. He died at Philadelphia on the 13th of September, 1803, and was interred in St. Mary’s burying-ground, where his monument may be seen. The commodore died without children, and left as his chief legatee the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia.

In person Commodore Barry was tall, graceful, and commanding. His manners were simple and courteous, but very dignified. His fine, manly countenance showed the kindness of his heart no less than the firmness of his character. Through life he was a sincere, practical Catholic, remarkable for his strict and noble observance of the duties of religion. He was unsurpassed in all qualities which constitute a great naval commander.

“There are gallant hearts whose glory
Columbia loves to name,
Whose deeds shall live in story
And everlasting fame.

But never yet one braver,
 Our starry banner bore,
 Than saucy old Jack Barry,
 The Irish Commodore."

Stephen Moylan was born about the middle of the last century, at Cork, Ireland. He was a brother of the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Catholic bishop of his native city. Coming to America, he threw himself, heart and soul, into the struggle for independence. His bravery and excellent judgment soon secured the confidence of Washington, by whom he was made aide-de-camp and commissary-general. He was finally transferred to the command of a division of cavalry; and in many a hard-contested action of the war, we meet with the dashing Moylan's dragoons.

"Moylan, the Murat of the revolutionary army," says a recent writer, "served in every battle in which Washington was engaged, from Boston to Virginia. He was colonel of a troop of horse in the Irish brigade, or 'Pennsylvania liners,' and on many an occasion, by a dashing and desperate charge, plucked victory from the flag of the Briton, and hurled upon his ranks disaster and defeat. He was never captured, though leader of a hundred raids and forays, and participator in a score of pitched battles. He lived to see the flag of his adopted country wave in triumph over the enemies of his race."

At the close of the war he ranked a full brigadier-general, and in subsequent years of his life he was always called General Moylan. One of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati, he was also the first and last president of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Philadelphia. Besides the bishop of Cork, General Moylan had three other brothers, all of whom took an active part in establishing the independence of this Republic. The general died at Philadelphia, on the 11th of April, 1811, and was interred in the burial-ground of St. Mary's church.


As a man, a patriot, a soldier, and a Catholic, General Moylan was equally worthy of our admiration. To Poland and to Ireland the American revolution was indebted for its two most brilliant cavalry commanders. The memories of the gallant Pulaski and the brave Moylan will be kept green as long as the thrilling story of the Revolution forms a chapter in the world's history.

"In the land they loved they have sunk to rest,
 And their fame burns bright in each freeman's breast."

Chapter XXVIII.

First Prelate in the Republic.

DESCENT FROM CAVALIER STOCK.—A YOUTH IN PENAL TIMES.—EDUCATION AND PRIESTHOOD IN EUROPE.—RETURN TO THE MARYLAND HOME.—THE MISSION WITH BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—CREATED A PREFECT APOSTOLIC.—SINGS A *Te Deum* FOR LIBERTY.—BECOMES BISHOP OF BALTIMORE.—BRINGING IN PRIESTS AND RELIGIOUS.—THE BONAPARTE-PATTERSON MARRIAGE.—ELEVATED TO AN ARCHBISHOPRIC.—A TOILSOME LIFE AND BLESSED DEATH.

HE name of Archbishop Carroll sparkles like a gem of purest ray on the most brilliant pages of American biography. He was identified with the stirring events of the Revolution, and was the friend of Washington, Franklin and other illustrious men whose services gave the rich inheritance of freedom to our country, and the brightest examples of patriotism to the world. Selected by God to be the first bishop of His Holy Church in this republic, he proved how good and happy was the choice by the wisdom of his acts, the purity of his life, and the unsullied splendor of his reputation.

John Carroll, the third son of Daniel Carroll and Eleanor Darnall, was born at Upper Marlboro, Maryland, on January 8, 1735. His father was a native of Ireland, and belonged to a Catholic family that nobly preferred the loss of their property to the abandonment of their faith. In company with his parents he came to Maryland while yet a youth.

It happened thus. The archbishop's grandfather was secretary to Lord Powis, a leading minister in the cabinet of the unfortunate James II. It is related that Mr. Carroll remarked one day to his lordship that he was happy to find that public affairs and his majesty's service were progressing so prosperously.

"You are quite wrong," replied Lord Powis; "affairs are going on very badly; the king is very ill-advised." And after pausing a few moments, he thus addressed his secretary: "Young man, I have a regard for you, and would be glad to do you a service. Take my advice—great changes are at hand—go out to Maryland. I will speak to Lord Baltimore in your favor."

Mr. Carroll followed the advice of his noble friend. He obtained government employment in Maryland, with liberal grants of land. He also engaged in commercial pursuits at Upper Marlboro, and died in 1765, leaving his family quite independent.

Eleanor Darnall, the mother of the archbishop, was a native of Maryland, and daughter of a wealthy Catholic gentleman. She was educated with much care in a select school at Paris, and was greatly admired for her piety, amiability, mental culture, and varied accomplishments. The graces and virtues of the mother did not fail to impress the character of her son.

The penal laws were then in full force. Catholics were prohibited from teaching, and Catholic youth were deprived not only of that wise education which unites religious with literary and scientific knowledge, but were also exposed to the danger and mortification of seeking learning in schools where their faith was misrepresented, the very name of their religion scorned, and they themselves treated as a degraded portion of the community.

The zeal, however, of the Maryland Jesuits had managed to counteract, to some small extent, the brutal intolerance of the English code, by establishing a boarding-school in a secluded spot on the eastern shore of Maryland, upon an estate belonging to themselves. It was known as Bohemia Manor. Here the good fathers conducted an institution which was intended to prepare Catholic youth for the colleges of Europe. It was about the year 1747 that John Carroll was placed at Bohemia. One of his companions was his cousin, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. Here the young Carrolls spent a year in assiduous study.

John Carroll, in company with his cousin Charles, was sent to the Jesuit College at St. Omers, in French Flanders. During the six years that he

passed in this institution he was distinguished for his piety, good example, close application to study, ready and brilliant talents, and for his gentle and amiable deportment.

St. Omers is a town of France and now a fortress of great strength, in the department of Pas-de-Calais, on the Aa, 26 miles southeast of Calais. It is surrounded by irregular but well-appointed fortifications, is well built amid marshes, and contains numerous fountains and more than one important ecclesiastical edifice. Woollen cloths, blankets, pottery, and clay pipes are manufactured, and there is considerable general trade. A college for the education of English and Irish Catholics was opened at St. Omers during the penal times. It was closed, however, during the Revolution; but still exists as a seminary, and is attended by many students. Daniel O'Connell, the Irish "Liberator," was also educated here.

The happy influences of the home of John Carroll's childhood, the exalted examples of the Jesuit fathers, and the pure and peaceful aspirations of his own soul, led him at an early date to dedicate his life to God.

In 1753 he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, and two years later he was removed to Liége, to make his course of philosophy. He exhibited more than his usual zeal and application in preparing for the sacred ministry. In 1759, being then in his twenty-fifth year, after having spent eleven years in storing his mind with learning, he was raised to the priesthood.

Following the suggestions of the gospel, Father Carroll cheerfully gave up his patrimony and all his worldly possessions to his brother and sisters in America, and took poverty and the cross as his companions on the way of life.

After serving as professor at St. Omers and at Liége, where he filled the chair of philosophy, he was received in 1771 as a professed father in the Society of Jesus.

Father Carroll was fulfilling the duties of prefect at Bruges, when the great Society of Jesus, of which he was so devoted a member, was suppressed by the brief of Pope Clement XIV., dated July 21, 1773. It was a severe blow. In a letter to his brother Daniel, Father Carroll terms the society "the first of all ecclesiastical bodies," but exclaims, with pious and generous heroism: "God's holy will be done, and may His holy name be blessed forever and ever!"

The institutions of the Jesuit fathers were given up by the most of the governments of Europe to plunder, desecration, and every kind of vandalism. blessed forever and ever!"

Bruges was pillaged by the Austrian government. Liège was deprived of its income, and its inmates were expelled from the home which they had made the seat of learning and religion.

The English-speaking Jesuits of Flanders returned to England, whither Father Carroll accompanied them, acted as the secretary in their meetings, and, in fact, conducted the important correspondence of the French government in relation to the property of the suppressed society in France.

While thus engaged in England, he received the appointment of chaplain to Lord Arundel, and took up his residence at Wardour Castle. But the charms of this splendid abode did not withdraw the attention of the devoted priest from the grand and self-sacrificing duties of his sacred calling, which he continued zealously to perform, whenever an opportunity for doing good was within his reach. He had, however, for some time cherished the intention of returning to Maryland; and circumstances of an exciting and important nature now hastened its execution.

The warm controversy between England and her American colonies was daily hastening to a crisis. Father Carroll, though surrounded by English society and its influences, at once espoused the cause of his own country; and bidding adieu to his beloved companions of the late Society of Jesus, and to his noble and generous friends at Wardour Castle, he sailed from England, and reached his native land in the summer of 1774.

The patriotic priest soon enjoyed the happiness of again beholding his venerable mother, his dear sisters, and many of the friends of his youthful days.—

“The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew.”

He had left home a bright boy of fourteen, and returned a care-worn man of forty, destitute of fortune, and disappointed in the hopes he had formed for the triumphs of religion, to be achieved by the illustrious society to which he had pledged his faith forever. Its banner had, indeed, been struck down; but the glorious motto, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*, was inscribed upon his heart.

He had left Maryland in a state of vassalage to Great Britain; but he returned to find her preparing to assert her independence of tyranny and royal authority. In the days of his youth Catholics were a proscribed class, ground down by penal laws in the very land which they had colonized; but he now found his countrymen engaged in discussing great questions of civil liberty, and he looked forward, with a clear vision, to emancipation from all

the bondage of liberty, as a consequence of their successful battles for freedom. The future archbishop took up his residence with his mother at Rock Creek. Here, at first, a room in the family dwelling, and subsequently, a wooden chapel was used for divine service. The chapel has since been superseded by a neat brick church, which is now well known under the revered name of "Carroll's Chapel."

At the time of Father Carroll's arrival in America there was not one Catholic church open in Maryland. Under the family roof only could the holy sacrifice be offered up to the Almighty. This explains why the old Catholic chapels of Maryland contain large hearths and fire-places within them, and massive brick chimneys projecting through the roofs. In the once beautifully named "Land of the Sanctuary" there were then only nineteen Catholic clergymen—all ex-Jesuits.

Father Carroll continued to reside at Rock Creek. He did not wish to leave his aged mother, to whose declining years he was anxious to minister. His missionary labors were chiefly performed in the neighboring country. He always traveled on horseback, making long and frequent journeys to distant Catholic families and settlements, riding frequently thirty miles or more to sick calls, and paying monthly visits to a small congregation of Catholics in Stafford County, Virginia, which was distant fifty or sixty miles from his home.

He had found on his return from abroad the thirteen American colonies prebiding the energetic struggle which was to terminate in their independence. His liveliest sympathies were for the revolutionary cause, for he saw that it had begun in Maryland by the emancipation of the Catholics, and there was ground for hope that the other states would follow the example.

After about eighteen months thus spent in the active duties of the holy ministry, the call of his country summoned Father Carroll to her service. Open war raged between England and the thirteen colonies. The hopes of a settlement had vanished, and for the first time was heard the magic sound of the word Independence. To gain the active assistance of the Canadians, or at least to secure their neutrality, was a matter of the highest importance. Congress appointed three commissioners to repair to Canada. They were Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and by special resolution the last-named gentleman was desired "to prevail on Mr. John Carroll to accompany the committee to Canada to assist them in such matters as they shall think useful."

Father Carroll acceded to the request of congress. After four weeks of toil, exposure, and unusual difficulties, which, however, did not dampen the cheerful spirits of the patriotic travelers, nor check the ever-ready and entertaining wit of Dr. Franklin, they reached Montreal on the night of the 29th of April, 1776.

While the commissioners were negotiating with the authorities, regulating the affairs of the American forces then in Canada, and carrying out the instructions of congress, Father Carroll was visiting the Canadian clergy, explaining the nature and principles of the revolutionary struggle, pointing out the identity of destiny and interest which ought to unite Canada to the English colonies, and in answering objections, removing prejudices of race, and appealing to their love of liberty. He was treated with respect and listened to with polite attention.

But both the commissioners and Father Carroll received the same answer from the Canadians—that for themselves they had no cause of complaint against the home government of Great Britain, which had guaranteed to them the free and full exercise of their religion, liberty, and property, and that in return the duty of allegiance and fidelity was due from the Canadians to the government.

The mission was fruitless. Charles Carroll of Carrollton and Samuel Chase remained in Canada to attend to the affairs of the army. But Dr. Franklin's health became so poor that he was forced to leave the country without delay, and Father Carroll became his companion on the homeward journey. The priest and the philosopher contracted a sincere friendship, as we learn from the grateful letters of Franklin. On reaching New York he wrote: "As to myself, I grow daily more feeble, and I should hardly have got along so far but for Mr. Carroll's friendly assistance and tender care of me."

On his return home to Rock Creek, Father Carroll resumed the duties of the sacred ministry, which he continued to perform without interruption during the whole Revolutionary War. Throughout the long and great struggle he ardently sympathized in the cause of Independence. In his correspondence with his late brethren in England he explained and defended its principles, and offered up constant and fervent prayers for its success. And no citizen of the Republic saw with greater joy the consummation of the glorious result of the contest, enhanced as this patriotic joy was by the cessation of strife and carnage, and the blessed return of peace and happiness.

Father Carroll's powers as a controversialist were summoned into service in 1784. The Rev. Mr. Wharton, his former friend and fellow-member of the Society of Jesus, had apostatized from the Catholic faith, and written a public letter attacking its principles. The reply is worthy of our first archbishop, and is noted for its strength, elegance, and triumphant logic.

Wharton, among other charges, had asserted that "neither transubstantiation nor the infallibility of the Roman Church are taught more explicitly as articles of faith than the impossibility of being saved out of the communion of this Church."

Father Carroll replies thus to this point: "I begin by observing that to be in the communion of the Catholic Church, and to be a member of the Catholic Church are two very distinct things. They are in *the communion of the Church*, who are united in the profession of her faith, and participation of her sacraments, through the ministry and government of her lawful pastors. But *the members of the Catholic Church* are all those who, with a sincere heart, seek true religion, and are in an unfeigned disposition to embrace the truth whenever they find it.

"Now, it never was our doctrine that salvation can be obtained only by the former, and this would have manifestly appeared, if the chaplain, instead of citing Pope Pius' creed from his memory or some unfair copy, had taken the pains to examine a faithful transcript of it. These are the words of the obnoxious creed, and not those wrongfully quoted by him, which are not to be found in it. After enumerating the several articles of our belief, it goes on thus: 'This true Catholic Faith, without which no one can be saved, I do at this present firmly profess and sincerely hold.'

"Here is nothing of the *necessity of communion* with our Church for salvation; and nothing, I presume, but what is taught in every Christian society on earth, viz.: that Catholic faith is necessary to salvation. The distinction between being a member of *the Catholic Church*, and of *the communion* of the Church, is no modern distinction, but a doctrine uniformly taught by ancient as well as later divines. 'What is said,' says Bellarmine, 'of none being saved out of the Church, must be understood of those who belong not to it either in fact or desire.'"

Father Carroll, after dwelling at considerable length on the charity and kindness of the Catholic Church, refers again to the question of exclusive salvation, deeming it, as he says, "of the utmost importance to charity and mutual forbearance to render our doctrine on this head as perspicuous as I am able."

“First, then,” he continues, “it has been always and uniformly asserted by our divines, that baptism, actual baptism, is essentially requisite to initiate us into the communion of the Church; this notwithstanding, their doctrine is not less uniform, and the Council of Trent (Sess. 6, chap. 4) has expressly established it, that salvation may be obtained without actual baptism. Thus, then, it appears that we not only *may*, but *are obliged* to believe that *out of our communion* salvation may be obtained.

“Secondly, with the same unanimity, our divines define heresy to be, not merely a mistaken opinion in matters of faith, but an obstinate adherence to that opinion; not barely an error of judgment, but an error arising from a perverse affection of the will. Hence they infer that he is no heretic who, though he hold false opinions in matters of faith, yet remains in a habitual disposition to renounce those opinions whenever he discovers them to be contrary to the doctrines of Jesus Christ.”

Before the war of the Revolution, the Catholic clergy of Maryland and Pennsylvania were subject to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the vicar-apostolic or bishop of London, England, who was represented in these provinces by his vicar-general, the Rev. Father Lewis, superior of the Society of Jesus here, at the date of its suppression.

Soon after the termination of the war, however, the clergy of Maryland and Pennsylvania, being sensible that, to derive all advantage from the new state of things in America, it would be proper to have an ecclesiastical superior in the country itself; and knowing the jealousy prevailing in the American governments against the right of jurisdiction being vested in a person residing in Great Britain, addressed themselves to the Holy See, praying that a superior might be allowed, and that he might be chosen by the clergy, subject to the approbation and confirmation of his holiness.

The American clergy believed the time and the circumstances of the new nation as premature for the presence of a bishop. They simply desired a superior with some of the episcopal powers. The Holy See, in its wisdom, came to the same conclusion, and resolved to give Maryland a provisional ecclesiastical organization. The learned and patriotic Rev. Dr. Carroll received the appointment. He was empowered, among other things, to bless the holy oils, and to administer the sacrament of confirmation. This holy sacrament, which strengthens faith in man, had never yet been conferred in the United States.

But we must not omit to mention a fact as interesting as it is singular.

The venerable statesman and philosopher, Dr. Franklin—then the American minister at Paris—had an honorable share in the nomination of the future patriarch of the Catholic Church in the United States. “When the nuncio at Paris,” writes Father Thorpe, in a letter to Rev. Dr. Carroll, from Rome, dated June 9, 1784, “applied to Mr. Franklin, the old gentleman remembered you; he had his memory refreshed before, though you had modestly put your own name in the last place in the list.” Franklin’s diary records this memorable event thus:

“1774, July 1st.—The pope’s nuncio called and acquainted me that the pope had, on my recommendation, appointed Mr. John Carroll superior of the Catholic clergy in America, with many of the powers of a bishop, and that, probably, he would be made a bishop *in partibus* before the end of the year.”

In consulting Dr. Franklin, the Holy See simply wished to pay an act of courtesy to the young Republic. The constitution of the United States, which places religion beyond the sphere of the civil power, was not yet drafted. And it need excite no astonishment that even educated Europe was not familiar with the principles which underlie the American government.

The Very Rev. Dr. Carroll, as prefect-apostolic, at once began his visits. His long journeys were chiefly through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York. The first, as the seat of the old Catholic colony, had still a respectable number of Catholics; and in Pennsylvania, Dr. Carroll found a population of about seven thousand faithful.

Some time before the arrival of the prefect-apostolic, Philadelphia was the scene of a notable religious ceremony. At the close of the Revolutionary War a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in St. Joseph’s church, at the request of the Marquis De la Luzerne, the French ambassador. He invited the members of the United States congress, as well as the principle generals and distinguished citizens to attend. Washington and Lafayette were present. The Abbé Bandale delivered a most eloquent discourse. “Who but He,” exclaimed the eloquent priest, “He in whose hands are the hearts of men, could inspire the allied troops with the friendship, the confidence, the tenderness of brothers? Ah! the combination of so many fortunate circumstances is an emanation of the all-perfect mind. That courage, that skill, that activity bear the sacred impression of Him who is divine. . . . Let us with one voice pour forth to the Lord that hymn of praise by which Christians celebrate their gratitude and His glory—*Te Deum Laudamus.*”

For five years, Very Rev. Dr. Carroll, as prefect-apostolic, toiled on, with the amiability and zeal of an apostle, daily encountering obstacles from the nature of his duties, from insubordinate priests and laity, that would have discouraged any but the bravest spirit.

"Every day," he writes, "furnishes me with new reflections, and almost every day produces new events to alarm my conscience, and excite fresh solicitude at the prospect before me. You cannot conceive the trouble I suffer already, and still greater which I foresee, from the medley of clerical characters coming from different quarters and various educations, and seeking employment here. I cannot avoid employing some of them, and they begin soon to create disturbances."

This state of things was almost to be expected, on account of the heterogeneous character of both people and clergy. As many of the clergy were entirely ignorant of the English language, and others in no very good repute at home, it was soon found that ampler powers than those possessed by the prefect-apostolic were needed to hold the tangled reins of authority with proper firmness.

The principal members of the American clergy who had the good of religion at heart assembled, and petitioned Rome for a bishop. The request was granted, with the privilege of selecting the candidate and of locating the new see. They fixed upon Baltimore, "this being," writes Dr. Carroll to a clerical friend in Europe, "the principal town in Maryland, and that state being the oldest, and still the most numerous residence of true religion in America. So far all was right. We then proceeded to the election, the event of which was such as deprives me of all expectation of rest or pleasure henceforward, and fills me with terror with respect to eternity. I am so stunned with the issue of this business, that I truly hate the hearing or the mention of it; and, therefore, will say only, that since my brethren—whom in this case I consider as the interpreters of the Divine will—say I must obey, I will do it; but by obeying shall sacrifice henceforward every moment of peace and satisfaction." One of Dr. Carroll's conspicuous qualities, a quality that shed a luster over his whole character, was his modest humility—

"Humility, that low sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot!"

By the Holy See he was nominated first bishop of Baltimore. On the reception of official documents the new prelate at once proceeded to England for consecration. The solemn ceremony took place in Lulworth Castle, the

lordly residence of the pious Thomas Weld, on Sunday, August 15, 1790. The consecrator was Rt. Rev. Dr. Walmsley, senior Catholic bishop of Great Britain.

Late in the same year Bishop Carroll reached the shores of America, was joyfully welcomed by his people, and installed in his episcopal see. On the Sunday of installation he addressed them a discourse which shall ever remain a masterpiece of sacred eloquence.

“This day, my dear brethren,” began the venerable man, “impresses deeply on my mind a lively sense of the new relation in which I stand before you. The shade of retirement and solitude must no longer be my hope and prospect of consolation. Often have I flattered myself that my declining years would be indulged in such a state of rest from labor and solicitude for others, as would leave me the best opportunity of attending to the great concern of my own salvation, and of confining myself to remember my past years in the bitterness of compunction. But it has pleased God to order otherwise; and though my duty commands submission, it cannot allay my fears—those fears which I feel for you and myself. . . . In God alone can I find any consolation. He knows by what steps I have been conducted to this important station, and how much I have always dreaded it. He will not abandon me unless I first draw down His malediction by my unfaithfulness to my charge. Pray, dear brethren, pray incessantly that I may not incur so dreadful a punishment. Alas! the punishment would fall on you as well as myself—my unfaithfulness would redound on you, and deprive you of some of the means of salvation.” What modest grandeur and simple sublimity mark these first utterances of the patriarch of the American Church!

At this point it may be proper to examine into the number of Bishop Carroll's spiritual children in 1790. Religious statistics in our country have been at all times in a misty, unsatisfactory condition. This early date was no exception. All figures, therefore, in that connection, are to be received as approximations—guesses at truth. The first national census was taken in 1790, and gave us a total white population of nearly 3,200,000. Of these about 30,000 were Catholics. According to this estimate one in every one hundred and ten of the white population was a Catholic. Bishop Carroll's diocese was the United States. His priests were between thirty and forty in number; while his small but wide-spread flocks were distributed somewhat as follows: 16,000 in Maryland; 7,000 in Pennsylvania; 3,000 at Detroit and

Vincennes; 2,500 in Illinois, and in all the other states together there were not perhaps more than 1,500—in all about 30,000. Such was the American Church at the date the holy father firmly planted the corner-stone by erecting the first episcopal see of Baltimore.

As an organized body the Catholic Church of America now fairly began its heavenly mission. The field was vast, the laborers few. If the dark times had passed, and the beautiful star of hope shone brightly, still obstacles, almost numberless, appeared on every side. The majority of the Catholics were poor. Most of them were faithful Irish who had fled from English tyranny and spoliation; numbers of them were exiled French and Germans, who had gladly escaped from the ruin and desolation that threatened European society.

In many States the very name of Catholic was held in contempt. The battle-ground was changed. It was no longer a struggle for existence with odious penal enactments, but a ceaseless conflict with ignorance and fanaticism, remains of an unhappy past.

At all hazards, however, the faith was to be preserved and extended. To many Catholics the very sight of a priest was something dimly remembered. They had not beheld one for years! The practice of their religion was like a happy dream of youthful days—almost forgotten, yet the sweet memory of which lingered in the mind. The Sunday of first Communion, with its celestial peace of soul—who can forget it? In the life of the true Catholic, it is that bright day—that day of beauty which is a joy forever!

Bishop Carroll, arming himself with zeal, courage, and patience, calmly surveyed the immense field; and like an able commander, laid down his plans, and at once began operations. With Baltimore as a base and center of action, he soon made his power felt and respected even to the extremities of Georgia, Maine, and Michigan. A spiritual Hannibal, the wise prelate skillfully maneuvered his small band of a few dozen priests. He gave each pastor his benediction, cheered him on in his difficulties, reminding him of his high mission as a member of the vanguard for the conquest of souls. Weak points were strengthened; enemies awed into neutrals or changed into fast friends; and the outposts of the faith gradually extended. This is no imaginary picture. The prudence and lofty zeal of Dr. Carroll challenge unqualified admiration.

While yet prefect-apostolic, Dr. Carroll had begun the foundation of

Georgetown College. His plan embraced a theological seminary to conduct the studies of candidates for the priesthood, and an academy for the education of youth. The site selected by its venerable founder for this first and oldest of our colleges could not have been more judiciously chosen, either for health, advantages of location, or beauty and grandeur of scenery.

In November, 1791, the bishop convened his first synod in Baltimore. It numbered twenty-two clergymen. The salutary measures adopted by that body remain to this day a monument of its wisdom.

About this time Dr. Carroll paid his first episcopal visit to the capital of New England. "It is wonderful," he writes, "to tell what great civilities have been done to me in Boston, where a few years ago a 'popish' priest was thought to be the greatest monster in creation. Many here, even of their principal people, have acknowledged to me that they would have crossed to the opposite side of the street rather than meet a Roman Catholic some time ago. The horror which was associated with the idea of a 'papist' is incredible; and the scandalous misrepresentation by their ministers increased the horror every Sunday."

On the other side of the Atlantic, affairs had reached a terrible crisis. While Divine Providence was preparing on the Western Continent a new and grateful field for the seed of truth, it was disposing events in Europe and other countries for supplying that field with zealous and active laborers who would bring forth fruit in good season. The French Revolution, with all its irreligious horrors, burst upon the world, deluging unhappy France in the blood of her best and bravest sons. It was a fearful upheaval of society—a social volcano.

But what was a misfortune for the land of St. Louis, proved a blessing to the United States. Between 1791 and 1799, twenty-three French priests sought a refuge on our shores. In learning, virtue, and polished manners, they were worthy representatives of their divine master. Each one was a valuable acquisition for our young and struggling church. Each was a host in himself. Six of them, Flaget, Cheverus, Dubois, David, Dubourg, and Maréchal, afterwards became bishops. The names of Matignon, Badin, Richards, Ciquard, Nagot, Nerinckx, and others, will be held in benediction to the latest ages.

The arrival of these soldiers of the cross enabled Bishop Carroll to extend and partly consolidate his vast diocese. "The Catholic Church of the United States," says Archbishop Spalding, "is deeply indebted to the zeal of the

exiled French clergy. No portion of the American Church owes more to them than that of Kentucky. They supplied our infant missions with most of their earlier and most zealous laborers, and they likewise gave to us our first bishops. There is something in the elasticity and buoyancy of the character of the French which adapts them in a peculiar manner to foreign missions. They have always been the best missionaries among the North American Indians, they can mold their character to suit every circumstance and emergency; they can be at home and cheerful everywhere. The French clergy who landed on our shores, though many of them had been trained up amid all the refinements of polished France, could yet submit without a murmur to all the hardships and privations of a mission on the frontiers of civilization, or in the very heart of the wilderness. They could adapt themselves to the climate, mold themselves to the feelings and habits of a people opposite to them in temperament and character."

Scarcely had the nineteenth century dawned, when the great tide of immigration began to set in for the shores of the New World. If the French Revolution caused many distinguished men, both clerical and lay, to cast their lot in our land, the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and its fatal termination, likewise forced thousands of "Exiles of Erin" to seek their fortunes in some clime more favored than their own unhappy isle. For them the United States had a mysterious attraction, and the star of destiny guided their course westward.

After having provided, by the foundation of a college and seminary, for the education of youth and the recruiting of the priesthood, the bishop of Baltimore's next care was to introduce into Maryland religious communities of women, to instruct the young of their own sex, nurse the sick, and adopt the orphan. These good works have ever been the heritage of the Church, and ephemeral indeed must be the branch which has not yet laid the foundation of convents for prayer or charity. Till 1790 the United States did not know what a female religious was. It was only then that Father Charles Neale, brother of the future coadjutor of Baltimore, brought with him from Belgium to America four Carmelites of St. Theresa's reform, three of whom were Americans, the fourth an English lady; and thus one of the most austere orders in the Church was the first to naturalize itself in the United States. Father Charles Neale had a cousin, Mother Brent, superior of the Carmelite convent at Antwerp, a house founded only thirty-seven years after St. Theresa's death. At the request of this lady, Father Neale in 1780 assumed the spiritual direction of the convent, and he, by his correspondence

with his friends in America, excited a desire to have a branch of the Carmelites at Port Tobacco, where the Neale family resided. Father Carroll wrote to the bishop of Antwerp, and on the 19th of April, 1790, four Carmelites embarked at Antwerp with Father Neale for Maryland. On the 15th of October the Carmelites took possession of their house, which Father Neale had built at his own expense; and there they practised their rule in all its severity, fasting eight months in the year, wearing woolen, sleeping on straw, and offering their prayers and mortifications for the salvation of souls. In 1800 they lost their superior, who was succeeded by Mother Dickinson. In 1823 Father Charles Neale, their venerable founder, died, after having directed them by his counsels for thirty-three years. In 1840 Mother Dickinson followed him to the grave. Born in London and educated in France, she had been a religious for fifty-eight years, and was revered as a saint by her spiritual daughters. At this epoch the Carmelites suffered the greatest financial embarrassments, so as actually to experience all the privations of want, in consequence of the mismanagement of the farm from which they derived their support. Archbishop Whitfield, touched by their painful position, advised them to leave Port Tobacco and remove to Baltimore, where they might create resources by opening a boarding-school. The Holy See permitted this modification of their rule, and on the 13th of September, 1831, the Carmelites, to the number of twenty-four, bade a last farewell to the convent where most of them had devoted themselves to the austerities of a religious life. On the next day they reached Baltimore, and after offering a short prayer at the Cathedral, hastened to inclose themselves in their new cloister.

The Carmelites had for several years, as one of their chaplains, the Abbé Hérard, a French priest of the Holy Ghost, who had left France for Guiana in 1784, and withdrew to the United States during the Revolution. He was long their most active benefactor, gave them a considerable sum towards building their chapel, and left them a legacy, the income of which still supports their chaplain.

About 1792 some Poor Clares, driven from France by the horrors of the Revolution, sought a refuge in Maryland. Their names were Marie de la Marche, abbess of the Order of St. Clare, Celeste de la Rochefoucault, and Madame de St. Luc, and they were assisted by a lay-brother named Alexis. They had a house also at Frederick, as we learn from the will of the venerable abbess, dated in 1801, and made in favor of Sister de la Rochefoucault,

It is preserved at the Visitation convent, Georgetown, and begins in these words: "I, Mary de la Marche, abbess of the Order of St. Clare, formerly of the village of Sours in France, and now of Frederick in Maryland."

In 1801 they purchased a lot on Lafayette street, in Georgetown. The good sisters had the consolation to be near the college, which secured them religious aid. They endeavored to support themselves at Georgetown by opening a school, but they had constantly to struggle with poverty; and on the death of the abbess in 1805, Madame de la Rochefoucault, who succeeded her, sold the convent to Bishop Neale by deed of June 29, 1805, and returned to Europe with her companion. As we saw in the last chapter, the four brothers Neale, who entered the Society of Jesus, had a sister, a Poor Clare, in Artois; and it would seem natural that, when the convents in France were suppressed, she and her companions should take refuge in Maryland; but there is nothing to show that she ever returned to America. It doubtless did not enter the designs of Providence that the Order of St. Clare should take root in the United States, reserving all its benedictions for the Order of the Visitation.

Miss Alice Lalor, who was the foundress of the Visitation Nuns in America, was born about 1766 in Queen's county, Ireland, of pious and worthy parents. She was brought up at Kilkenny, whither her family removed when young Alice was still a child.

Alice thus lived some years in the world, till Bishop Lanigan, wishing to form a religious community at Kilkenny, invited her to join it. She accepted with joy, but was opposed in her vocation by the will of her parents, who had then made up their minds to emigrate to America, and who would not consent to part with their daughter. She accordingly came out with them in 1797, after having promised the prelate to return to Ireland in two years, to embrace the religious state. Such was not, however, the design of the Almighty on his faithful handmaid. She settled at Philadelphia with her family, and here confided her project to Father Leonard Neale, whom she took as her director. He had long wished to found a religious community at Philadelphia, although he was yet undecided what order would best suit the country. He showed Miss Lalor that America needed her devotedness far more than Ireland did; and being, as her confessor, invested with the necessary powers, he released her from her promise. Obedient to his counsels, Alice joined two other young women of Philadelphia, animated by a similar vocation to the religious state. She left her family to begin under Father

Neale's direction a house for the education of girls. But the new institution had scarcely begun when the yellow-fever opened its fearful ravages in Philadelphia. Many of the people fled from the scourge, and among them the parents of Miss Lalor. They used the most touching appeals to induce her to accompany them, but she remained unshaken at her post, and beheld her two companions carried off by the pestilence, without being discouraged in her resolution of devoting herself to God.

In 1799 Father Neale having been appointed president of Georgetown College, persuaded Miss Lalor to retire to the Clarist convent in that city, so as not to be exposed to the world which she had renounced. She left Philadelphia with a pious lady, and both rendered all the service they could to the Poor Clares as teachers. Their director soon advised them to open a school by themselves, which they did; and their rising institute received an accession in another Philadelphia lady, who brought a small fortune. It was employed partly in acquiring a wooden house, the site of which is still embraced in the convent grounds. Father Neale, on becoming coadjutor, continued to reside at Georgetown, where he had bestowed on his spiritual daughters the most active solicitude. The holy prelate incessantly offered his prayers to God to know to what rule it was most suitable to bind the new society. He had a great predilection for the Visitation, founded by St. Francis of Sales, and a circumstance convinced both him and Miss Lalor that in this he followed the designs of God. Among some old books belonging to the Poor Clares, they found the complete text of the rules and constitution of the Visitation, although the poor sisters were wholly unaware that they had ever possessed the volume. Bishop Neale failed, however, in his endeavors to obtain the aid of some nuns from Europe in order to form his American novices to the rule of St. Frances de Chantal. Many Catholics blamed the project of establishing a new religious community in the United States, fearing to excite the fanaticism of the Protestants. Bishop Carroll advised Miss Lalor and her companions to join the Carmelites at Port Tobacco. On the other hand, a wealthy lady offered to go to Ireland at her own expense, and bring out nuns, if Bishop Neale would decide in favor of the Ursulines. The zealous coadjutor, however, refused these offers, believing that the institute of the Visitation was best adapted to the wants of the Catholics in the United States.

We have stated that Bishop Neale had bought the Clarist convent on their departure for Europe in 1805. He immediately installed the "Pious

Ladies" there (for by that name the future Visitation Nuns were known in Georgetown), and by deed of June 9, 1808, confirmed June 9, 1812, transferred the property to Alice Lalor, Maria McDermott, and Mary Neale.

In 1814 the sisters numbered thirteen, and their fervor induced their holy director to permit them to take simple vows to be renewed every year.

Up to this time Bishop Neale had been the only superior of the community, but he deemed it proper to invest one of the sisters with authority over her companions, and Miss Lalor was called to the important post.

Such was the origin of the Visitation Nuns in the United States; nor is it without striking points of resemblance to its foundation in Europe. The energy and perseverance of Bishop Neale recall the pious efforts of St. Francis of Sales, for the same holy enterprise. In both cases a bishop gave the first impulse; in both hemispheres an isolated lady lays the first foundation, undeterred by any obstacle; and if in Europe the Visitation soon opened its convents in twenty different spots in France, so in America the mother house at Georgetown has now branches of the order at Baltimore, Mobile, St. Louis, Washington, Brooklyn, and Wheeling; and, in these various convents, now numbers over three hundred nuns. But it was not without new and severe trials that Alice Lalor's house acquired this remarkable development, as we shall see in the sequel.

The many convents which now exist in the United States, all, or nearly all, filiations of the Georgetown convent, have boarding-schools or day schools for girls of the higher as well as of the poorer class. The education received in their schools is remarkably good, and the work of Miss Alice Lalor is an immense benefit to America. The same is true of that to which Mrs. Seton, foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, devoted herself, but of this admirable lady we shall furnish a separate biography.

The bishop of Baltimore seconded with all his efforts the foundation of these pious communities, and frequently visited Emmitsburg on important solemnities, the taking of the habit, renewal of vows, or consecration of chapels.

In his life we will not omit one fact which has long since led to much discussion. In 1803, Jerome Bonaparte, a brother of Napoleon, came to the United States in a French frigate, and spent some time here. Meeting Miss Patterson, a Protestant lady, in Baltimore, he became greatly attached to her, and asked her hand in marriage. A day was fixed, but it was deemed

prudent to delay it for two months, and then Bishop Carroll himself performed the ceremony.

On Jerome's return to France, the wrath of the emperor burst upon him and his wife, and the latter was compelled to return to Maryland. A son was the issue of this marriage, and is really the lawful heir of Jerome. Napoleon saw this and sought to annul the marriage. He accordingly applied to Pope Pius VII on the 24th of May, 1805. "By our laws," says he, "the marriage is null. A Spanish priest so far forgot his duties as to pronounce the benediction. I desire from your holiness a bull annulling the marriage. It is important for France that there should not be a Protestant young woman so near my person."

Several of these statements were untrue, but the pontiff was so gracious as to make a reply in which he examines and discusses, each in its turn, the several causes for nullity put forward by the emperor. He refutes them all, and declares that none of them can invalidate the marriage, and concludes: "We may not depart from the laws of the Church by pronouncing the invalidity of a marriage which, according to the declaration of God, no human power can dissolve. Were we to usurp an authority which is not ours, we should render ourselves guilty of a most abominable abuse of our sacred ministry before the tribunal of God and the whole Church."

In spite of this decided answer, Napoleon returned to the point, and plied entreaties, menaces, and commands, but all in vain; and if the marriage was ever declared null, or another performed, it was, by the pontiff's decision, all illegal.

Bishop Carroll had, moreover, the consolation of seeing the number of Catholics increased considerably by immigration from Europe, and also by conversions. Every priest to whom he could assign a post, immediately beheld a Catholic population spring up around him, which would have continued to live aloof from the practice of religious duties as long as it had no priest near to bring them to mind. In 1806 the prelate laid the corner-stone of three churches in Baltimore alone. In 1808 he counted in his diocese sixty-eight priests and eighty churches, and the progress of religion made him urgently request at Rome the division of the United States into several bishoprics. Pope Pius VII yielded to the desires of the venerable founder of the American hierarchy, and by a brief of April 8, 1808, Baltimore was raised to the rank of a Metropolitan See, and four suffragan bishoprics were erected at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstown. On the recom-

commendation of Bishop Carroll, the Abbé Cheverus was named to the see of Boston, and the Abbé Flaget to that of Bardstown. The Rev. Michael Egan, of the Order of St. Francis, was appointed to the see of Philadelphia, and Father Luke Concanen, of the Order of St. Dominic, to that of New York. The latter resided at Rome, and held the posts of Prior of St. Clement's and Librarian of the Minerva. He took a lively interest in the American missions, and it was at his suggestion that a Dominican convent was founded in Kentucky in 1805. He had already refused a miter in Ireland, but he could not resist the orders of the sovereign pontiff, who sent him as a missionary to the New World; and he accordingly received episcopal consecration at Rome on the 24th of April, 1808, at the hands of Cardinal Antonelli, prefect of the Propaganda.

The new bishop traveled at once to Leghorn, and subsequently to Naples, where he hoped to find a vessel bound to the United States. He bore the pallium for Archbishop Carroll, and the bulls of institution for the three new bishops. The French authorities, then in possession of Naples, opposed his departure, and detained him as a prisoner, although he had paid his passage. The pretext of these vexations was that Bishop Concanen was a British subject. The prelate could not escape the rigors of the police, and died suddenly in July, 1810, poisoned, it would seem, by persons who wished to get possession of his effects and the sacred vessels which it was known he had with him.

This premature death was a severe blow to the Church in America, and caused the utmost grief, as new evils menaced the Vicar of Christ himself. When Pius VII decreed the creation of the archbishopric of Baltimore, a French army occupied Rome; not, as later, to befriend and protect, but to seize the papal states and extort from the supreme pontiff concessions incompatible with the existence of the Church. In spite of the difficulties of the times, the holy father was organizing the episcopate in America at the very moment when the troops of General Miollis menaced him in his palace. But when the new bishop of New York died at Naples, Pius VII was no longer at Rome to provide for the vacancy, or see that the bulls of the other bishops reached their destination. He himself had been dragged off from the Quirinal on the night of the 6th of July, 1809, by General Radet's gendarmes, and carried as a prisoner first to Grenoble and Avignon, then to Savona. Archbishop Carroll and his clergy immediately consulted as to means of communication with the persecuted pontiff, and the steps to be taken to avoid

being deceived by any pretended letters. Owing to these delays, the bulls of April 8, 1808, reached Baltimore only in September, 1810, and then by the way of Lisbon. They were immediately put in execution. Bishop Egan, first bishop of Philadelphia, was consecrated on the 28th of October; Bishop Cheverus, first bishop of Boston, on the 1st of November; and finally, Bishop Flaget received episcopal consecration on the 4th of November, 1810. At this last ceremony Bishop Cheverus delivered the sermon, and eloquently addressed Archbishop Carroll as the Elias of the New Law, the father of the clergy, the guide of the chariot of Israel in the New World: "Pater mi, Pater mi, currus Israel et auriga ejus." He extolled the merits of the Society of St. Sulpice, to which Bishop Flaget belonged, citing the various testimonies given in its honor at different times by the assemblies of the clergy of France, and the phrase which fell from the lips of Fenelon on his death-bed, "at that moment when man no longer flatters;" "I know nothing more venerable or more apostolical than the Congregation of St. Sulpice."

The archbishop of Baltimore might now repose in his glorious age, and await in security the moment when God should call him to the reward of his labors. He had commenced the ministry in America when Catholicity was persecuted there, and a few poor missionaries alone shared the toils and perils of the apostleship. He now beheld the United States an ecclesiastical province, and in his own diocese he had established a seminary, colleges, and convents; had created religious vocations, and founded a national clergy. Louisiana, with its episcopal see, its convent and clergy, had also been added to the United States, and was now confided to one of his clergy as its prelate.

Yet the trials of the Church of Europe, the prolonged imprisonment of Pius VII., filled with bitterness the last years of the holy and aged prelate. Archbishop Carroll lived long enough to see peace restored to the Church; and one of the first acts of the holy father, on returning to Rome in 1814, was to name to the see of New York, vacant since the death of Bishop Concanen, Father John Connelly, of the Order of St. Dominic, prior of St. Clement's. His promotion completed the hierarchy of the United States. Soon after, the patriarch of that Church, humbly begging to be laid on the ground to die, expired on the 3d of December, 1815, at the age of eighty, and his death was lamented, not only by Catholics, but also by the Protestants, who respected and admired the archbishop, and mourned his death as a public loss.

In person, Archbishop Carroll was commanding and dignified. His voice was feeble, and he was accordingly less fitted for the pulpit; but his

discourses are models of unction and classical taste. He was a profound theologian and scholar, and in conversation possessed unusual charm and elegance. As a prelate he was eminent for learning, mildness, yet a strict exactness in the rubrics and usages of the Church. His style, terse and elegant, was generally admired; but of his works, we have only his controversy with Wharton, his journal, and some sermons and pastoral letters.

Wrote the brilliant Thomas D'Arcy McGee of this first American prelate: "In the character of the first archbishop and the first president we find many points of personal resemblance, which we cannot think either trivial or fanciful. Born about the same period in adjoining states, of parents who ranked among the aristocracy of the provinces, each endowed with decided talents for governing himself and others, both were called to high but dissimilar authority at the first commencement of a new state of society. In the wise forethought, the disinterested demeanor, the grave courtesy, and the ardent patriotism of Archbishop Carroll and General Washington there is a striking similarity. To American Catholics, the character of their first chief pastor can never become old, nor tiresome, nor unlovely, any more than the character of Washington can to citizens of all denominations."

Chapter XXIX.

A Holy American Foundress.

MARRIAGE AND WIDOWHOOD OF CATHERINE SETON.—VOYAGE TO ITALY.—INFLUENCE OF CATHOLIC SCENES AND ASSOCIATIONS.—STRUGGLES FOR THE LIGHT OF FAITH.—THE WIDOW RETURNS HOME.—RECEIVED INTO THE FOLD.—CHARITY TO LITTLE CHILDREN.—THE FOUNDING OF A SISTERHOOD.—GROWTH OF A NOBLE INSTITUTION.—ZEAL AND LABORS OF THE FOUNDRESS.—END OF A HOLY LIFE.



LIZABETH ANN BAYLEY, the foundress of the Sisterhood of Charity in the United States, was born in the city of New York, on the 28th of August, 1774. Her father, Dr. Richard Bayley, was a physician of good family and distinguished position, a member of the Church of England, and a man of many natural virtues; but he cared very little about religion, and wherever his daughter may have got the pious inclinations which distinguished her in girlhood, she certainly did not get them from him. Her mother, whose maiden name was Charlton, died while Elizabeth was a child. Under the care of her father, however, Miss Bayley was well educated and trained in domestic duties. At the age of nineteen she married Mr. William McGee Seton, eldest son of a prosperous New York merchant, and descendant of an ancient Scottish patrician family, whose head is the Earl of Winton. Their married life was eminently happy, and for six or seven years fortune smiled upon them.

Commercial disasters at last swept away their property. Dr. Bayley died suddenly of a malignant fever contracted in the discharge of his duty as health officer of the port; Mr. Seton's health failed, and in 1803 the husband and wife determined to make a voyage to Italy. They suffered a long and painful quarantine at Leghorn, and a week after their release Mr. Seton died, leaving his wife in a strange land with her eldest child, a girl of nine years. Mrs. Seton was not, however, without comfort and protection. Two estimable Italian gentlemen, Philip and Anthony Filicchi, personal friends and business correspondents of the Setons, took her to their home and treated her with most brotherly kindness.

Everything was done by these generous friends to divert and restore Mrs. Seton's suffering spirit, and a visit was made to Florence, that she might have an opportunity of seeing some of the charms of Italy before returning to her family in America. The churches and the sacred paintings seem alone to have impressed her during this visit. Of the picture of the descent from the cross in the Pitti Palace, she says, "It engaged my whole soul; Mary at the foot of it expressed well that the iron had entered into hers; and the shades of death over her agonized countenance so strongly contrasted with the heavenly peace of the dear Redeemer, that it seemed as if his pains had fallen on her."

It will be easily conceived, from the character of Mrs. Seton's friends, and from her own lively and impressionable mind, that some pains were taken during her short stay amongst them to enlighten her on the subject of the Catholic faith. Mr. Filicchi once remarking that there was but one true religion, and without a right faith no one could be acceptable to God, Mrs. Seton replied, "Oh, sir! if there is but one faith and nobody pleases God without it, where are all the good people who die out of it?" "I don't know," answered her friend; "that depends on what light of faith they have received; but I know where people go *who can know the right faith if they pray and inquire for it, and yet do neither.*" "That is to say, sir, you want me to pray and inquire, and be of your faith," said Mrs. Seton, laughing. "Pray and inquire," he added, "that is all I ask of you."

They also put books in her hands, and introduced to her a learned priest. For awhile Mrs. Seton had no misgivings respecting the soundness of the Protestant faith and writes as follows to a friend at home: "I am hard pushed by these charitable Romans, who wish that so much goodness should be improved by a conversion, which to effect, they have now taken the

trouble to bring me their best informed priest, Abbé Plunkett, who is an Irishman; but they find me so willing to hear their enlightened conversation, that consequently, as learned people like to hear themselves best, I have but little to say, and as yet keep friends with all, as the best comment on my profession."

But it was impossible that, with such edifying examples before her eyes, and such able arguments addressed to her understanding, she should not at last begin to doubt her perfect security; and with the first misgiving arose a fervent prayer to God that, if not yet in the right way, she might be graciously led into it. This became her daily petition; nor need it be told how surely, in answer to this heartfelt and humble prayer, she was gradually impressed by the truths of Catholicity, and yielded up her soul to this divine influence long before she was conscious that she had swerved from Protestant belief.

Having once accompanied her friends to hear Mass in the church of Montenero, a young Englishman who was present observed to her at the very moment of the elevation, "This is what they call their Real Presence!" "My very heart," says Mrs. Seton, "trembled with pain and sorrow for his unfeeling interruption of their sacred adoration; for all around was dead silence, and many were prostrated. Involuntarily I bent from him to the pavement, and thought secretly on the words of St. Paul with starting tears, 'They discern not the Lord's Body;' and the next thought was, how should they eat and drink their own damnation for not discerning It, if, indeed, It is not there?"

Mrs. Seton, however, was not yet convinced of the claims of the Catholic Church upon her obedience, and on the 3d of February, 1804, she re-embarked with her daughter Anna for their native country; but a storm driving back the vessel, and the child being suddenly attacked by scarlet fever, they were once more welcomed to the hospitable house of Mr. Anthony Filicchi, and pressed to remain there until they should again be able to take their departure. After Anna had recovered, her mother was siezed by the same illness; and during all this time the most affectionate care was lavished upon them by their Italian friends. "Oh! the patience," exclaims Mrs. Seton, "and more than human kindness of these dear Filicchi's for us! You would say it was our Savior Himself they received in His poor and sick strangers."

Thus brought again within the influence of Catholic piety and charity, Mrs. Seton availed herself of every opportunity of becoming better acquainted

with the doctrines of that faith which brought forth such pleasant fruits; and every day felt herself more powerfully drawn towards it. "How happy we should be," she writes to a friend, "if we believed what these dear souls believe—that they possess God in the sacrament, and that He remains in their churches, and is carried to them when they are sick! When they carry the Blessed Sacrament under my window, while I feel the full loneliness and sadness of my case, I cannot stop my tears at the thought. My God, how happy I should be, now so far away from all so dear, if I could find You in the Church as they do (for there is a chapel in the very house of Mr. Filicchi). How many things I would say to You of the sorrows of my heart and the sins of my life! The other day, in a moment of excessive distress, I fell on my knees, without thinking, when the Blessed Sacrament passed by, and cried in an agony to God to bless me, if He was there; that my whole soul desired only Him."

At another time, writing to the same relation, she thus shows the gradual advance of her mind to a knowledge of the truth: "This evening, standing by the window, the moon shining full on Filicchi's countenance, he raised his eyes to heaven, and showed me how to make the sign of the cross. Dearest Rebecca, I was cold with the awful impression the first making of it gave me. The sign of the cross of Christ on me! Deeper thoughts came with it of I know not what earnest desires to be closely united with Him who died on it—of that last day when He is to bear it in triumph.

"All the Catholic religion is full of these meanings, which interest me so. Why, Rebecca, they believe all we do and suffer, if we offer it for our sins, serves to expiate them. You may remember, when I asked Mr. Hobart what was meant by fasting in our prayer-book, as I found myself on Ash-Wednesday morning saying so foolishly to God, 'I turn to you in fasting, weeping, and mourning,' and I had come to church with a hearty breakfast of buckwheat cakes and coffee, and full of life and spirits, with little thought of my sins; you may remember what he said about its being old customs, etc. Well, the dear Mrs. Filicchi I am with never eats, this season of Lent, till after the clock strikes three. Then the family assemble, and she says she offers her weakness and pain of fasting for her sins, united with her Savior's sufferings. I like that very much; but what I like better, dearest Rebecca—only think what a comfort—they go to Mass here every morning.

"Ah! how often you and I used to give the sigh, and you would press your arm in mine of a Sunday morning, and say, 'No more until next Sun-



MOST REV. JOHN JOSEPH GLENNON, D. D.,
Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo.



CHURCHES IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.

day,' as we turned from the church-door, which closed upon us (unless a prayer-day was given out in the week). Well, here they go to church at four every morning if they please. And you know how we were laughed at for running from one church to another on Sacrament Sundays, that we might receive as often as we could; well, here people that love God, and lead a regular life, can go (though many do not do it, yet they can go) every day. Oh, I don't know how any one can have any trouble in this world, who believes all these dear souls believe. If I don't believe it, it shall not be for want of praying. Why, they must be as happy as angels, almost."

Such was the lofty and just appreciation which Mrs. Seton formed of Catholic truth; and would that all Catholics set so high a value upon these blessed privileges of their inheritance as did this good soul, to whom as yet they had not been given!

During the latter part of her stay in Leghorn, Mrs. Seton frequently visited the sacred places, and, joining with devotion in the services of the Church, would pour forth her soul in prayer. Indeed, had not her return to America been hastened as much as possible through her anxiety to rejoin her bereaved family at home, she would probably have renounced Protestantism before leaving Italy. However, the delay, although it entailed severe mental conflict and suffering for nearly a year afterwards, served only to prove still more triumphantly the power of the faith she had received, and her own fidelity to the graces bestowed.

Leaving with tears the grave of her beloved husband, Mrs. Seton set forth, at length, on the 8th of April, with a heart yearning with desire after her children at home. Mr. Anthony Filicchi, who had long been wishing for matters of business to visit America, was decided by her lonely situation to accompany her on the voyage. This was the greatest comfort to her; for the friendship between them was of no common order.

"The 8th of April," she writes in her journal, "at half-past four in the morning, my dearest brother came to my room to awaken my soul to all its dearest hopes and expectations. The heaven was bright with stars, the wind fair, and the Pianingo's signal expected to call us on board; meanwhile the tolling of the bell called us to Mass, and in a few minutes we were prostrate in the presence of God. Oh, my soul, how solemn was that offering—for a blessing on our voyage—for my dear ones, my sisters, and all so dear to me—and more than all, for the souls of my dear husband and father; earnestly our desires ascended with the blessed sacrifice, that they might find acceptance

through Him who gave Himself for us; earnestly we desired to be united with Him, and would gladly encounter all the sorrows before us to be partakers of that blessed body and blood! Oh, my God, pity and spare me! . . .

“Filicchi’s last blessing to me was as his whole conduct had been—that of the truest friend. Oh, Filicchi, you shall not witness against me. May God bless you forever; and may you shine as the ‘stars in glory’ for what you have done for me. . . . Most dear Seton, where are you now? I lose sight of the shore that contains your dear ashes, and your soul is in that region of immensity where I cannot find you. My Father and my God! And yet I must always love to retrospect Thy wonderful dispensations; to be sent so many thousand miles on so hopeless an errand; to be constantly supported and accompanied by Thy consoling mercy through scenes of trial which nature alone must have sunk under; to be brought to the light of Thy truth, notwithstanding every affection of my heart and power of my will was opposed to it; to be succored and cherished by the tenderest friendship, while separated and far from those that I loved. My Father and my God, while I live let me praise, while I have my being let me serve and adore Thee.”

During the voyage, which lasted fifty six days, Mrs. Seton employed her time in uniting as far as possible with Mr. A. Filicchi in the observances of the Church, in reading the lives of the saints, and in acquainting herself still further with Catholic doctrine by frequent conversation with her friend. She had need of strength for the storm of opposition that awaited her; and her heart sunk, even in the midst of its joyful anticipations at returning home, at the separation that her religious convictions would bring about between her and her hitherto deeply revered pastor, the Rev. J. H. Hobart. She says in her journal, looking forward to this, “Still if you will not be my brother, if your dear friendship and esteem must be the price of my fidelity to what I believe to be the truth, I cannot doubt the mercy of God, who, by depriving me of my dearest tie on earth, will certainly draw me nearer to Him; and this I feel confidently from the experience of the past, and the truth of His promise, which can never fail.”

Mrs. Seton had the happiness of finding all her little ones in perfect health; but a severe trial awaited her in the death of Miss Rebecca Seton, her sister-in-law and most dear companion and friend, who only survived a few weeks after their reunion.

„Mrs. Seton being thus fully engaged with her dying sister immediately on her return from Italy, could not help contrasting painfully the difference

between the death-bed of a Protestant and one who is fortified by all the sacraments of the Church. Yet, after the trial was over, her mind became unutterably harassed by doubts and temptations respecting her future religious profession. On leaving Leghorn she had been furnished by Mr. Filicchi with a letter of introduction to the Right Rev. Dr. Carroll, bishop of Baltimore; but, unfortunately, this letter was not at once delivered; and, following the well-meant advice of Mr. Filicchi, to acquaint her pastor and friends with her change of principles, such a storm of opposition came down upon her that for a long time her mind was divided and bewildered, and tempted to stray back altogether from the newly-found path of truth.

Mr. Hobart, in particular, whose talents and religious zeal were very great, and for whom her own great partiality pleaded strongly, left no argument untried that could be brought to bear upon the subject. And though constant personal communication with Mr. Anthony Filicchi, at New York, and epistolary correspondence with his brother at Leghorn, kept up the warfare on the other side, yet for many months she could not see her way clearly to renounce forever the creed in which she had been brought up. But accustomed as she was almost incessantly to lay every trouble before God and implore His divine guidance, the germ of faith could not be stifled within her; and perhaps it became only more firmly rooted during this time of suffering. The brothers Filicchi were unwearied in teaching, counseling, and confirming her wavering mind. The letters of Philip, in particular, are models of wisdom, piety, and charity; and as the letters of a layman engaged in active mercantile pursuits, they bear the marks of no common attainments. He much regretted that Mrs. Seton had not entered the Catholic Church whilst in Italy, and under the full force of convictions.

Though unable to act decidedly, Mrs. Seton's mind seemed still more unable to let go the truths it had already embraced. She thus describes her own singular state: "On arriving at home (from Italy) I was assailed on the subject of religion by the clergy, who talked of Anti-Christ, idolatry, and urged objections in torrents; which, though not capable of changing the opinions I had adopted, have terrified me enough to keep me in a state of hesitation; and I am thus in the hands of God, praying night and day for His divine light, which can alone direct me aright. I instruct my children in the Catholic religion, without taking any decided step; my heart is in that faith, and it is my greatest comfort to station myself in imagination in a Catholic Church."

The coldness of many, indeed most of her Protestant friends, who were scandalized at her venturing to entertain any doubts on the subject of religion, was a great trial to her warm and still bleeding heart; but perhaps a still greater temptation for her lay in the affectionate appeals continually made to her by Mr. Hobart.

The very fact of being in a state of doubt, of course, made Mrs. Seton a sort of common prey for proselytizers of all denominations, which she herself describes in a lively manner. "I had," she says, "a most affectionate note from Mr. Hobart to-day, asking me how I could ever think of leaving the church in which I was baptized. But, though whatever he says has the weight of my partiality for him, as well as the respect it seems to me I could scarcely have for any one else, yet that question made me smile; for it is like saying that wherever a child is born, and wherever its parents place it, there it will find the truth; and he does not hear the droll invitations made me every day since I am in my little new home, and old friends come to see me; for it has already happened that one of the most excellent women I ever knew, who is of the Church of Scotland, finding me unsettled about the great object of a true faith, said to me: 'Oh, do, dear soul, come and hear our J. Mason, and I am sure you will join us.'

"A little after came one whom I loved for the purest and most innocent manners, of the Society of Quakers (to which I have always been attached); she coaxed me too with artless persuasion: 'Betsy, I tell thee, thee had better come with us.' And my faithful old friend of the Anabaptist meeting, Mrs. T——, says, with tears in her eyes, 'Oh, could you be regenerated; could you know our experiences, and enjoy with us our heavenly banquet.' And my good old Mary, the Methodist, groans and contemplates, as she calls it, over my soul, so misled because I have got no convictions. But oh, my Father and my God! all that will not do for me. Your word is truth, and without contradiction, wherever it is; one faith, one hope, one baptism, I look for wherever it is, and I often think my sins, my miseries, hide the light; yet I will cling and hold to my God to the last gasp, begging for that light, and never change until I find it."

Again she thus writes to Mrs. A. Filicchi, in September: "Your Antonio would not even have been well pleased to see me in St. Paul's (Protestant Episcopal) Church to-day; but peace and persuasion about proprieties, etc., over prevailed; yet I got in a side pew, which turned my face towards the Catholic Church in the next street, and found myself twenty times speaking

to the Blessed Sacrament there, instead of looking at the naked altar where I was, or minding the routine of prayers. Tears plenty, and sighs as silent and deep as when I first entered your blessed Church of the Annunciation in Florence—all turning to the one only desire, to see the way most pleasing to my God, whichever that way is. . . .

“I can only say, I do long and desire to worship our God in truth; and if I had never met you Catholics, and yet should have read the books Mr. Hobart has brought me, they would have in themselves brought a thousand uncertainties and doubts to my mind; and these soften my heart so much before God, in the certainty how much He must pity me, knowing as He does the whole and sole bent of my soul is to please Him only, and get close to Him in this life and in the next, that in the midnight hour, believe me, I often look up at the walls through the tears and distress that overpower me, expecting rather to see His finger writing on the wall for my relief, than that He will forsake or abandon so poor a creature.”

Mrs. Seton made one final effort to find comfort in that form of worship where she had been so long accustomed to seek it. “Would you believe it, Amabilia, in a desperation of heart I went last Sunday to St. George’s (Protestant Episcopal) Church; the wants and necessities of my soul were so pressing that I looked straight up to God, and I told Him, since I cannot see the way to please You, whom alone I wish to please, everything is indifferent to me; and until You do show me the way You mean me to walk in, I will trudge on in the path You suffered me to be born in, and go even to the very sacrament where I once used to find You.

“So away I went, my old Mary happy to take care of the children for me once more until I came back; but if I left the house a Protestant, I returned to it a Catholic, I think; since I determined to go no more to the Protestants, being much more troubled than ever I thought I could be whilst I remembered God is my God. But so it was, that in the bowing of my heart before the bishop to receive his absolution, which is given publicly and universally to all in the Church, I had not the least faith in his prayers, and looked for an apostolic loosing from my sins, which, by the books Mr. Hobart had given me to read, I find they do not claim or admit; thus trembling I went to Communion, half dead with the inward struggle; when they said ‘the body and blood of Christ,’—oh, Amabilia, no words can express my trial.

“I took the *Daily Exercise* of good Abbé Plunkett, to read the prayers

after Communion; but finding every word addressed to our dear Savior as really present, I became half crazy, and for the first time could not bear the sweet caresses of the darlings, nor bless their little dinner. Oh, my God, that day! but it finished calmly at last, abandoning all to God, and a renewed confidence in the Blessed Virgin; whose mild and peaceful look reproached my bold excesses, and reminded me to fix my heart above with better hopes."

So tortured was the mind of Mrs. Seton at this time, that she had even thought in despair of embracing no particular form of Christianity until the hour of death; but taking up a sermon of Bourdaloue on the Feast of the Epiphany, and meeting with the following observations, in allusion to the inquiry, "Where is He who is born King of the Jews?" that when we no longer discern the star of faith, we must seek it where alone it is to be found, among the depositories of the divine word, the pastors of the Church, she was, by the blessing of God, so deeply impressed by the suggestion that she immediately turned again to the Catholic books which had originally so forcibly attracted her; and being unable to obtain an interview with the priest in her own neighborhood, wrote at once to solicit directions from the Rev. John Louis de Cheverus, of Boston.

In vain did her Protestant friends use all the common arguments to deter her. Worldly considerations were nothing to her where her soul was concerned. "The Catholics of New York were represented to me," she tells a friend at this time, "as the offscourings of the people," and the congregation as "a public nuisance; but," she adds, "that troubles not me. The congregations of a city may be very shabby, yet very pleasing to God; or very bad people among them, yet that cannot hurt the *faith*, as I take it. And should the priest himself deserve no more respect than is here allowed him, his ministry of the sacraments would be the same to me, if I ever shall receive them. I seek but God and His Church; and expect to find my peace in them, not in the people."

Mrs. Seton then put herself in correspondence with Father Cheverus; and this step was of the greatest service to her. His timely counsels and the wise advice of Bishop Carroll, at length, under God, dispelled the clouds from her soul, and determined her to delay no longer seeking admission to the Catholic Church. These are her own words on making this important decision, and are the last extract we shall make from her pen as a Protestant: "Now, they tell me, take care, I am a mother, and my children I must answer for in judgment, whatever faith I lead them to. That being so, and

I so unconscious, for I little thought, till told by Mr. Hobart, that their faith could be so full of consequence to them and me, I will go peacefully and firmly to the Catholic Church; for if faith is so important to our salvation, I will seek it where true faith first began; seek it amongst those who received it from God Himself."

On Ash-Wednesday then, March 14, 1805, Mrs. Seton presented herself for acceptance in old St. Peter's Church, New York City. "How the heart," she says, "died away, as it were, in silence, before the little tabernacle and the large crucifixion over it! Ah, my God, here let me rest; and down the head on the bosom, and the knees on the bench." After Mass she was received into the Church by a venerable Irish priest, the Rev. Matthew O'Brien, in the presence of her most true friend, Mr. Anthony Filicchi. What his feelings must have been, at this happy termination to all his anxieties on her account, can be well imagined. Less easily hers as she returned home, "light at heart, and cool of head, the first time these many long months; but not without begging our Lord to wrap my heart deep in that open side, so well described in the beautiful crucifixion; or lock it up in His little tabernacle, where I shall now rest forever. Oh, the endearments of this day with the children, and the play of the heart with God, while keeping up their little farces with them." What a contrast to the torturing anxieties of the last twelve months, and, in particular, to the trouble and disappointment she experienced in partaking of the Lord's Supper, in the Protestant Church, when, "for the first time in her life, she could not bear the sweet caresses of her darling children, nor bless their dinner!"

The following extracts from her journal of this time all breathe the same happy spirit of peace and contentment: "So delighted now to prepare for this good confession, which, bad as I am, I would be ready to make on the house-top, to insure the good absolution I hope for after it, and then to set out a new life, a new existence itself; no great difficulty for me to be ready for it; for truly my life has been well culled over in bitterness of soul, three months of sorrow past." "It is done easy enough. The kindest confessor is this Mr. O'Brien, with the compassion and yet firmness in this work of mercy which I would have expected from my Lord Himself. Our Lord Himself I saw alone in him, both in his and my part in this venerable sacrament; for, oh! how awful those words of unloosing after a thirty years' bondage. I felt as if my chains fell, as those of St. Peter, at the touch of the Divine messenger."

“My God! what new scenes for my soul! Annunciation Day I shall be made one with Him who said, ‘Unless you eat My flesh and drink My blood, you can have no part with Me.’ I count the days and hours; yet a few more of hope and expectation, and then—how bright the sun, these morning walks of preparation! Deep snow or smooth ice, all to me the same—I see nothing but the little bright cross on St. Peter’s steeple.”

“*25th March.*—At last, God is mine, and I am His. Now let all go its round. I have received Him. The awful impressions of the evening before, Jesus, of not having done all to prepare; and yet even the transports of confidence and hope in His goodness. My God! to the last breath of life will I not remember this night of watching for morning dawn, the fearful beating heart, so pressing to be gone; the long walk to town, but every step counted nearer that street; then nearer that tabernacle; then nearer the moment He would enter the poor, poor little dwelling so all His own. And when He did, the first thought I remember was, ‘Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered;’ for it seemed to me my King had come to take His throne; and instead of the humble, tender welcome I had expected to give Him, it was but a triumph of joy and gladness, that the deliverer was come, and my defense, and shield, and strength, and salvation made mine for this world and the next. Now, then, all the recesses of my heart found their fling, and it danced with more fervor—no, I must not say that—but perhaps almost with as much as the royal psalmist before his ark; for I was far richer than he, and more honored than he ever could be. Now the point is for the fruits. So far, truly, I feel all the powers of my soul held fast by Him, who came with so much majesty to take possession of His little poor kingdom.”

Behold Mrs. Seton, then, at length safely housed within the ark towards which her soul had for so long unconsciously yearned. After all the difficulties and doubts she had been passing through, she was well prepared to rejoice in the possession of peace on which she had now entered; not peace undisturbed, but still peace that could not be removed. She was now, as she herself hastened to inform Father De Cheverus, whose advice had so materially aided her conversion, “a poor burdened creature, weighed down with sins and sorrows, receiving an immediate transition to life, liberty, and rest.”

At that time it was considered a degradation to embrace the Catholic faith, and the estrangement of her family on this account left Mrs. Seton to meet almost alone the exigencies in which the embarrassed state of her husband’s affairs at the time of his death had involved her. Had she remained a

Protestant, all due assistance would have been given, and a large fortune might have been hers; but now, except for the munificent aid of Mr. Filicchi, she was left dependent on her own exertions. Nothing that the most generous friendship could prompt was wanting on the part of this noble man. He would gladly have provided a house for her in Italy; and his agents in New York were constantly directed to supply her with whatever money she might call on them for; and her two sons, one nine and the other seven years old, were placed by him for education in Georgetown College. "To relieve her wants," he told her, "was the pride of his soul, and his best passport for his last journey."

Mrs. Seton, however, was very properly anxious to exert herself for the benefit of her young family, and she therefore opened a boarding-house for some of the boys who attended a school in the city. Even in this change she found the highest consolation, knowing that it was brought about by her obedience to the will of God; and, after attending Mass, she went through her round of daily duties with the greatest cheerfulness and satisfaction. She still kept up the practice of committing to paper the secrets of her heart; and it is difficult to select from this treasury of devotion one passage more worthy than another of shadowing forth this pure, and humble, and loving heart. Her constant prayer at this time is, that the love of God may be supreme within her.

On the 26th of May, 1806, Mrs. Seton was confirmed by Bishop Carroll in St. Peter's Church, New York; and soon after this event she was called upon to part from her invaluable friend, Mr. A. Filicchi, who was returning to his native country. No words can express all that Mrs. Seton owed to this gentleman, who had left his own family to accompany her home in her bereavement; who had placed at her disposal his means, his time, and his unfailing sympathy; who had labored unceasingly to bring her within the fold of the true Church, and under the bright example of whose Christian piety and charity she had first learned to seek after this saving refuge. Mrs. Seton always calls him *brother*; and no brother could have been nearer and dearer to a sister's heart than he was to hers.

Now was it without deep feeling that he, too, could bid farewell to one to whom he had been so eminently useful. We read that he considered "the interest which he had taken in the welfare of her and her family as the secret of the many favors he had received from Heaven." When on his way home, being providentially rescued from very imminent danger "on the

dreadful summit of Mount Ceniz," he thus writes to Mrs. Seton. "It was on Monday night, the 5th of December, the day of the festival of our Blessed Lady's Conception. Early in that morning, they (the other passengers in the Diligence) had all laughed at my going to Mass, but fear drew afterwards from their lips, against their will, the awful acknowledgment of their forsaken principles of religion.

"I looked immediately to you as my principal intercessor; and you must have had certainly a great share in my deliverance. What wonder, then, in my readiness to be serviceable to you? Through your good example they find me now a better Christian than I was, and through you my mercantile concerns are blessed by God with an uninterrupted success. I shall not, therefore, be so foolish as to desert your cause. Pray only our Divine Redeemer to extend His mercy towards me for the most important welfare in our next life. If I have been happy enough to be the instrument of introducing you to the gates of the true Church of Christ here below, keep me fast by you when called upstairs; we must enter together into heaven. Amen."

There was one amongst Mrs. Seton's near connections who by no means shared in the general feeling of hostility with which she was now regarded. This was Miss Cecilia Seton, her youngest sister-in-law. Under fourteen years of age, beautiful, devout, and most warmly attached to her proscribed relative, Mrs. Seton cherished the earnest hope that this sister might one day be partaker of the true faith, and availed herself of the frequent opportunities afforded by a severe illness to bring the subject before her young patient.

When raised from her sick bed Cecilia devoted herself unhesitatingly to find out the truth, and finally resolved, in spite of the most furious opposition, on becoming a Catholic. It was in vain that every means were employed that bigotry and misguided zeal could suggest. She was threatened with all sorts of possible and impossible evils, and even kept in close confinement for several days; but the grace of God carried her unwavering through every opposition, and she was received into the Church, June 20, 1806.

The immediate consequences of this step were the young lady's dismissal from home without the least provision, and a positive prohibition to enter the houses of any of her relations, or to associate with their families. The youngest and hitherto the favorite at home, this was a severe trial to the youthful novice; but she was welcomed as a gift from God by Mrs. Seton, who gladly offered her a home.

This, however, was the occasion of renewed persecutions towards Mrs.

Seton; and many who had hitherto kept up some outward resemblance of courtesy, now forbade their children to hold the slightest intercourse with her. Even the Protestant Bishop Moore and Mr. Hobart, her former friends and pastors, took the same hostile part, and warned all who had hitherto aided her in her establishment to avoid having anything to do with so dangerous a person. In consequence of this state of things, her circumstances in a worldly point of view became most seriously compromised; yet still her soul retained its peace, and her mind dwelt rather on the consolations received from Catholic friends than the injuries inflicted by others.

Living under the same roof with her exemplary sister-in-law, Miss Cecilia Seton followed closely in her footsteps, and became day by day a brighter and purer witness of the beauty of that Faith she had embraced. So remarkably was this the case, that she soon won back the affection of some who had turned from her in such blind prejudice. For, meeting with some of her relations at the death-bed of a mutual friend, they were so deeply touched by the sweetness and piety of the young convert, that they invited her to return amongst them.

Mrs. Seton, however—certainly from no deficiency on her own part, but perhaps as being considered a more dangerous character—was not permitted to regain the favor she had lost. But, except so far as worldly circumstances were concerned—which in themselves affected her not—this was of little moment to her; for she was now increasingly occupied with her children, who had been, of course, received with her into the Church; and we are told, “nothing can surpass the admirable tact with which Mrs. Seton conciliated their warm affection, and directed her influence over them to the glory of God and their personal sanctification.”

Besides placing her two sons in Georgetown College with the hope of their going ultimately to that of Montreal, Mr. Anthony Filicchi had encouraged Mrs. Seton to hope that she and her daughters might be admitted to a convent in the same place, where her children would be trained carefully in the principles of the faith, and she herself employ her talents as a teacher. This was a prospect, on the thoughts of which Mrs. Seton loved to indulge; but it was brought about much sooner than she expected, by her introduction to the Rev. William V. Dubourg, president and founder of St. Mary's College in Baltimore.

Even before he became acquainted with Mrs. Seton, he was struck by her unusual fervor of devotion during an accidental visit to New York, where

he celebrated Mass; and afterwards, learning her wish to enter some conventual establishment with her children, he endeavored to turn her thoughts from Canada and induce her to remain in the United States with the same intention. "Come to us, Mrs. Seton," were his words; "we will assist you in forming a plan of life which, while it will forward your views of contributing to the support of your children, will shelter them from the dangers to which they are exposed among their Protestant connections, and also afford you much more consolation in the exercise of your faith than you have yet enjoyed. We also wish to form a small school, for the promotion of religious instruction, for those children whose parents are interested in that point."

"You may be sure," says Mrs. Seton, "I objected only to want of talents; to which he replied, 'We want example more than talents.'" Father Dubourg, who was a man of singular enterprise and penetration, had immediately seen that Mrs. Seton was capable of serving the cause of religion in no ordinary degree; and though her own humble estimate of herself made her wonder at the prospect opening before her, yet it was so congenial to her highest wishes, and offered so many advantages for her beloved children (for Father Dubourg had proposed receiving her two sons, free of expense within St. Mary's College), that she did not hesitate to lay the matter at once before Bishop Carroll, Dr. Matignon, and Father Cheverus, as friends and counselors, without whose advice she dared not act. They were unanimously in favor of the scheme, and Dr. Matignon said, almost in the spirit of prophecy, when alluding to her former idea of going to Canada, "*You are destined, I think, for some great good in the United States, and here you should remain in preference to any other location.*"

Other circumstances at this time contributed to determine Mrs. Seton to enter upon this new sphere of action; she could not realize enough for the maintenance of her family from the boarding-house she had undertaken, nor was the society of the boys at all beneficial to her own children. Her Protestant friends also highly approved of the Baltimore scheme, observing that it was an excellent project, because "her principles excluded her from the confidence of the inhabitants of New York." Mrs. Seton therefore resolved on leaving her native city; and her sister-in-law, Miss C. Seton, determined on accompanying her.

Father Dubourg's plan was that they should take a small house, where, with her own family and a few boarders, she might begin the work of general education "in subservience to pious instruction;" with the hope that in time,

if it was God's will to prosper the undertaking and give her and her companion "a relish for their functions," it might be gradually consolidated into a permanent institution.

On the 9th of June, 1808, Mrs. Seton embarked with her three daughters for Baltimore; and her two sons being brought from Georgetown, to be under Father Dubourg's care at St. Mary's College, she had once more all her children under her own immediate superintendence. This was no slight alleviation to the feelings that must have been awakened in her heart by finding herself thrust out, as it were, and unregretted, from her native city, and the companionship of her own family and all the friends of her early life. She was going to a new scene and sphere of action, amongst strangers; and that society of which she had been for so long the cherished ornament, now triumphed over her departure.

Yet the only reflections which her unfailing confidence in God inspired, on the eve of her arrival at Baltimore, were expressed in the following words: "To-morrow do I go among strangers? No. Has an anxious thought or fear passed my mind? No. Can I be disappointed? No. Our sweet sacrifice will re-unite my soul with all who offer it. Doubt and fear will fly from the breast inhabited by Him. There can be no disappointment, where the soul's only desire and expectation is to meet His adored will and fulfill it."

Mrs. Seton reached Baltimore on the Feast of Corpus Christi; and in the services of that day, and the affectionate greeting which followed, from a large circle of new friends already prepared to love her, she lost at once all sense of loneliness.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mrs. Seton had not left New York without informing the Messrs. Filicchi of her intended plans. And as soon as she was settled in her new home, and the design which Father Dubourg had in proposing her removal was a little matured, she wrote again, frankly asking what amount of aid she might hope to receive from them, in the event of its being advisable to provide by building, etc., for a permanent institution.

Her generous friend, Antonio, who was at this time contributing largely to her own support, responded gladly to this new appeal, bidding her draw at once on his agents for one thousand dollars or more if needful; adding, "your prayers had so much bettered our mercantile importance here below, that in spite of all the embargoes, political and commercial troubles, which have caused and will cause the utter ruin of many, we possess greater means

now than before, thanks to God, with the same unalterable good will." This plan, however, was not destined to be carried out; at least, not in the way which was then contemplated.

Mrs. Seton's view was to begin by opening a boarding-school for young ladies, leaving to time and the will of God that which she had already very earnestly at heart, the formation of a society specially consecrated to religion. She had no difficulty in obtaining the required number of pupils; and as they lived literally beneath the shadow of the Church, and she enjoyed at this time singular religious privileges, and the frequent society of many distinguished clergymen, particularly of Bishop Carroll, she writes in a transport of joy at the blessing of her lot: "Every morning at Communion, living in the very wounds of our dearest Lord, seeing only his representatives, and receiving their benedictions continually."

It was her only wish that her young sister-in-law, Miss Cecilia Seton, would join her. But it had been thought advisable that this lady should remain for the present in New York, with a brother upon whom she was entirely dependent. Left in the midst of those who had been so hostile to her change of religion, she had many trials to endure; but by unflinching firmness, and the strictest perseverance in attending all her religious duties she became daily a more fervent Catholic, and cherished the hope of one day devoting herself in a special manner to the service of God.

Another sister, Harriet, who was also warmly attached to Mrs. Seton, had inexpressible longings to fly to that happy retirement which she so eloquently painted in her letters from Baltimore. This lady was the "belle of New York," living in the midst of fashionable society, engaged to a step-brother of Mrs. Seton's (of course a Protestant), and, on account of some preference she had already shown for the Catholic faith, was closely watched by her family.

Presently we shall have to return to these ladies; but first it is necessary that we should relate the circumstances which led to the removal of Mrs. Seton from Baltimore after a sojourn of only a few months, and brought about the fulfillment of her pious intentions in a manner she herself had never ventured to hope for.

In the autumn of 1808, a young lady, seeking retirement from the world, had made up her mind for this purpose to go to some foreign conventual establishment; but hearing of Mrs. Seton's plans and wishes, came gladly to Baltimore, and was there offered by her father "as a child whom he

consecrated to God." She became for the present an assistant in the school; but on the arrival of this first companion, Father Babade, then her spiritual director, encouraged Mrs. Seton to discern the "announcement of an undertaking which would gradually collect round her a numerous band of spiritual daughters." The time for this was indeed already come.

One morning, after Holy Communion, she felt an extraordinary impulse to devote herself to the care of poor female children, and to found for their benefit some abiding institution. Going at once to Father Dubourg, she said, "This morning in my dear Communion, I thought, dearest Savior, if You would but give me the care of poor little children, no matter how poor; and Mr. Cooper being directly before me at his thanksgiving, I thought, he has money; if he would but give it for the bringing up of poor little children, to know and love You."

Mr. Cooper was a convert, a student at St. Mary's for the priesthood, and anxious to devote his property to the service of God. On hearing Mrs. Seton's words, Father Dubourg seemed lost in astonishment, and told her that Mr. Cooper had spoken to him that very morning of his thoughts being all for poor children's instruction, and that if he could find somebody to do it, he would give his money for that purpose; and he wondered if Mrs. Seton would be willing to undertake it. Struck with the wonderful coincidence, the priest advised each to reflect for a month on the subject, and acquaint him with the result. During this time there was no communication between the parties; nevertheless, they returned at the appointed time, offering, the one his means, and the other her services, for the relief of Christ's poor.

The clergy consulted on the occasion could not but approve of an intention so plainly in the ordering of God, and the site of Emmitsburg, Maryland, was fixed upon as affording "moral and physical advantages for a religious community, being far from the city and in the midst of wild mountain scenery."

The prospect now opening before Mrs. Seton was hailed with delight by all who knew her remarkable fitness for the work. Amongst others, her esteemed friend, Father John Louis de Cheverus, writes, almost in the language of prophecy: "How admirable is Divine Providence! I see already numerous choirs of virgins following you to the altar. I see your holy order diffusing itself in the different parts of the United States, spreading everywhere the good odor of Jesus Christ, and teaching by their angelical lives and pious instructions how to serve God in purity and holiness. I have no

doubt, my beloved and venerable sister, that He who has begun this work will bring it to perfection."

The title of mother was already gladly given everywhere to Mrs. Seton; and one lady after another came gathering around her, in fervor and humility, offering themselves as candidates for the new sisterhood. A conventual habit was adopted (which was afterwards changed to that worn by the Sisters of Charity), and under the title of "Sisters of St. Joseph," a little band was organized under temporary rules.

The humble soul of Mother Seton, as she must now be called, was filled with such an overwhelming sense of the responsibility committed to her, that on the evening of the day she received it as a charge from her spiritual directors, she sunk, weeping bitterly, upon her knees; and after giving way to her emotions for some time, she confessed aloud before the sisters who were present the most frail and humiliating actions of her life, from her childhood upwards, and then exclaimed from the depths of her heart, "My gracious God! You know my unfitness for this task; I, who by my sins have so often crucified You; I blush with shame and confusion! How can I teach others, who know so little myself, and am so miserable and imperfect?"

Mrs. Seton bound herself privately at this time, in the presence of the venerable Bishop Carroll, by the usual vows, for a year; and soon afterwards she was joined by one who had long waited patiently until the will of God should permit her to follow where her heart had already gone before. Miss Cecilia Seton, falling dangerously ill, was advised by her physician to try a sea voyage as a last remedy, and thankfully determined to visit Mother Seton. She was accompanied by her sister Harriet, two brothers, and a servant. Contrary to all expectations, her health gradually began to improve, and on reaching Baltimore her attendants left her, with the exception of her sister Harriet, who stayed to take care of her.

This illness again proving serious, change of air was once more advised, and Mother Seton then removed with the invalid to the site of her intended residence at Emmitsburg. Miss Harriet Seton, of course, accompanied them, with some of the community and Mother Seton's children. As no habitation was yet ready for the sisterhood, they were allowed by the Rev. Mr. Dubois, president of Mount St. Mary's College (to which Mrs. Seton's sons had already been removed from Baltimore), to occupy a small log-house on the mountain. Here Cecilia soon recovered some degree of health, and here her sister was strengthened to say, spite of all the persecution which she well

knew such a step would entail from her own family, and although she was uncertain what effect it might have upon him to whom she was engaged, "It is done, my sister, I am a Catholic. The cross of our dearest Lord is the desire of my soul; I will never rest till He is mine."

At the end of July, Mother Seton and the whole of her community, now ten in number, besides her three daughters and her sister-in-law, removed to the little farm-house on their own land in St. Joseph's Valley, which was to be their present home. It was much too small to be considered anything but a temporary refuge, containing only three or four rooms, and "a little closet just wide enough to hold an altar," where the presence of the Blessed Sacrament made up for every privation; and a more commodious and ample building was being prepared at once, as rapidly as circumstances would admit.

Meanwhile, in accordance with the institute of the Sisters of Charity, with which this was intended to conform, instruction of youth and care of the sick occupied the greater part of the sisters' time; and as it happened that a fever was just now breaking out in the neighborhood, they received many petitions to come and tend those who were attacked by it. Full of zeal and piety, they cheerfully lent themselves to this good work, and gave the greatest edification wherever they went.

They were very poor, circumstances not yet allowing them to open a school; but all were so anxious to devote themselves to a life of mortification that Mother Seton says, "carrot coffee, salt pork, and buttermilk, seemed too good a living." The expenses of building reduced them to a still more destitute condition; their bread was of the coarsest rye, and for many months they "did not know where the next meal would come from." On Christmas Day they rejoiced to have "some smoked herrings for dinner, and a spoonful of molasses for each." Yet the most perfect cheerfulness and harmony prevailed; they were literally all of one mind.

About the end of September Miss Harriet Seton was received into the Church. As was expected, a torrent of reproaches from home followed this announcement; but nothing could now prevent the holy fervor of this young convert; and rejoicing to suffer the loss of all things, even, if need were, the love of him to whom her hand was promised, she still pleaded for an extension of her stay in St. Joseph's Valley. Here, while nursing her sick sister, she was herself seized with a violent fever; and within three months of her conversion her remains were carried to a spot she had once playfully chosen as a last resting-place in the silent woods, and laid beneath the tree she had

pointed out. Thus, although the last called, she became "the first-fruits of those who sleep in St. Joseph's Valley."

The death-bed of this pious and beautiful young lady was never forgotten by those who had the happiness to assist at it. Amidst the most intense sufferings the names of God, heaven, or eternity instantly fixed her attention, insensible to every other address. Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament had been remarkable, and even in delirium the same divine object absorbed all her mind; her last sign of life was an effort to join the hymn at Benediction. It was impossible for her best friends not to rejoice that she was thus spared the sufferings and temptations that would have assailed her had she lived to return to New York. Far different, however, was the effect of her death upon her relations there; and when, after four months more, her sister Cecilia was also laid in that same little inclosure, planted with wild flowers, their indignation against this "pest of society" knew no bounds, even in its public expression. But all this, as Mother Seton herself observed, was music to the spirit hoping only to be conformed to Him who was despised and rejected by men.

Two months before Cecilia's death the community were established in their new dwelling, a large log house two stories high, with a sanctuary, sacristy, and an apartment where strangers could assist at Mass, facing one end of the sanctuary. The choir where the community heard Mass, etc., was in front of the altar. So poor was the altar that its chief ornaments were a framed portrait of our dear Redeemer, which Mother Seton had brought with her from New York, her own little silver candlesticks, some wild laurel, paper flowers, etc.

After placing themselves solemnly under the patronage of St. Joseph, the sisterhood commenced their labors on a much more extensive scale. They now opened a day and boarding school, and in May, 1810, Mother Seton thus alludes to the condition of the house: "You know the enemy of all good-will of course makes his endeavors to destroy it; but it seems our Adored is determined on its full success, by the excellent subjects He has placed in it. We are now twelve and as many again are waiting for admission. I have a very, very large school to superintend every day, and the entire charge of the religious instruction of all the country round. All apply to the Sisters of Charity, who are night and day devoted to the sick and the ignorant. Our blessed bishop intends removing a detachment of us to Baltimore, to perform the same duties there. We have a very good house,

though a log building; and it will be the mother-house and retreat in all cases; as a portion of the sisterhood will always remain in it, to keep the spinning, weaving, knitting, and school for country people, regularly progressing."

The income derived from the school and donations from friends now kept the house free from embarrassment, and in any case of emergency the generosity of the brothers Filicchi was unfailing. The following extract from a letter of Mother Seton's on an occasion of this kind, and the answer she received, will show the spirit of frankness and Christian confidence which prevailed between them: "Does it hurt you that I press so hard on you, and make no further application to my friends in New York? Consider, how can I apply to them for means which would go to the support only of a religion and institution they abhor; while what is taken from you is promoting your greatest happiness in this world, and bringing you nearer and nearer to the Adored in the next. But again let me repeat, if I have gone too far, stop me short forever, if you find it necessary, without fear of the least wound to the soul you love; which receives all from your hands as from that of our Lord, and whenever they may be closed, will know that it is He who shuts them, who uses all for His own glory as He pleases."

"Chase your diffidence away," replies Mr. A. Filicchi; "speak to your brother the wants of a sister, and trust in Him who knows how to clothe and feed the birds of the air, and clothes the grass of the earth with brightness."

In 1811, measures were taken for procuring from France a copy of the regulations in use amongst the "Daughters of Charity," founded by St. Vincent of Paul, as it was intended that Mother Seton's community should model itself upon the same basis. It became necessary, however, to introduce some modification of the rules, as it was thought expedient that, at least for the present, the sisters should be occupied in the instruction of the young; and moreover, it was feared that Mother Seton's peculiar position as the sole guardian of five young children, might prove a hindrance to her being bound permanently as the superior of a religious community.

She herself, indeed, considered that her duties as a mother were paramount to every other, especially since her children's Protestant relations were numerous and wealthy. Writing to a friend on this subject, she says: "By the law of the Church I so much love, I could never take an obligation which interfered with my duties to the children, except I had an independent provision and guardian for them, which the whole world could not supply to my

judgment of a mother's duty." This and every other difficulty in the adoption of the rules was, however, at length arranged by the wisdom of Archbishop Carroll, who had recently been elevated to the archiepiscopal dignity, and in January, 1812, the constitutions of the community were confirmed by the archbishop and the superior of St. Mary's College in Baltimore, and sent for observance to the sisters.

A year was allowed to all already in the sisterhood to try their vocation, at the end of which time they might either leave the institution or bind themselves by vows. Mother Seton was authorized, even after she had taken the vows, to watch over her children's welfare; and a conditional provision was made for securing to the community her permanent superintendence.

The general rules and object of the Sisters of Charity are so well known that little need be said on that subject. The society was to be composed of unmarried women and widows, sound of mind and body, and between sixteen and twenty-eight years of age at their entrance. It was also expected that they should desire to devote their whole lives to the service of God in His poor, and in the instruction of children; though the vows were only taken for a single year, and renewed annually.

During the year of probation ten more ladies were added to the community, which now consisted of thirty sisters; and by the adoption of a settled rule of life, Mother Seton had the happiness of seeing them make daily progress both in fervor towards God and usefulness to their neighbors. There was one amongst them who was a source of far deeper joy and gratitude than the rest. This was her own eldest daughter, Anna or Annina. From early childhood she had been remarkable for her virtue and piety; and now, being both good, clever, and beautiful, she was the delight of all who knew her. When only fifteen, her hand had been sought in marriage by a young gentleman of great wealth and talent; and, with the approbation of all his friends, he journeyed to his distant home to make the necessary preparation. There, however, he found his only parent, a mother, so strongly opposed to it, that he was prevailed upon to break his faith with Miss Seton.

Happily, with the true spirit of a Christian, the young lady regarded the whole matter as ordered by God for her greater good, and devoted herself more assiduously than before to all the religious practices of the community in St. Joseph's Valley. Although still only amongst the pupils, she strictly observed the rules of the novitiate, rising at four both in winter and summer, that she might spend an hour in prayer and meditation before Mass in the

chapel. She performed in secret many heroic acts of mortification, and had so little taste for the world that, when visiting a very excellent family in Baltimore, she implored her mother to recall her to St. Joseph's Valley, because "her soul wearied of the distractions of a secular life."

Her example animated the pupils to an extraordinary devotion, and some of the elder girls formed themselves into a band under her direction, governed by special rules, and habitually seeking to mortify themselves by acts of penance. At the same time she both watched tenderly over the younger pupils—especially those preparing for their first Communion—and also maintained a correspondence with those young ladies who had left the school, seeking to keep alive in their hearts the good principles they had learned amongst the sisters. Anxious to consecrate herself more perfectly to God, she applied, as soon as her age permitted, for admission to the sisterhood, and was gladly received; but towards the end of September, 1811, taking a violent cold, she soon became so ill, that all hope of seeing her continue to edify the community by her exemplary piety was sorrowfully abandoned. As for herself, she only rejoiced to believe that she was near her end; and she continued to the last both to practice perfect humility and patience in herself, and to encourage it in others.

When Mother Seton half reproached her for her little care of her health, "rising at the first bell, and even being on the watch to ring it the moment the clock struck; washing at the pump in the severest weather, often eating in the refectory what sickened her stomach, etc.—'Ah, dear mother,' she replied, coloring deeply, as if she was wounding humility, 'if our dear Lord called me up to meditate, was I wrong to go? If I washed at the pump, did not others more delicate do it? If I ate what I did not like, was it not proper, since it is but a common Christian act to control my appetite? Besides, what would my example have been to my class, if I had done otherwise in any of these cases? Indeed, I have given too much bad example without this. Dearest Lord, pardon me.'"

Night and day did Mother Seton watch over her suffering child; and it is said that "it would be difficult to decide which was the more worthy of admiration, the daughter pressing forward with eagerness to her heavenly home, or the mother generously offering the sacrifice of her first-born child."

On the 30th of January, she received with great fervor the last sacraments; but her death was yet delayed for some weeks. Her mother at this time writes to a friend: "The dear, lovely and excellent child of my heart

is on the point of departure. During the whole of the last week she has been every moment on the watch, expecting every coughing-fit would be the last; but with a peace, resignation, and contentment of soul truly consoling, not suffering a tear to be shed around her, she has something comforting to say to all."

On the Sunday before her death, Annina begged that the young ladies from the school might come in, to learn a lesson of human frailty from her wasted form. Being fifty in number, they were admitted, a few at a time, and she addressed them in her dying voice with the most impressive words. Allowing them to see the mortification which had already begun in her neck, she said, "See the body which I used to dress and lace up so well, what is it now? Look at these hands! the worms will have poor banquets here! What is beauty? what is life? Nothing, nothing. Oh, love and serve God faithfully, and prepare for eternity. Some of you, dear girls, may be soon as I am now; be good, and pray for me." Annina prayed very earnestly to die a professed Sister of Charity; and though the time had not yet arrived for any to bind themselves by the usual vows, she was permitted to do so on the day before her death, thus becoming the first professed member of the sisterhood. The following act of consecration was written by her the morning before her death, kneeling at the foot of a crucifix:

"Amiable and adorable Savior! at the foot of Your cross I come to consecrate myself to You forever. It has pleased You in Your infinite mercy and goodness, to unite and fasten me to it with You. O dear Jesus, I offer You all my sufferings, little as they are, and will accept with resignation (oh, by Your grace, let me say, love), whatever You will please to send in future. I offer, in union with Your blessed merits, all the sufferings I ever had; those which I endured at a time when I did not learn to unite them to Yours. Those I have experienced during this last sickness I offer more particularly to Your glory, and in expiation of the offenses and grievous sins committed during my life. Oh, my Jesus, pardon the impatience, ill-humor, and numberless other faults I now commit; I beseech Thee to forgive. I offer Thee my sufferings, in union with Your merits, in expiation of my many and daily offenses."

On the following morning she requested her two young sisters to kneel by her bed and sing:

"Though all the pains of hell surround,
No evil will I fear:
For while my Jesus is my friend,
No danger can come near."

They tried to compose their voices, broken by sobs, that they might please their dying sister, whom their mother, sitting at her pillow, was supporting in her arms. But their voices refused to sing at such a moment; and soon the struggles of the departing soul became so severe, that Mother Seton was obliged to retire from her now insensible child to the chapel, where she remained before the Blessed Sacrament till all was over.

On the following day the body was committed to the ground, and Mother Seton, more like a statue than a living being, followed her sweet child to the grave. But one tear was seen upon her cheek as she returned; and raising her eyes to heaven, she uttered slowly, as if yielding to the full force of the sublime sentiment: "Father, Thy will be done!" Thus died Sister Annina, on March 12, 1812, in the seventeenth year of her age.

She was cherished warmly in the memory of all who had ever known her; and the village children, whom she had especially chosen for her pupils, kept her grave always green and fragrant with moss and lilies of the valley. The loss of this dear child was very acutely felt by Mother Seton, and she writes from the fulness of her heart to a friend, "The separation from my angel has left so new and deep an impression on my mind, that if I was not obliged to live in these dear ones (her children), I should unconsciously die in her; unconsciously, for never, by a free act of the mind, would I now reject His will." "Who can tell the silent solitude of the mother's soul, its peace and rest in God!" "Eternity was Anna's darling word. I find it written in every thing that belonged to her; music, books, copies, the walls of her little chamber,—everywhere that word."

In September, 1812, the Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté, afterwards first bishop of Vincennes, Indiana, was appointed to assist Rev. Mr. Dubois; and his friendship and services were of the greatest possible value to Mother Seton and the community, for whom he now celebrated Mass four times a week. Father Bruté was a man of rare gifts, rare learning, and great physical activity, singularly blessed with energy and power of expression; and from the first he and Mother Seton heartily sympathized. It may here be stated of his subsequent career that he was elevated to the episcopacy as bishop of Vincennes in 1834 and died just five years later in the order of sanctity. This is the same diocese which we now know as Indianapolis and comprises the southern half of the state of Indiana, below a line running from Fountain to Warren counties directly across the state.

In the following July, the community, now eighteen in number, bound

themselves by the vows of poverty, charity, and obedience, ten young ladies being at the same time admitted into the novitiate.

The war with Great Britain at this time made many things so expensive, that a more rigid economy was necessary, to which, however, the sisters cheerfully lent themselves. Sugar was dispensed with, and coarser clothing introduced. In 1814, a detachment of sisters were sent to Philadelphia to take charge of the children whose parents had died of the yellow-fever; and in 1817 a colony was established in New York City from the mother-house at Emmitsburg. The instructions and affectionate exhortations given by Mother Seton to those sisters who were leaving her for another mission, were beautifully characteristic of her idea of what the life of a Christian, and, above all, a Sister of Charity should be.

Twice a week she gave familiar instructions to the elder pupils, in which she displayed her singular aptitude for education. Yet her manner was rather that of the intelligent and affectionate parent, than of the pedantic teacher; and her sweetness won so readily the confidence of her pupils, that they opened their hearts to her as their dearest friend.

"Your little mother, my darlings," she would say, "does not come to teach you to be good nuns or Sisters of Charity; but rather I would wish to fit you for that world in which you were destined to live; to teach you how to be good mistresses and mothers of families. Yet, if the dear Master selects one among you to be closer to Him, happy are you; He will teach you Himself."

In 1814 Mrs. Seton's eldest son completed his eighteenth year. He was anxious to enter the navy, whilst his mother wished him to go into some mercantile house; but this was rendered somewhat difficult, in consequence of the disturbed state of commercial affairs during the war. However, the Rev. Mr. Bruté being anxious to visit Europe, she resolved to send her son under his guardianship to the Messrs. Filicchi, at least for a time. Two years later her second son was placed in the house of a merchant in Baltimore, and went afterwards to Leghorn, when his brother left to carry out his own purpose of entering the navy.

About this time Mr. Philip Filicchi died; and deeply was his loss deplored, not only by Mother Seton and his most immediate friends, but by all. His death was said to be almost a public calamity, sorrowed over by "hundreds of poor fed at his hands, orphans depending on his support, and prisoners relieved by his charity."

Two months after this time Mother Seton was called upon to render back to God another of her children, her youngest daughter, whose intelligent and amiable disposition had endeared her to all who knew her. She had been ailing now since 1812, when she was injured by a fall on the ice; and that she might have the best medical advice, she was removed for some time to Baltimore. Whilst there, her mother used the most affectionate endeavors, by frequent little notes, to turn the mind of her suffering child to the end for which she was afflicted. The following is one of them:

“MY SOUL’S LITTLE DARLING.—Mother’s eyes fill with tears ever when she thinks of you; but loving tears of joy, that my dear one may suffer and bear pain, and resign herself to the will of our Dearest, and be the child of His cross. You know, mother has often told you that the one who suffers most is the dearest to me; and so our Dearest loves the child He afflicts with a double love. Remember, my dear one, what mother told you about love and obedience to our so kind and tender friend (the lady with whom she was staying); and our Dearest, not to forget Him for a moment. You know He never forgets you; and do not mind kneeling, but speak your heart to Him anywhere. May His dear, dearest blessing be on you. . . . Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, bless and love you!”

By the pious example of this amiable child, many practices of devotion were introduced amongst the boarders; and as she was a general favorite at St. Joseph’s, her influence had the happiest effect. The orphans educated there had been formed into a class distinct from the boarders, and were disposed to resent this separation as a humiliating position; Miss Rebecca Seton, however, voluntarily ranked herself amongst them, and immediately all bitterness of feeling was changed into grateful affection. Though only thirteen years of age, she was devout and fervent in approaching the sacraments; and, indeed, she needed all the strength and consolation which these alone can bestow; for during the last six months of her life she was scarcely ever free from the most excruciating pain. Nevertheless, she was always patient, resigned, and even cheerful in manner, fulfilling the anxious wishes of her mother, that she might look on her sufferings only as a transitory means to a glorious and eternal end.

“Death, death, my mother,” she would say in her agony; “it seems so strange that I shall do no more here. You will come back (from the graveyard), dearest mother, alone. No little Rebecca behind the curtain. But that is only one side; when I look at the other, I forget all—you will be

comforted. If Dr. C. were to say now, Rebecca, you will get well, I could not wish it—no, my dearest Savior! I am convinced of the happiness of an early death. And to sin no more—that is the point, my mother;” throwing her arms around her, and repeating “to sin no more.”

A few extracts from the journal of her dear child’s last days, made by Mother Seton for Father Bruté, who was still absent in Europe, will describe more touchingly than any words of our own the admirable fortitude with which the little sufferer “endured to the end.”

“‘It seemed to me this morning,’ said she, ‘that I could not bear it; but one look at our Savior changed it all. What were the dislocations of his bones, my mother! Oh, how can I mind mine! Not a change now from continued sitting, but to kneel a little on one knee; obliged to give up her bed entirely. We tried to-day. ‘I know,’ said she, ‘I cannot; but we must take it quietly, my dear mother, and offer up the pains’—trying to get in and out of bed—‘and let it take its way.’ Finding it impossible, she said, ‘I must lie down no more until—but never mind, mother, come sit by me.’ Softly now she sings the little words, after resting on one knee awhile, for our evening prayer:

“Now another day is gone,
So much pain and sorrow o’er,
So much nearer our dear home;
There we’ll praise Him,
There we’ll bless Him evermore.”

Then leans so peaceably her dear head on my lap, and offers up, as she says, ‘the poor mass of corruption, covered with the blood of our Jesus.’

“The little beloved now sits up in a chair night and day, leaning on my arm, the bones so rubbed she cannot rest on one knee as before; but says so cheerfully, ‘Our Lord makes me pay for past misdemeanors.’

“What a morning with our little one! her perspective! Straining forward, with rolling, rapid tears, she said, putting her arms around me, ‘Mother, the worst is, I shall have to give an account of all the Masses I have heard so carelessly; O my carelessness!’ the tears redoubled. ‘My first Communion! yet surely I tried not to make it badly; and if, dearest mother, I shall have the blessings of the last sacraments,’—then she looked so earnestly at the crucifix, and wiped her eyes. Again spoke of Extreme Unction, after all the comfort of another burst of tears. ‘Yet the last struggles, mother!—there is something in death—I cannot tell. How lazy I am, my mother; and how sweet and bright is Nina’s carpet! [Her sister Annina’s carpet, the

blue sky, seen from the window.] Oh, how I will beg our Lord to let me come to you, when you will be here so lonely! You know, mother, I never enjoyed any little pleasure in this world, unless you shared it, or I told you of it. How I will beg of Him to let me come and comfort you! You know, too, I could guess your pains, even when you did not speak.' But oh, the thousand little endearments of her manner, while saying these words, so dear to a mother's heart! Every waking through the night speaking of what they were doing in heaven! Her poor leg burst—pain in the side excessive—but the little cheerful laugh and pain go together. 'How good it is, oh, how good! since it shows our Lord will not let it last long.'

"'Last night,' said she, 'in the midst of my misery, I seemed somewhere gone out of my body, and summoning all the saints and angels to pray for me; but the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and my guardian angel, St. Augustine, and St. Xavier, whom I love so much (St. Augustine's burning heart for our Lord, you know, mother), these I claimed and insisted on defending me in judgment—oh, my mother! that judgment;' then again her eyes fastened on the crucifix as long as pain would permit. 'O mother, how I suffer, every bone, every joint, every limb; do, mother, pray for my faith. You see, dearest, every day something of warning is added that I soon must go; yet I remember only twice to have thought my sufferings too hard since I was hurt—so our dear Lord pity me, and give me a short purgatory; yet in this *His will* be done: at least, then I shall be safe and sin no more.'

"Always wishing to be employed, she cut some leaves of artificial flowers, and seemed very earnestly employed in sewing on a small garment for a poor child, with trembling hands and panting breath, two days before her agony.

"The superior came," Rev. Mr. Dubois, "and seeing the pitiful state of the poor darling, kindly offered to remain with her. Her gratitude was inexpressible. The presence of a priest seemed to arm her against every power of the enemy. He told her, about midnight, that as she had not slept nor ate anything for the last twenty-four hours, it would be well to take a little paregoric. 'Well,' said she very gently to him, 'if I go to sleep I shall not come back; so good-by to you all. Do give my love to everybody; good-by, dear Kit (her sister Josephine, kissing her most tenderly), and you, my dearest mother.' But her little heart failed her, and she hid herself in my bosom. Again, trying to compose herself, she said, 'I will give your love to everybody I meet with on the way.' But no sleep or rest for her." So

dawned for child and mother All Souls' Day. "It passed as yesterday; only increased pains. Our God, our God! to wait one hour for an object every moment expected! but poor Bec's hours and agonies are known to You alone!—her meek, submissive looks, artless appeals of sorrow, and unutterable distress.

"The hundred little acts of piety that All Souls' Day, so sad and sorrowful; the fears of the poor mother's heart; her bleeding heart for patience and perseverance in so weak a child, the silent long looks at each other; fears of interfering in any way with the designs of infinite love! Oh, that day and night and following day! The Rev. superior told her he would not wish her sufferings shortened. She quietly gave up, felt her pulse no more, inquired no more about going, or what time it was; but with her heart of sorrow pictured on her countenance, looking now at the crucifix, again at mother, seemed to mind nothing else. Once she said, 'My love is so weak—so imperfect—my mother; I have been so unfaithful, I have proved so little my love.' Her poor little heart seemed sinking, yet eyes steadfastly fixed on the crucifix. 'My mother; kiss that blessed side for me.' Her small crucifix round her neck was often pressed to her lips—those cold, dying lips; and then she would press it to her heart. 'I hang my helpless soul on Thee,' she would say. Night came again. She often bowed her head, in which all her pain seemed centered, to the holy water presented by the Rev. superior. We said some short prayers, and she repeated, 'In the hour of death defend me; call me to come to Thee; receive me.' Near four in the morning, she said, 'Let me sit once more on the bed; it will be the last struggle.' Cecilia's arms and mother's supporting her, she sank between us; the darling head fell on the well-known heart it loved so well, and all was over. My God! my God! That morning she had said, 'Be not sorrowful, my mother! I shall not go far from you; I am sure our dear Lord will let me come and console you.' Josephine's tears hurt her. 'I do not look,' she said, 'to being left in the grave, and you all turning home without me; I look high up.'"

During the years we have so rapidly passed over many sisters were summoned from the little community to their eternal home. And if it were possible to relate of their pious souls the different acts of humility, charity, and devotion by which they edified all who knew them, and embalmed their names in the memory of the sisterhood, some idea might be formed of the holy, happy retreat over which Mother Seton presided in St. Joseph's Valley. Many were converts. Amongst others we are told of one who had been a Methodist, but was ever seeking after the true Church until she found it.

"Luther is Luther," she used to say to those on whom she urged her anxiety before her conversion. "Calvin is Calvin, Wesley is Wesley; but where is the Church of the Apostles?" By God's good grace she was guided at last to St. Joseph's Valley, where she happily found what she sought.

It has been already mentioned more than once that Mother Seton's health had become very feeble; and in 1820 her lungs were so seriously affected that her medical attendants gave no hope of her ultimate recovery. For her this world had long ceased to be anything but "a dark passage leading to eternity. I see nothing," she says, "but the blue sky and our altars; all the rest is so plainly as not to be looked at. We talk now all day of my death, and how it will be, just like the rest of the housework. What is it else? What are we come into the world for? Why is it so long, but this last, great, eternal end? It seems to me so simple when I look up to the crucifix."

Twelve years she had now spent in her retirement. During the last four months she was confined to her room, and her sufferings at times were very great; but only under obedience to her director would she submit to any effort for their alleviation. Not a complaint was to be heard; and if through extreme pain there escaped her an involuntary sign of impatience, she was uneasy until she had received absolution. Her humility was as great as her resignation. One of the sisters saying something which implied a hope of going to heaven immediately after death, Mother Seton exclaimed fervently, "My blessed God! how far from that thought am I, of going straight to heaven! such a miserable creature as I am!" Father Brnté was constantly with her, and his ministry was a source of the most abundant graces to her soul.

Being about to receive the last sacraments, she begged that all her spiritual daughters might assemble in her room, where they were addressed in her name by the Rev. Mr. Dubois as follows: "Mother Seton being too weak, charges me to recommend to you at this sacred moment, in her place; first, to be united together as true Sisters of Charity; secondly, to stand most faithfully by your rules; thirdly, that I ask pardon for all the scandals she may have given you, that is, for indulgences prescribed during sickness by me or the physicians." Mother Seton's voice added, "I am thankful, sisters, for your kindness in being present at this trial. Be children of the Church, be children of the Church."

When the last awful moment was at hand, the sisters pressed in anguish around the bed of their cherished and saintly mother. Her only daughter

was fainting beside her from intense emotion; but on Mother Seton's countenance was no shadow of grief, or doubt, or disturbance—all was peace there. She rested immovably in the hands of God, repeating, "May the most just, the most high, and the most holy will of God be accomplished forever!"


A sister whom she requested to repeat her favorite prayer; "Soul of Jesus, sanctify me; Blood of Jesus, wash me," etc., being unable through her sobs to proceed, the dying lady finished it herself. "Jesus, Mary, Joseph," were her last words. And thus passed away from this world, in faith and hope and love, Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton, on the 4th of January, 1821, in the forty-seventh year of her age.

Amidst the tears and lamentations of the whole community, her remains were carried to their last resting-place on the following day. A cross and a rose-tree were planted on her grave, and from innumerable grateful hearts went up to heaven with the Adorable sacrifice the most pure and fervent prayers that her soul may rest in peace. Since that time a marble monument has been raised over her remains, on the four sides of which are inscribed: "To the memory of E. A. Seton, Foundress." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." "The just shall live in everlasting remembrance." "The just shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." And on the wall of the humble chamber in which she breathed her last may be read the following inscription: "Here near this door, by this fire-place, on a poor, lowly couch, died our cherished and saintly Mother Seton, on the 4th of January, 1821. She died in poverty, but rich in faith and good works; may we, her children, walk in her footsteps, and share one day in her happiness. Amen."

Chapter XXX.

Work of the Metropolitan See.

OLD AGE CROWNED WITH BLESSINGS—DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP NEALE.—A LAWYER WHO GRACED THE PRIESTHOOD.—ESTABLISHMENT OF A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—EARLY DAYS AT "THE MOUNTAIN"—CONSECRATION OF ARCHBISHOP WHITEFIELD.—FIRST PROVINCIAL COUNCIL.—OTHER PRELATES AND ASSEMBLIES.—CHAPLAINS FOR THE NATIONAL FORCES.—KENRICK, SPAULDING AND BAYLEY.—THE VATICAN COUNCIL.—THE CARDINAL PRIMATE.

N the death of the first archbishop of Baltimore in 1815, the United States contained only eighty-five priests, and of this number forty-six were in the metropolitan diocese. Archbishop Leonard Neale was almost seventy years old when he was left alone, burdened with the episcopacy, and painful infirmities deprived him of the strength which he would have needed for his high functions. We have recounted the apostolic labors of the missionary and coadjutor. After braving the climate of Guiana and the yellow-fever of Philadelphia, Bishop Neale was to bear in his glorious old age the marks of his toil, and he sought repose for his last days near the monastery of the Visitation, which he had founded at Georgetown. Yet when his health permitted, and on solemn occasions, he appeared at Baltimore, and devoted himself with constant care to the administration of his vast diocese.

Foreseeing his approaching end, the holy prelate had in 1815 petitioned the sovereign pontiff, to associate to him in the administration of his diocese,

Bishop Cheverus, of Boston, with a right of succession to the see of Baltimore. Pius VII consented, but wished first to know how he was to replace Bishop Cheverus at Boston. Archbishop Neale invited the latter to Baltimore to confer with him on the intentions of the holy father, but Bishop Cheverus no sooner discovered the motive than he begged to be left at Boston. He strongly urged the archbishop to take in preference a coadjutor, and named several Jesuits and Mr. Maréchal, a priest of St. Sulpice. He also wrote on the subject to the congregation "*de propaganda fide.*"

Archbishop Neale at last yielded to his friend's wishes, and on the refusal of several Jesuits, he asked the Holy See to appoint Mr. Maréchal as his coadjutor. As soon as Bishop Cheverus knew this decision he wrote to Rome, asking to remain at Boston. "I shall rejoice to see Mr. Maréchal performing the episcopal functions at Baltimore, where he and his brethren of St. Sulpice have been the masters and models of the clergy, and have conciliated universal regard."

Pius VII approved the new arrangement, and by a brief of July 24, 1817, he appointed Father Ambrose Maréchal coadjutor to the archbishop of Baltimore, with the title of Bishop of Stauropolis. But before the date even of the brief, Archbishop Neale had sunk under his infirmities. He died at Georgetown, on the 15th of June, 1817, and his mortal remains were laid in the convent chapel of the Visitation, where they still remain. "Thus," says his biographer, "thus in death was he placed where his affections were strongest in life; and thus, in the last honors to his mortal remains, was preserved a parallel to the last sad tribute to St. Francis of Sales. The body of Archbishop Neale sleeps under the chapel of the convent founded by him in America; that of St. Francis under the church of the convent which he founded in Europe. Annecy has her saint; so may we hope that Georgetown has hers."

The bulls appointing Archbishop Maréchal did not reach Baltimore till the 10th of November, 1817, five months after the death of his venerable predecessor, and he was consecrated on the 14th of December following, by Bishop Cheverus, of Boston. Ambrose Maréchal, thus raised to the primacy of the American Church, was born at Ingre, near Orleans, in 1768. When he had completed his classical course, he felt a vocation for the ecclesiastical state, but his family opposed his designs so warmly that he at first yielded to their desires, and began the study of law, intending to practice at the bar. The young advocate soon found, however, that he was called to a far

different life, and after having shown all due deference to his family's wishes, at last entered the Sulpitian Seminary at Orleans. The persecutions of revolutionary France did not shake his resolution, but he resolved to depart from a land that martyred its faithful clergy, and he embarked at Bordeaux for the United States, with the Abbés Matignon, Richard, and Ciquard. It was on the very eve of his embarkation that Abbé Maréchal was privately ordained, and such were the horrors of those unhappy times, that he was even prevented from saying Mass. He celebrated the Holy Sacrifice for the first time at Baltimore, where he arrived on June 24, 1792. Later he became professor at St. Mary's Seminary, and was for a time president of the college. This life of study, so akin to his taste, was not, however, to last; and in 1816 he was informed of his nomination by the sovereign pontiff to the see of Philadelphia. In vain did he endeavor to escape these honors; it was only to have far greater imposed upon him by pontifical authority. He alleged the importance of leaving him at his studies, at least till the completion of a theological work adapted to the religious condition of the United States. But the Church chose to employ his merit in more eminent functions, and Mr. Maréchal consented to become archbishop of Baltimore.

The earlier days of his administration were thick sown with trials of the most painful character. The Catholics in the United States, living amid a Protestant population, and influenced by the surrounding ideas of independence, have not always shown the subordination ever to be desired towards pastors. The temporal administration of the churches is the source of constant collisions; and the laity, seeing the manner in which the Protestant churches are managed, too frequently usurp powers not their own. Archbishop Maréchal had thus to struggle with a spirit of insubordination and faction, which threatened to result in an open schism. In this difficult position, the prelate displayed that zeal, that prudence, that devotion to his flock, that firm adherence to true principles, which have ever characterized great bishops, and which eventually checked the progress of the disorder, under which the cause of religion threatened to sink. His pastoral in 1819 showed the extent of the evil and the wisdom of the remedy. It laid down with preciseness the reciprocal rights and duties of the clergy and laity; it shows the entire inaptitude of the latter to interfere in the spiritual government of the Church, and points out to the priests the calamities which would afflict religion, if they neglected the obligations of their sacerdotal character. It maintains the exclusive right for the episcopal authority, of appointing priests to parishes

and for other duties, and concludes in these words: "In the midst of the troubles and persecutions to which you are now, or may hereafter be exposed, be careful, after the example of the saints, dearest brethren daily to entreat with fervor your heavenly Father, to take under his special protection yourselves, your families, your friends, your pastors, and all the Catholics of the United States. The Church of Christ in this country is now in affliction. Dissensions and scandals threaten to destroy her peace and happiness. As for you, dear brethren, strive to console her by every possible mark of respect, attachment, obedience, and love; for though surrounded with difficulties, though even attacked by some unnatural children, still she is your mother, your protectress, your guide on earth, and the organ by which Divine mercy communicates to you the treasure of His grace, and all the means of salvation."

Other obstacles, of a more personal character, added to the burdens of the episcopate, in the case of Archbishop Maréchal. Yet, his administration was not without its consolations, not the least of which was the continued success and permanent establishment of Mount St. Mary's Seminary and College. Of this hive of the American clergy—for it has given the Church many archbishops and bishops, and a large proportion of our most zealous and useful priests—we must now treat.

The Rev. John Dubois, of whom we shall hereafter speak more at length, was stationed, in 1808, at Frederick, and once a month celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in the private chapel of Aloysius Elder, Esq., as his predecessors had done for many years. The better days, however, now justified the erection of a church, and the zealous priest began to erect near Emmitsburg, a church, on a rising ground, which he named Mount St. Mary's. A church did not satisfy his zeal; he sought also to found a school, which should furnish candidates for holy orders; and, in all humility, began his labors to carry out the idea which he had conceived. Purchasing a log hut near the Church, he opened his school in 1808, and having in the following year joined the Sulpitians, he received the pupils of their establishment at Pigeon Hill. His little log hut and a small brick house in the neighborhood, no longer sufficed, so that he purchased the present site of the college, and, erecting suitable buildings, resigned his log-cabin to Mother Seton, who made it the cradle of her order.

The first college at the mountain was but a row of log-cabins, themselves the work of several years' toil, for the founder had but little means. Yet all joined in his labors, and, by their united efforts, grounds were cleared, gardens

and orchards planted, and roads cut. In spite, however, of these disadvantages, the well-known ability of Mr. Dubois drew pupils to his rural school, though the payment in kind often corresponded to the style rather than to the wants of the establishment. And the school, though strictly Catholic, increased, so that its ever cheerful and laborious president could not, in 1812, have had less than sixty pupils under his care. Of his associates in the foundation, none deserves a higher praise than one whom Catholics have learned to style the sainted Bruté, whose name is no less indissolubly united to Mount St. Mary's than to Vincennes, of which he died bishop. Removed, for a time, to St. Mary's Seminary, in Baltimore, Mr. Bruté returned to the mountain in 1818, and, opening the class of theology, made the establishment a seminary as well as a college, thus giving it the present form and its present stability. By this time, too, pupils had become teachers, and the Rev. Roger Smith, Nicholas Kerney, Alexius Elder, George Elder, founder of St. Joseph's at Bardstown, and William Byrne, founder of St. Mary's, in the same State; Charles Constantine Pise, John B. Purcell, now archbishop of Cincinnati, John Hughes, now archbishop of New York, with his former coadjutor, the bishop of Albany, all, with many another priest and prelate, taught, in their younger days, the classes at the mountain.

Mr. Bruté's talents, during the next sixteen years which he spent here, availed the institution not only as a professor—as a treasurer, his method and system extricated it from many pecuniary embarrassments, and placed matters in a secure shape.

So complete had been the success, and so promising were now their hopes, that Dr. Dubois, soon after the separation from the Sulpitians, in 1819, resolved to erect a stone edifice for the accommodation of his pupils. This work Archbishop Maréchal approved and encouraged. Accordingly, in the spring of 1824, a handsome building of three stories high, and ninety-five feet by forty in extent, was raised on the mountain; but just as all were preparing at Whitsuntide to enter, to their grief and regret it was fired by accident or design, and in a few hours nothing remained but a mass of smoking ruins. Undaunted by this disaster, which Doctor Pise has embalmed in our memories in classic verse, Dr. Dubois at once began the erection of a new and grander college. Great were the trials it imposed upon him and the companions of his labors, but aided by the generous contributions of the neighbors, and of Catholics in various parts, the great work was completed just as the illustrious founder was called to occupy the see of New York, in 1826.

While the illustrious Dubois was consolidating a work so important to his diocese, Archbishop Maréchal was still more consoled by the increase of Catholics, and by the numbers whom the clergy found in sections where they least expected to meet any.

It will not be useless to define here in what this increase of the Catholic population consists, of which we must render an account periodically in each diocese, and which has made it necessary to multiply the bishops from one to forty in the space of sixty years. The immigration, chiefly from Ireland, scattering over the country, presented on all sides little congregations ready for a pastor. When he came, Catholics, or the children of Catholics, who had almost lost the faith in the absence of religious teachers, gathered around and converts came silently dropping in, chiefly, however, from the more enlightened classes.

The vast extent of the diocese of Baltimore now called for a division, and in 1818 the Rev. Robert Browne, an Irish Augustinian who had been for many years a missionary at Augusta, in the state of Georgia, proceeded to Rome, bearing a petition from the Catholics soliciting the erection of a new diocese, to comprise the states of North and South Carolina and Georgia; for though few and scattered the Catholics were so remote from the episcopal see that their interests were unavoidably neglected.

The Holy See examined the question with its usual maturity, and resolved to erect Virginia into a diocese of which Richmond should be the episcopal see, and the two Carolinas and Georgia into another, the bishop of which should reside at Charleston. To the latter see the holy father appointed the Rev. John England, pastor of Brandon, in the diocese of Cork, who was already favorably known in the United States.

The diocese of Richmond, thus erected in 1821, continued to be administered by the archbishops of Baltimore for twenty years, nor did any bishop sit in Richmond till 1841, when the first bishop of Wheeling was appointed to the see.

While the extensive diocese of Baltimore was thus subdivided, Bishop Flaget, of Bardstown, was also soliciting at Rome the division of his; and thus, at the commencement of 1822, the United States were divided into nine dioceses, viz.:

1. BALTIMORE, comprising Maryland and the District of Columbia.
2. BOSTON, comprising the six New England states.
3. NEW YORK, comprising the state of New York and half of New Jersey.

4. PHILADELPHIA, comprising Pennsylvania, Delaware, and half of New Jersey.
5. BARDSTOWN, comprising Kentucky and Tennessee.
6. CHARLESTON, comprising the two Carolinas and Georgia.
7. RICHMOND, comprising the state of Virginia, and administered by the archbishop of Baltimore.
8. CINCINNATI, comprising Ohio, Michigan, and Northwest Territory.
9. NEW ORLEANS, comprising Louisiana, Mississippi, and Missouri.

Archbishop Maréchal had the consolation of opening for divine worship the Cathedral of Baltimore, which had been begun by Archbishop Carroll eighteen years before. On the 31st of May, 1821, this beautiful Church was solemnly dedicated, and its Byzantine architecture, though not a model of taste, is not destitute of grandeur in its proportion. Its situation on the summit of a pyramidal hill, on which the houses of the city are built, gives to Baltimore the aspect of an entirely Catholic city, where the Cathedral towers above all the other monuments, as in our European cities. The archbishop obtained in France numerous presents, a painting and vestments, with which he adorned the temple that he had raised. Archbishop Maréchal could here display all the pomp of our worship, being aided by the Sulpicians of the seminary, who had preserved all the traditions of the ceremonial. Nothing is more desirable than thus to surround religion with the dignity which is its noblest appanage. The poverty of the sanctuary, or their narrow precincts, too often deprives the faithful in the United States of the most imposing solemnities. The absence of ceremonies likens our churches to the coldness of sectarian halls, but the pomp of worship, while it revives the faith of Catholics, produces a salutary impression on such of our separated brethren as witness it. Nothing is, then, more desirable than to see large churches multiplied in the United States, and Archbishop Maréchal was one of the first to appreciate the advantage which religion might derive from them.

Archbishop Maréchal went to Rome in the latter part of 1821, to lay the state of his diocese before the sovereign pontiff. In 1826 he visited Canada, whither the interests of religion led him, for he shrank from no fatigue at the call of duty. But the cruel pangs of a dropsy in the chest soon condemned him to absolute repose. He bore the pains of a long illness with Christian courage, and died on the 29th of January, 1828, in the expectation of a blessed immortality.

As soon as Archbishop Maréchal felt the first symptoms of the disease

that was to carry him off, he applied to the Holy See for a coadjutor to succeed him in his important post. The name of Dr. James Whitfield was the first on the list of persons which he submitted to the choice of the holy father, and by a brief of the 8th of January, 1828, Leo XII, acceding to the archbishop's request, appointed Dr. Whitfield coadjutor. The brief did not arrive until after Archbishop Maréchal had expired, and Dr. Whitfield was consecrated archbishop of Baltimore on Whitsunday, the 25th of May, 1828.

James Whitfield was born at Liverpool, England, on the 3d of November, 1770, and belonged to a very respectable mercantile family, who gave him all the advantages of a sound education. At the age of seventeen he lost his father and became the sole protector of his mother.

In order to dissipate her melancholy he took her to Italy, and after spending some years there in commercial affairs, young Whitfield went to France, in order to pass over to England. It was just at this moment that Napoleon decreed that every Englishman discovered on French soil should be retained a prisoner. James Whitfield spent most of the period of his exile at Lyons, and there formed the acquaintance with the Abbé Maréchal, the future archbishop of Baltimore, then Professor of Divinity in the seminary of St. Irenæus, at Lyons. The young man's piety soon disposed him to embrace the ecclesiastical state. He entered the seminary under the direction of his learned friend, and was soon distinguished for his ardor as a student and for his solidity of judgment. He was ordained at Lyons in 1809, and on his mother's death returned to England, where he was for some time appointed to the parish of Crosby. When the Abbé Maréchal was raised to the dignity of archbishop of Baltimore, he wrote to his friend, begging him to come and share the cares of a diocese whose wants were so great. Mr. Whitfield yielded to the desire of his old tutor, and he landed in the United States on the 8th of September, 1817. He was at first stationed at St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, and then became one of the vicars-general of the diocese. In 1825, by a special indult of the court of Rome, the archbishop solemnly conferred on Mr. Whitfield and two other eminent clergymen of Baltimore the grade of Doctor of Divinity; and the ceremony, full of interest for Catholics, was hailed by them with joy as the commencement of a faculty of theology in America.

One of the first acts of Archbishop Whitfield's administration was the visitation of his diocese, which, in 1828, comprised fifty-two priests and from sixty thousand to eighty thousand Catholics. This visitation showed

him the crying wants of the vast district committed to his care, and the feeble resources which he could control for the advancement of religion. His private fortune was considerable, and he now devoted his whole income to building churches and establishing useful institutions. Like his venerable predecessor, he invariably appealed for aid to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, and by the returns of that body from 1825 to 1831, the archbishop of Baltimore received thirty-two thousand francs. There was, moreover, a certain sum allotted for Mount St. Mary's, and Louis XVIII and Charles X also sent, on several occasions, offerings to their grand almoner for the diocese of Baltimore. Still the Association for the Propagation of the Faith showed itself, at first, especially liberal to the dioceses of New Orleans and Bardstown. There all was to be created, while Maryland offered some resources to her clergy.

The Catholic bishops in the United States had long desired to assemble in council, in order to adopt regulations as to ecclesiastical discipline and the administration of the sacraments. Obstacles, however, of various kinds prevented their meeting. Archbishop Whitfield undertook to remove all these difficulties, and with the approbation of the Holy See, had the satisfaction of convoking his colleagues in a provincial council, the opening of which took place on Sunday, the 4th of October, in the Cathedral of Baltimore. The prelates who met at the call of their metropolitan were:

Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, bishop of Bardstown.

Rt. Rev. John England, bishop of Charleston and vicar-general of Florida East.

Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick, bishop of Cincinnati.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, bishop of St. Louis and administrator of New Orleans.

Rt. Rev. Benedict Fenwick, bishop of Boston.

Four prelates were unable to come, from sickness or other imperative reasons. Archbishop Whitfield celebrated a solemn Mass, and having fixed that day for the reception of his pallium, it was imposed upon him by Bishop Flaget, the senior prelate.

The decrees of this council, having been duly submitted at Rome, were approved and printed in 1831. Following is a summary of the more important:

1. The bishops have the right of sending to any part of their diocese, or recalling any priest ordained or incorporated within it. This does not extend

to the see of New Orleans, which is alone regarded as having the rank and privileges of benefices in the United States.

II. Priests ordained in a diocese or incorporated into it are not to leave without license of the bishop.

III. Bishops are exhorted not to grant faculties to strange priests, unless they bring testimonials from their own bishops. This provision, however, does not apply to apostolical missionaries.

V. As lay trustees have often abused the powers conferred upon them by the civil law, the council expresses the desire that bishops should not consent to the erection or consecration of a church, unless a deed of the property be duly executed to them.

VI. Some laymen, and especially trustees, having assumed a right of patronage, and even of institution, in some churches, the council declares these pretensions unfounded, and forbids their exercise on any grounds whatever.

IX. The council exhorts the bishops to dissuade their flocks from reading Protestant translations of the bible, and recommend the use of the Douay version.

X. It is forbidden to admit as sponsors, heretics, scandalous sinners, infamous men; lastly, those who are ignorant of the rudiments of faith.

XVI. A question having grown up from the difficulty of the times, of conferring baptism in private houses, the council does not wish to suppress it absolutely, but nevertheless exhorts priests to administer the sacrament in the Church as much as possible.

XXVI. The pastors of souls are warned that it behoves them to prepare the faithful well for the sacrament of matrimony; and that they should not consider themselves exempt from sin, if they have the temerity to administer the sacrament to persons manifestly unworthy.

XXXIV. As many young Catholics, especially those born of poor parents, are exposed to the danger of losing faith and morality, from the want of teachers to whom their education may be safely confided, the council expresses the wish that schools should be established, where youth may imbibe principles of faith and morality along with human knowledge.

XXXVI. According to the wise counsel of Pope Leo XII, addressed to the archbishop of Baltimore, a society shall be established for the diffusion of good books.

To meet the views of the holy father, the bishops formed an association

to publish elementary books suited to Catholic schools, and free from all that can give the young false ideas as to religion. This metropolitan press continued its issues for several years, till the spirit of enterprise among Catholic booksellers led them to publish devotional and other works so cheap that the object of the bishops was attained. The prelates also favored the establishment of Catholic journals, and the Catholics in the United States soon counted five weekly organs—the “Metropolitan” at Baltimore, the “Jesuit” at Boston, the “Catholic” at Hartford, the “Miscellany” at Charleston, and the “Truth Teller.”

The years which followed the meeting of the first provincial council of Baltimore brought various changes in the episcopate of the United States. Bishop Dubourg of New Orleans had left Louisiana in June, 1826, to assume the direction of the diocese of Montauban in France, and New Orleans had for several years been administered by the bishop of St. Louis. The vacancy of the see was filled by the pontifical rescript of August 4, 1829, appointing the Rev. Mr. Leo De Neckere, a Belgian priest of the congregation of the missions, bishop of New Orleans. He was consecrated by Bishop Rosati on the 24th of June, 1830, and began his episcopate. At Cincinnati, Bishop Edward Fenwick, having fallen a victim to the cholera in 1832, had been replaced by Rt. Rev. John B. Purell, consecrated on the 13th of October, 1833. At Philadelphia, the Rev. William Mathews, appointed administrator of the diocese by a pontifical brief dated February 26, 1828, having refused the post of coadjutor, the Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick was appointed bishop of Arath and coadjutor of Philadelphia, and was consecrated on the 6th of June, 1830. Lastly, the Holy See had formed a special diocese of Michigan and Northwest Territory, which comprised what is now Wisconsin and Iowa, and named the Rev. Frederick Résé bishop of Detroit.

The prelates who corresponded to the call of Archbishop Whitfield, and convened with their metropolitan on the 20th of October, 1833, were:

Rt. Rev. John B. David, bishop of Mauricastro and coadjutor of Bardstown.

Rt. Rev. John England, bishop of Charleston.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, bishop of St. Louis.

Rt. Rev. Benedict Fenwick, bishop of Boston.

Rt. Rev. John Dubois, bishop of New York.

Rt. Rev. Michael Portier, bishop of Mobile.

Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, bishop of Arath, coadjutor and administrator of Philadelphia.

Rt. Rev. Frederick Réscé, bishop of Detroit.

Rt. Rev. John B. Purcell, bishop of Cincinnati.

The two last named prelates had received episcopal consecration only a few days before the opening of the council. Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, had been prevented by age from coming to Baltimore, and Bishop De Neckere, of New Orleans, had died the preceding month.

By its fourth decree, the council submits to the Holy See the following mode of electing the bishops:

“When a see falls vacant, the suffrages of the other bishops in the province are to be taken, in order to determine the priests who shall be proposed to the sovereign pontiff for that see. If a provincial council is to meet within three months after the prelate’s death, the bishops are to wait till then to select the persons to be proposed. Bishops desiring a coadjutor shall also submit to the votes of their colleagues in council assembled, the names of the clergymen proposed for the post of coadjutor.

“As the holding of a provincial council may be remote, every bishop shall keep two sealed packages, containing the names of at least three priests who seem to him worthy to succeed him. On the death of the prelate, the vicar-general shall transmit one of these to the archbishop, the other to the nearest bishop. The latter, after taking note of the names given by the late prelate, shall transmit it with his observations to the archbishop. The metropolitan then writes to all his suffragans, submitting to their examination the three names given by the late prelate, or three others, if he finds serious objections to the former; and then every bishop writes individually to the propaganda, giving his observations on the three or on the six proposed. On the death of the metropolitan, the dean of the suffragans shall discharge the duties which, in other circumstances, devolve on the archbishop. If the deceased prelate leave among his papers no nomination of a successor, the nearest bishop suggests three names to the archbishop, and the latter submits them to his suffragans, with three other names, if the former do not meet his confidence.”

The two councils over which Archbishop Whitfield had the glory of presiding, and which illustrate the period of his short episcopacy, displayed the dignity and conciliating spirit of the venerable metropolitan. The sessions were conducted with an order and unanimity which gave general satisfaction. Before these august assemblies the prelates of the United States had only a very imperfect knowledge of each other; they were united only by the common sentiment of respect which the episcopal character inspired; but after

deliberating together on the gravest interests of the Church, after learning to esteem and love each other, while exchanging opinions often different, but always based on the desire of the general good, the bishops separated to bear to their several dioceses sentiments of sincerest friendship and esteem for each other. The deliberations of the councils were very important in the eyes of the Catholic population; they contrasted with the tumultuous assemblies of Protestantism, and such was the veneration which they inspired, that three celebrated jurists, of whom one was the late Chief-Justice Tany, admitted once before the bishops to give an opinion on some points relating to the civil law of the land, left the council full of respect and wonder. "We have," they said, "appeared before solemn tribunals of justice, but have never had less assurance, or felt less confidence in ourselves, than when we entered that august assembly."

Before sickness had seriously enfeebled Archbishop Whitfield, that prelate and his suffragans had been engaged in proposing to the Holy See an ecclesiastic whose zeal and piety fitted him to govern a diocese so important as that of Baltimore; and such a person they had found in the Rev. Samuel Eccleston, president of St. Mary's College. The propaganda approved this choice, and in the summer of 1834 Archbishop Whitfield received letters apostolic, nominating Father Eccleston bishop *in partibus*, and coadjutor of the archbishop of Baltimore, with the right of succession. The prelate elect was consecrated in the Cathedral of Baltimore on the 14th of September in the same year, Archbishop Whitfield performing the ceremony. But that worthy dignitary soon sunk under the weight of his infirmities, and at his death, which occurred on the 19th of October, 1834, Dr. Eccleston became archbishop of Baltimore. In the following year he received the pallium, the complement of his metropolitan dignity; and he was at the same time, as his two predecessors had been, invested with the administration of the see of Richmond, for which the Holy See appointed no bishop till 1841.

Samuel Eccleston was born on the 27th of June, 1801, in Kent county, on the eastern shore of Maryland. His grandfather, Sir John Eccleston, had emigrated thither from England some years before the Revolutionary War. His parents occupied an honorable position in society, and belonged to the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which, too, young Samuel was educated. But while still young his mother became a widow, and married a worthy Catholic, and this event opened to him a horizon of light and grace, considerably developed in the sequel by his education. The young man was placed

at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, and distinguished himself in all branches of study, at the same time that he learned to know religion. He there embraced the Catholic faith while still at college, and was so deeply impressed at the death of one of his venerable professors that he resolved to devote himself to the ecclesiastical state. He entered the seminary attached to the college on the 23d of May, 1819, but was scarcely inclosed in this retreat of his choice when he was beset with pressing solicitations from his kindred and friends to abandon a career in their eyes contemptible, and to return to the world, of which they displayed the attractions. No consideration could alter Eccleston's step; on the contrary, temptations confirmed him in his pious design, and he received the tonsure in the course of the year 1820. While pursuing his theological studies he rendered useful service in the college as professor. Deacon's orders were conferred on him in 1823, and on the 24th of April, 1825, he was raised to ecclesiastical dignity. Five months after his ordination the Rev. Mr. Eccleston repaired to France, and spent almost two years in the Sulpitian solitude at Issy. Returning home in 1827, after visiting Ireland and England, he brought back an immense fund of acquired knowledge and ardent zeal for the cause of religion. Appointed vice-president of St. Mary's College, then president of that institution, he discharged with remarkable success these important functions, when the confidence of the Holy See selected him for the episcopate.

On his succession, Archbishop Eccleston found religion flourishing in the diocese of Baltimore. Ecclesiastical seminaries, religious institutions, several houses for the education of youth of both sexes, and a numerous clergy for the exercise of the ministry—these resources showed themselves only in Maryland; Catholicity is better spread there than in most of the states of the Union. The archbishop felt, however, that the growing wants of the faithful required renewed efforts; and he took to heart to increase the facilities for religious instruction. During his administration, the Sisters of the Visitation at Georgetown opened three new schools—at Baltimore, Frederick, and Washington. The brothers of the Christian schools, invited to Baltimore, opened a novitiate at Calvert Hall; and before the prelate's death, these four schools were frequented by eleven hundred scholars, while the pious teachers of youth gave at the same time their care to an orphan asylum containing sixty-four children.

The Institution of the Brothers of the Christian Schools was founded in 1679 by the sainted John Baptist de la Salle, and approved by Pope Bene-

dict XIII. The professed house was first at St. Yon, near Arpajon, whence the brothers have often been called Brothers of St. Yon. At present, however, the general resides at Passy, near Paris. The government of the institute is divided into provinces—ten in France, Algiers and the colonies, and the others in Belgium, Prussia, Switzerland, Savoy, Piedmont, the United States, Canada, the Levant and Malaysia. In these provinces there are seven hundred and fifty establishments, one thousand three hundred and fifty-three schools, four thousand one hundred and twenty-six classes, and two hundred and seventy-five thousand pupils.

During the term of his episcopate, Archbishop Eccleston was called upon to preside over five of the provincial councils of Baltimore, and he discharged his important duties with equal wisdom and dignity, exercising the most cordial hospitality towards his brother prelates. His suffragans accordingly resolved to show their gratitude by offering the archbishop of Baltimore, in their collective name, the rich vestments and plate of an episcopal chapel.

The third provincial council met at Baltimore on the 16th of April, 1837, and eight bishops convened. The fathers of the council proposed to the Holy See the erection of new dioceses—at Nashville for the state of Tennessee, at Natchez for the state of Mississippi, at Dubuque for the territory of Wisconsin, and at Pittsburg for the western part of the state of Pennsylvania. The congregation of the propaganda, by letter of September 2, 1837, transmitted the pontifical briefs, of the date of July 28th, founding three new dioceses, and appointing their bishops. The division of the diocese of Philadelphia, by the erection of a see at Pittsburg, was deferred, and a coadjutor was given to Bishop Dubois of New York, in the person of Rev. John Hughes, then pastor of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia.

On the 17th of May, 1840, the fourth provincial council opened at Baltimore. Thirteen bishops were present, and among them the pious bishop of Nancy, Monseigneur de Forbin-Janson. At a preparatory meeting, held on the 14th of May, the American prelates had unanimously resolved to invite their French brother to assist at their sessions with a deliberative and decisive vote, and thus acknowledged the services rendered to religion in the United States by the ardent zeal of Bishop Forbin-Janson. The missions which he gave in various dioceses produced the most abundant fruits. His eloquence and liberality founded a French Church in New York, and Canada still remembers the wonders of his evangelical charity, and the touching ceremony of planting a cross a hundred feet high on the mountain of Belœil, whence

the august sign of salvation casts its protecting shadow over the surrounding fields and villages. America is also indebted to him for the organization of ecclesiastical retreats, and never indeed will the name of the holy prelate cease to be mentioned with reverence.

The fathers of this council, by their fifth decree, very earnestly recommended the formation of temperance societies among the Catholics; and in fact, abstinence from spirituous liquors is the only means of preserving the people from the dangers of intoxication, by sheltering them from the misery and vice which are the consequences of this degrading vice. It is the besetting sin of the Irish laborer, and it is only when his conscience is bound by an oath of honor, and he belongs to an association consecrated by religion, that he has power to resist the poisonous attractions of liquor. The celebrated Father Theobald Mathew did not confine his labors to Ireland. In 1849 he came to America, and spent two years and a half constantly preaching temperance and enrolling thousands of the faithful under the banner of sobriety.

The fifth council of Baltimore met on the 14th of May, 1843. Sixteen bishops took part in the deliberations, and one of the most important decrees is that which pronounces the penalty of excommunication *ipso facto* against those who, after obtaining a civil divorce, pretend to contract a second marriage.

The council of Baltimore, accordingly, have not failed to disapprove decidedly mixed marriages, and to dissuade Catholics from them, while decrees endeavor to protect the faith of the Catholic and that of all the future children.

The happy progress of religion, ascertained by the fathers of the fifth council, induced them to ask a new subdivision of dioceses; and in consequence the bishops renewed the proposition for the erection of an episcopal see at Pittsburg for Western Pennsylvania, at the same time that they solicited the foundation of other sees—at Chicago for the state of Illinois, at Milwaukee for the state of Wisconsin, at Little Rock for the state of Arkansas, and at Hartford for Connecticut and Rhode Island.

The sixth council of Baltimore assembled on the 10th of May, 1846. Twenty-three bishops took part in its deliberations, and the first decree was to choose the "Blessed Virgin conceived without sin" as the Patroness of the United States. The fathers of the council thus honored the Immaculate Conception with an ardent and unanimous voice. And this solemn declaration might even then convince the holy fathers of the aspirations of the

Church for the dogmatic definition of the glorious privilege of the Mother of God.

This council also asked of the Holy See the division of the vast diocese of New York, and the formation of the diocese of Buffalo with the western counties of the State, and that of Albany with the northern counties. At the same time, it was proposed to detach from the see of Cincinnati the northern portion of the state of Ohio, where the see of Cleveland was to be erected.

While the bishops were assembled in council, they had the consolation of seeing two Catholic chaplains appointed by the government of the United States to join the army then invading Mexico. The recruits of the American forces are generally Irish, and the first regiments assembled on the Mexican frontier were at first greatly harassed in their religious faith. The commander endeavored to enforce their attendance on the Protestant worship in the camp; some who refused were even flogged, and numerous desertions, then and later, were the results of this deplorable intolerance.

The Catholic soldiers in Taylor's army were not silent under their wrongs. Their remonstrances reached Washington; the religious press took up their cause warmly, and public opinion pronounced in their favor. President Polk asked the bishops assembled in council to name two chaplains for the troops. The prelates advised the government to apply to the Society of Jesus, a provincial of which resided at Georgetown, at the very doors of the capitol. The provincial chose for this post of honor two of the most eminent fathers of the society—Father John McElroy and Father Anthony Rey. Although policy had a considerable share in this act of justice, President Polk is entitled to the gratitude of Catholics for affording the troops the consolations of their religion amid the peril of war; and the fact of these disciples of St. Ignatius being appointed chaplains in the army of Protestant republicans, is one of those providential and extraordinary events of which the history of the Society of Jesus numbers so many in its pages.

Father Anthony Rey set out for the army in May, 1846, and joined the corps of Gen. Taylor, where he immediately won the esteem and friendship of that old warrior. He fulfilled his duties to the soldiers with admirable zeal, which, not satisfied with assisting them in the hospital and on the field of battle, induced him to learn Spanish, in order to evangelize the poor Mexican frontier-men, scattered over a territory incessantly ravaged by the hordes of savage Apaches, and destitute of all religious succor. It was

especially, however, at the siege of Monterey that Father Rey displayed the courage of a Christian hero. The combat was deadly, and continued from street to street, from house to house. The Jesuit accompanied the soldiers in all their movements, raising the wounded, administering the sacraments to the dying, praying for the dead, so that a Protestant account speaks of him in these terms:

“The bulletins of your generals, and the glowing eulogiums of letter-writers on particular deeds of daring, present no examples of heroism superior to this. That Jesuit priest, thus coolly, bravely, and all unarmed, walking among bursting shells, over the slippery streets of Monterey, and the iron storm and battle steel that beat the stoutest, bravest soldier down, presenting no instrument of carnal warfare, and holding aloft, instead of true and trusty steel, that flashed the gleam of battle back, a simple miniature cross; and thus armed and equipped, defying danger, presents to my mind the most sublime instance of the triumph of the moral over the physical man, and is an exhibition of courage of the highest character. It is equal to, if not beyond, any witnessed during that terrible siege.”

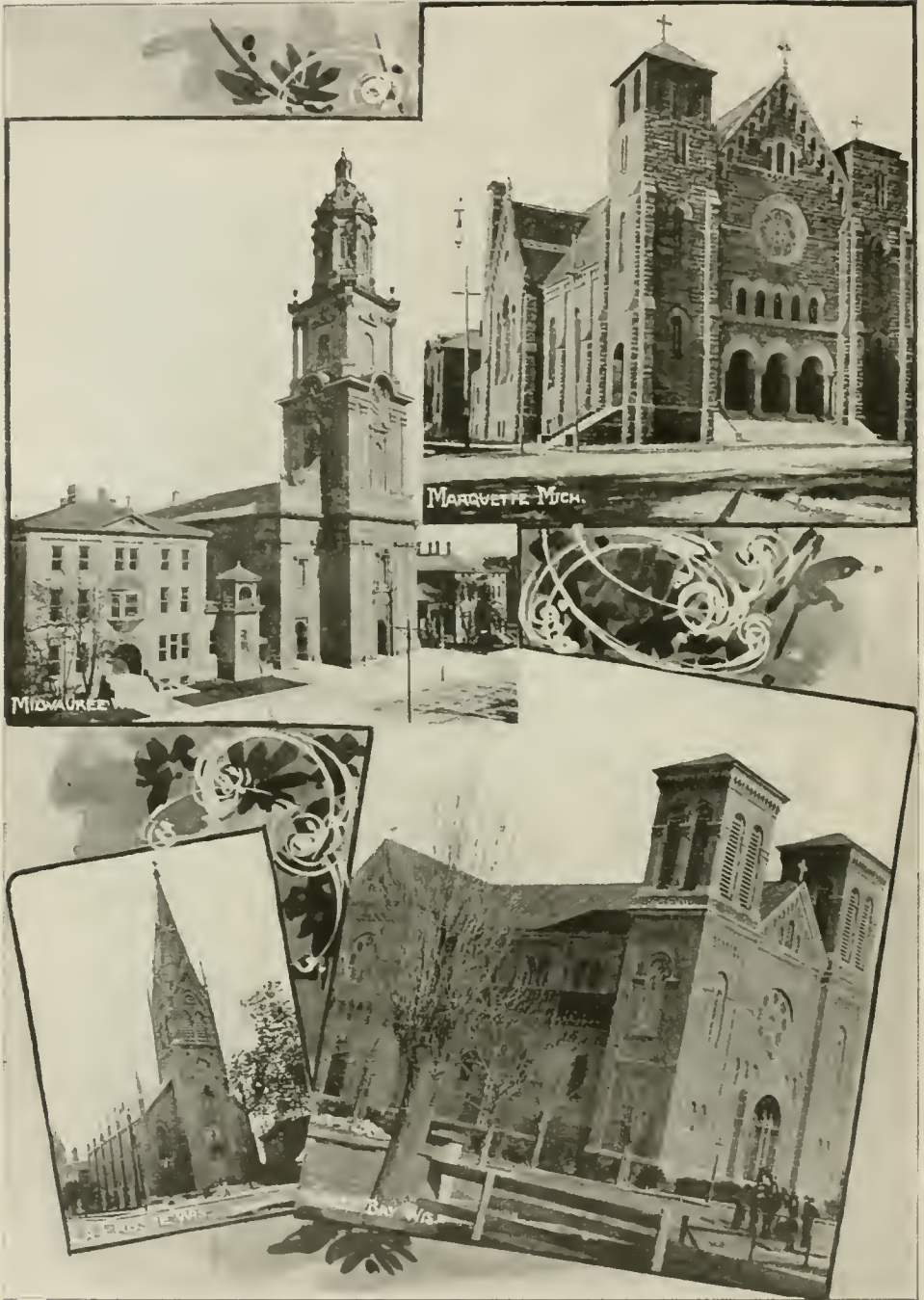
After the fall of Monterey, Father Rey remained in the city to take care of the wounded, and also gave missions in the neighboring country. In one of his apostolic excursions he drew on himself the hatred of some wretches for inveighing severely against the depravity of a village which he had visited. Attacked by them, he was assassinated, together with the domestic who attended him, stripped of his clothing, and the body of this generous hero of faith, martyr to his apostolic zeal, was found by the people of Ceralvo, to whom he had preached the day before. His soldiers wept his loss, and interred him far from his native land, far from the land of his adoption, amid the tears of the Mexicans.

The fathers of the sixth council of Baltimore had scarcely had time to return to their dioceses, when news arrived of the death of Pope Gregory XVI, followed almost immediately by the election of his holiness Pius IX. The Catholics of the United States testified sincere regret for a pontiff who had done much for religion in their country, and who had founded half the episcopal sees then existing. The holy organizer of so many rising churches was deplored in the uttermost parts of the New World; the Catholic papers put on mourning, and in almost every diocese a solemn funeral service was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the father of the faithful.

The tribulations and exile of his well-beloved successor, Pius IX, during



MOST REV. SEBASTIAN GEBHARD MESSMER, D. D.,
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CHURCHES IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF MILWAUKEE.

1848, aroused a fervid loyalty among all Catholics, and the faithful in the United States flattered themselves that the pope would come to seek a generous hospitality from the great republic of the New World. The archbishop of Baltimore was the organ of this unanimous voice, and on the 18th of January, 1849, Feast of the Exaltation of the Chair of St. Peter, Archbishop Eccleston wrote to the sovereign pontiff to beg him to honor Maryland with his sacred presence:

“Our seventh council of Baltimore is to be held on the 6th of May next. We are perhaps too bold, holy father, in asking and hoping that, if possible, the shadow of Peter may even transiently gladden us, and give us new strength and courage. How great an honor and support to our rising Church! What joy and fervor, what fruits and pledges of communion throughout our whole republic, if your holiness, yielding to our unanimous wishes, would but stand amid the prelates assembled from the most remote shores of North America, and deign to console and honor us and our flocks with your apostolic advice and paternal blessing! The council might easily, if your holiness so direct, be deferred to a more convenient time, and so far as our poverty permits, nothing shall be wanting to make everything a comfort and joy to our most holy father.”

Deprived of the happiness of being presided over by the successor of the prince of the apostles, the fathers of the seventh council of Baltimore wished to show their lively sympathy, by ordering a collection to be made in their dioceses, in the nature of Peter's pence. This spontaneous tribute produced about twenty-six thousand dollars, which was transmitted to the pope's nuncio, at Paris, by the archbishop of Baltimore.

The council met on the 6th of May, 1849; twenty-five bishops were present; and by the first and second decrees, the fathers proclaimed that the devotion of the clergy and faithful of the United States to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary was universal; and declared that the prelates would regard with lively satisfaction the doctrinal definition of that mystery by the sovereign pontiff, if, in the judgment of his wisdom, he deemed the definition seasonable. The council also proposed the erection of many new sees.

Among numerous good works Archbishop Eccleston also distinguished his episcopate by his labors for the completion of his Cathedral. Although apparently in good health, his constitution was very delicate, and God called the archbishop to Himself, at an age when he might still hope to render long

service to the Church. The archbishop visited Georgetown early in April, 1851, intending to make only a short stay there, but sickness detained him, and he expired piously on the 22d of April. The calmness, patience, amenity, and piety which he displayed during his last days were truly edifying, and one of the religious who attended the venerable sufferer, wrote to her companions some hours before the fatal moment: "Could you have been at our father's side since the beginning of his illness, what angelic virtue would you not have witnessed! Such perfect meekness, humility, patience and resignation! Not a murmur, not a complaint has escaped his lips. Truly has he most beautifully exemplified in himself those lessons which, in health he preached to others. In losing him, we lose indeed a devoted father, a vigilant superior, a sincere and most disinterested friend."

To take the mortal remains of the worthy prelate to his metropolitan see, the funeral had to cross Washington, the capital of the union; the procession, which was nearly a mile long, slowly wended its way through the principal street, chanting, amid the tolling of the bells, the psalms of the ritual; the clergy were arrayed in their proper vestments, and among the distinguished persons who followed the corpse were seen the president of the United States, his cabinet, and the members of the diplomatic corps. While the executive power thus honored the Catholic religion in its pastors, in the face of heaven and earth, at that very time the queen of England, who has nine millions of Catholic subjects in Europe, allowed her ministry to insult them and provoke a fanatical agitation, on no better pretext than the re-establishment of the episcopal hierarchy.

On the death of Archbishop Eccleston, the see of Baltimore did not long remain vacant, and by letters apostolic of August 3, 1851, the Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kenrick was transferred from the see of Philadelphia to the archbishopric of Baltimore. By a brief of the 19th of August in the same year, the sovereign pontiff appointed Archbishop Kenrick apostolic delegate, to preside at the National Council of the entire episcopate of the United States. This council met on the 9th of May, 1852; six archbishops and twenty-six bishops took part in its deliberations, and the most important measure which they proposed to the Holy See, was to create new dioceses, in order to multiply on the immense surface of the American continent the centers of action and vigilance, and in order that, in no point, the faithful be out of the reach of visits from their first pastors. If there were questions of dignities, rendered attractive by the honors, power, or riches of earth, we

might see in this development of the episcopate, human reasons and motives of ambition. But in the United States, the miter is only a fearful burden, with none of the consolations which lighten it elsewhere; and the prelates are but venerable mendicants, ever extending the hand for daily bread, for means to raise the humble shrines that form their cathedrals and churches. Imagine one of these missionaries, on whom the Holy See imposes the burden of a diocese, and imprints the apostolic character. The new bishop has everything to create; he finds only a few priests scattered here and there, entirely insufficient for a country where immigration periodically brings crowds of Irish and German Catholics, who are to be preserved and still more whose children are to be preserved from the allurements of error. He must build a church and a dwelling, found a seminary and schools, elicit vocations by his influence, and confirm the faithful in the truth; gather around him brothers and communities of sisters, provide by unceasing toil for the subsistence of these fellow-laborers, travel constantly on horseback or on foot, in snow or rain, preach at all hours, hear confessions without respite, visit the sick, and watch everywhere to preserve intact the sacred deposit of faith and morality. Such is the life of an American prelate appointed to found a new diocese—a life of bodily fatigue, like that of the humblest missionary, but with all the responsibility of a bishop. Most frequently such duties are accepted through obedience by him whom the Holy See deems courageous enough to fulfill them; and the new diocese soon sees churches and convents arise, the clergy multiply, and the priest stand beside the pioneer in the latest clearings. Such is the history of religion in America since the commencement of this century, and the future promises that in spite of the trials of the last few years, this development will not cease.

Archbishop Kenrick convened a synod of his diocese in 1853, and promulgated statutes based on the decrees of the council and the special wants of his flock. In the following year he proceeded to Rome to attend the solemn definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in which he was deeply interested as a profound theologian and a most devout servant of Mary.

On his return from the center of unity he convened a provincial council, and his pastoral, issued at its close, shows how unanimously and heartily the pastors and the flocks rejoiced in the definition.

His visitations of his diocese were always productive of great good; being punctual and accurate, a close observer of the laws of the Church, he sought to have his clergy follow the same path. Quickened zeal is always

seen where the laws and spirit of ecclesiastical discipline are most exactly observed; and Archbishop Kenrick beheld the wants of the people supplied by new or enlarged institutions, such as the asylum for infants, and for aged women, St. Agnes' Asylum, an extension of Mount Hope, a convent of Sisters of Mercy.

His leisure hours were always given to study, so that his friends complained that he allowed few opportunities for them to enjoy his presence among them. While archbishop of Baltimore he completed the revision of the current Catholic version of the Bible, with notes of great learning and value, especially to students. He also brought out a new edition of the New Testament. An edition of the Bible, with notes, adapted for general circulation, was also completed, but he was not spared to publish it.

Ever anxious for the full discharge of his duties as archbishop he convened another synod in 1857, and a council of the province in the following year. His labor in these solemn gatherings of the clergy and episcopate, as shown in the acts of the councils, from the time when he first attended one as a theologian, show his influence in their truly Catholic spirit, as well as in the elegance of the language in which he so often embodied the will of the assembled bishops.

He extended as much as possible the forty hours' devotion; and one of his last labors was to take steps to establish a suitable retreat for clergymen who, amid the labors of the mission, had lost their health, or were incapacitated by the infirmity of age. He took an active interest in the establishment of an American college at Rome, seeing no greater bond of unity than to have learned priests throughout the country who had drawn their inspiration from an education within the shadow of St. Peter's.

His health gradually failed; and the disasters of the country, in which his own diocese became a scene of warlike activity, preyed upon him; anxiety was felt for him, but no immediate danger was feared. On the evening of July 5, 1863, his old friend, Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburg, was with him, and left him apparently no worse than he had been; that night, however, he gently passed away; to his flock, indeed, suddenly, but so far as he was concerned not unprepared.

Archbishop Kenrick, by his theological and scriptural works, by polemics in which his gentleness and mildness are equaled only by his learning, by his "Primacy of the Apostolic See," as well as by his administration of the dioceses of Philadelphia and Baltimore, will always stand in our history as

one of the greatest of our bishops. His epitaph says, with justice—"He adorned the archiepiscopal chair with the greatest piety and learning, as well as with equal modesty and poverty."

The choice of a successor to Archbishop Kenrick fell on one already conspicuous in the Church. The Right Rev. Martin John Spalding, whose defense of his theses when he concluded his divinity course at Rome had attracted the wondering attendance of able theologians, and been described in letters to all parts of the world as one of the most brilliant exhibitions ever seen, even in Rome, had more than justified the hopes formed for the young Levite. As coadjutor to the holy Bishop Flaget, and as bishop of Louisville, he had displayed the greatest learning, the simplest piety, singular power of government, and skill in presenting to the American public the genuine principles of Catholics, and the solid grounds on which they rest.

Of an old Maryland family, in which the traditional teaching of the early Jesuit fathers had maintained the most thorough and staunch loyalty to the Holy See, Bishop Spalding was alike thoroughly American and thoroughly Roman. His words, written or spoken, had a robust, healthy energy and character that carried conviction and inspired respect.

When the see of Baltimore became vacant by the death of Archbishop Kenrick, all eyes were turned to Louisville, and his promotion by the Holy See was hailed with joy by all, and by none more than by the faithful of the diocese of Baltimore.

In his new field of labor he began by establishing a convent of the Good Shepherd, as, later, he did a Boys' Protectory, and by completing the decoration of the Cathedral. In May, 1865, he convened the sixth diocesan synod of Baltimore; and at its close addressed his clergy and people in a pastoral, to which he annexed the famous Encyclical of Pope Pius IX, with the Syllabus of Errors condemned from time to time. He laid it correctly before all men, and showed how, properly understood, no decision of the Holy See, briefly summarized in the syllabus, was at variance with any sound principle dear to the American people.

At the close of the Civil War he used his great influence to excite sympathy and procure aid for the suffering dioceses in the Southern States.

On the 7th of October, 1866, as apostolic delegate, he convened the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, which he had long and earnestly urged. On that day seven archbishops, thirty-eight bishops, three mitred abbots, and more than one hundred and twenty theologians met in session—a larger

synodical body than had been seen anywhere in the world since the Council of Trent. The sessions of the council were marked by great unanimity. The matters to be discussed had all been carefully prepared, so that any points to be elucidated were at once seen. After passing all the decrees which the times seemed to require, the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore closed with ceremonies as imposing as those which opened it. Among the persons of distinction who witnessed it, was the president of the United States.

The decrees, after examination and approval at Rome, were published, and attracted general admiration. "I have been able to consult it frequently," wrote Cardinal Cullen, "and I find that it is a mine of every sort of knowledge necessary for an ecclesiastic." At the council of the Vatican it was in the hands of many of the fathers, and referred to with special commendation as having thoroughly seized the character of the age in which we live.

Archbishop Spalding encouraged the evangelization of the freedmen of the South, and aided materially the labors of the priest of St. Joseph's Society for Foreign Missions, to whom his holiness commended this interesting field of mission labor.

The centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom called Archbishop Spalding and many other members of the American hierarchy to Rome; but that, and all similar gatherings of the episcopate, were eclipsed by the opening of the General Council of the Vatican, on the 8th of December, 1869. It was the first council held since that of Trent, and while there the English-speaking portion of the Church was represented by only two prelates, in that of the Vatican nearly one-fifth of the venerable fathers were from countries where our language is spoken, and prominent among all were Archbishop Spalding and several American bishops, whose voice in the deliberations was always heard with interest.

No greater evidence of the growth of Catholicity in America could be seen than that afforded by their presence in a general council.

When the sittings of the council were suspended, Archbishop Spalding returned to his diocese and actively resumed the duties of his exalted position; but his health declined rapidly, and he died February 7, 1872.

To fill the chair of Carroll, Pius IX selected the Rt. Rev. James Roosevelt Bailey, bishop of Newark. As nephew of the illustrious Mrs. Seton, he was already known and esteemed in the diocese of Baltimore. His life had been given to the service of the Church, as a priest on the mission, professor at St. John's College, secretary of the diocese of New York, and as

bishop of Newark. A constitution naturally robust had gradually given way before the insidious assaults of disease, yet, on assuming his new position, he entered at once on its duties with all the hearty earnestness of his nature. He made several visitations of his dioceses and took especial interest in the colored portion of his flock. In 1877 he went to Europe in hopes of obtaining some relief from the use of the waters of Vichy, but it was evident that his disease was beyond control, and he returned to the United States and was conveyed to his old home in Newark, where he died, October 3, 1877.

When he found that his health was unfitting him for episcopal duties, he solicited the Holy See to appoint him a coadjutor, and the Rt. Rev. James Gibbons, who had already, as vicar-apostolic of North Carolina and bishop of Richmond, rendered great service to the cause of religion, was, on the 29th of May, 1877, translated to that position, and, on the death of Archbishop Bayley, became the ninth archbishop of Baltimore, and later a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, some details of his brilliant career being supplied in another chapter.

Chapter XXXI.

Missions in Virginia.

FAME OF THE OLD DOMINION.—MEMORIES OF LONG PAST MISSIONS.—WORK OF PADRE SEGURA.—LOG CHAPEL ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—WALTER RALEIGH'S EXPEDITION.—PLANTING OF THE ANGLICAN WEED.—EXPULSION OF IRISH COLONISTS.—PENAL LAWS AGAINST "PAPISTS."—FATHER CARROLL AMONG THE FAITHFUL.—AFFLICTIONS OF THE LIVINGSTON FAMILY.—BISHOP WHELAN'S SUCCESS.—IN DAYS OF CIVIL WAR.—BISHOP KAIN.

VIRGINIA is proud of her antiquity. She assumes the title of Old Dominion; she was long styled the Mother of Presidents. But really her antiquity is greater than many know. Before the English settlers landed on the shores of the James, Spanish navigators had entered the waters of the Chesapeake and consecrated that noble sheet of water to the Virgin daughter of David's line, as the Bay of St. Mary, or the Bay of the Mother of God.

The soldier of the cross followed hard on the steps of the explorer. As early as in 1536, St. Mary's Bay is laid down on Spanish maps. Oviedo mentions it in 1537, and from that time pilots ranged the coast, David Glavid, an Irishman, being recorded as one who knew it best. All agree as to its latitude, its two capes, the direction of the bay, and the rivers entering into it, identifying beyond all peradventure our modern Chesapeake with the St. Mary's Bay of the early Spanish explorers. Though his attention was called to it, the latest historian of Virginia, misled by a somewhat careless guide,

robs his state of the glory which we claim for her. The sons of St. Dominic first planted the cross on the shores of the Chesapeake, and bore away to civilized shores the brother of the chief of Axacan, a district not far from the Potomac. Reaching Mexico, this chief attracted the notice of Don Luis de Velasco, the just, upright, disinterested viceroy of New Spain—one of those model rulers who, amid a population spurred on by a fierce craving for wealth, never bent the knee to Mammon, but lived so poor that he died actually in debt. This good man had the Virginian chief instructed in the Christian faith, and, when his dispositions seemed to justify the belief in his sincerity and faith, the chieftain of the Rappahannock was baptized, amid all the pomp and splendor of Mexico, in the Cathedral of that city, the viceroy being his god-father, and bestowing upon him his own name, Don Luis de Velasco, by which the Virginia chief is always styled in Spanish annals.

Meanwhile, Coligny's French Huguenots attempted to settle Florida, but their colony, which was doomed to early extinction from its very material and utter want of religious organization or any tie but a mere spirit of adventure, was crushed with ruthless cruelty by Pedro Melendez, a brave but stern Spanish navigator and warrior, in whose eyes every Frenchman on the sea was a pirate. Soon after accomplishing his bloody work, which left Spain in full possession of the southern Atlantic coast, Melendez, who had sent out vessels to explore the coast, began his preparations for occupying St. Mary's Bay. The form of the northern continent was not then known; much, indeed, of the eastern coast had been explored, but so little was the line of the western coast understood that on maps and globes the Pacific was shown as running nearly into the Atlantic coast, as may be seen in a curious copper globe possessed by the New York Historical Society, but which once belonged to Pope Marcellus II. Believing that the Chesapeake, by the rivers running into it, would easily lead to the western ocean, Melendez spent the winter of 1565 studying out the subject with the aid of Don Luis de Velasco and Father Urdaneta, a missionary just arrived from China by the overland route across Mexico. Combining all the information, he was led to believe that, by ascending for eighty leagues a river flowing into the bay, it was necessary only to cross a mountain range to find two arms of the sea, one leading to the French at Newfoundland, the other to the Pacific. To many this will seem wild; but it is evident that Don Luis referred to the great trail leading from the Huron country through the territory of the Five Nations to the land of the Andastes on the Susquehanna, by which the last-

named tribe sold furs on the upper lakes, which went down to the French at Brest on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while the upper lakes were the arm of the sea stretching westward, as was supposed, to China. An adventurous Frenchman, Stephen Brulé, some few years later followed this trail from the St. Lawrence to the Susquehanna. Melendez, however, misinterpreted it. To his mind the upper waters of the Chesapeake, the Potomac and Susquehanna, then known as the *Espiritu Santo* and *Salado*, were to be the great carrying place of eastern trade.

Anxious to secure for his own country so important a pass, Melendez, in 1566, despatched to St. Mary's Bay a vessel bearing thirty soldiers and two Dominican fathers to begin a station in Axacan or Jacan, near the Chesapeake. These pioneers of the faith were escorted or guided by Don Luis de Velasco. Of these missionaries we seek in vain the names. Perhaps their fellow-religious now laboring on the banks of the Potomac will be stimulated to trace up these early labors of the sons of St. Dominic; though we must admit that Spanish chronicles do not speak of them with praise. In fact, they assert that these missionaries, corrupted by an easy life in Peru, had no taste for a laborious mission in Virginia, though perhaps they learned the real state of affairs in that land, and, taught by Father Cancer's fate, felt that the attempt would be fatal to all. Certain it is that the whole party took alarm. They forced the captain to weigh anchor, and, leaving the capes on either hand, steer straight to Spain. The Dominican missions in Spanish Florida, which began with the glorious epic of Father Cancer's devoted heroism, closed with this feeble effort to plant the gospel on the shores of the Chesapeake; yet they, too, like the earlier discoverers, undoubtedly consecrated to Mary and the Rosary the land which in its names, Virginia and Maryland, yet recalls the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom the bay was first consecrated.

Four years later saw Melendez himself in Spain, full of his projects, and bent on carrying them out. The sons of St. Ignatius Loyola, full of the early vigor of their institute, were in Florida. The new mission, begun in 1566, had already a martyr in Father Peter Martinez, of Celda, in the diocese of Saragossa, who was shipwrecked on the coast, and put to death by the Indians not far from St. Augustine. It had its devoted laborers, who sought to win to Christ the Indians near St. Augustine and Port Royal, and who had established an Indian school at Havana to help the great work, Brother Baez being the first to compile a grammar. To extend these missions as far as the Chesapeake was a subject which Melendez laid before St. Francis Borgia.

then recently made general of the order, after having acted as commissary of the Spanish missions. A letter of St. Pius V encouraged Melendez, and with the co-operation of these two saints the projected mission to the Chesapeake took form at last. Perhaps some of the clergy in Maryland and Virginia remember the personal interest of these saints in the field where they are now laboring; but we fear that the fact has been forgotten. Let us trust that more than one Church of St. Pius V will be monuments of his interest in the land where the next pope that bore his name established the first episcopal see on the coast—that of Baltimore—and religion has taken such gigantic steps under the fostering care of popes Pius VII and Pius IX.

When the founder of Florida was thus earnestly engaged in Spain in promoting the spiritual welfare of the colony, Don Luis de Velasco, the Virginian chief, was still beyond the Atlantic, a grave, intelligent man of fifty, well versed in Spanish affairs, to all appearance a sincere and correct Christian and a friend of the Spaniards. With every mark of joy he offered to return to his native land of Axacan, and there do all in his power to further the labors of the missionaries who should be sent to instruct his brother's tribe. So powerful a coadjutor was welcomed by all, and ere long Don Luis stood on the deck of a staunch Spanish ship, with a band of Jesuits destined to reinforce those already laboring on the Florida mission. This pious party consisted of Father Luis de Quiros, a native of Xerez, in Andalusia, with Brothers Gabriel Gomez and Sancho de Zevellos, all selected for the great work by St. Francis Borgia himself. In November the vessel anchored before the Spanish fort Santa Elena, which stood on the island of South Carolina's famous Port Royal, that still bears the name of the sainted mother of Constantine.

The Jesuit mission of Florida had been erected into a vice-province under Father John Baptist Segura. This estimable religious was a native of Toledo, who had, while pursuing his theological course of study, entered the Society of Jesus at Alcala on the 9th of April, 1566. St. Francis, who knew him well, entertained the highest esteem for Segura's virtues and personal merit, and took him from the rectorship of the college of Vallisoleta in 1568 to assume the direction of the vice-province of Florida. For two years had he labored with sad discouragement in the forbidding field among the Floridian tribes, cheered by letters of his superiors rather than by any hope of success that as yet seemed to dawn on his exertions.

He was at Santa Elena when Father Quiros arrived, bearing the

instructions for the establishment of the new mission on the shores of the Chesapeake.

That missionary had become discouraged and disheartened. All his labors and those of his associate missionaries among the Calos Indians, on the southern coast of Florida, had proved utterly unavailing. No impression could be made on the flinty hearts of those treacherous and cruel tribes, which, indeed, to the end resisted the calls of divine grace. The labors of the Jesuit missionaries on the coast of South Carolina were scarcely more encouraging. The attempts to civilize and convert found hearers only as long as food and presents were given.

Father Segura resolved for a time to abandon the unpromising field, and turn all their energies to an Indian school at Havana, where children from the Florida tribes could be carefully instructed, so as to form a nucleus for future Christian bands in their native tribes. But the voice of St. Francis recalled him to sterner labors, and he resolved to go in person to the new field open to them in Axacan, where the influence of Don Luis and the character of the tribes seemed to promise more consoling results. He accordingly selected eight associates for his new mission, with four Indian boys from their school at Havana, and regarded as novices, trained already to mission work as catechists. Such was the missionary party that was to plant the cross in Axacan and open the way for Christianity to China by a new route.

With the influence and support of Don Luis they would need no Spanish aid; and as experience had shown them that soldiers were sometimes a detriment to the mission they were intended to protect, these devoted missionaries determined to trust themselves entirely alone and unprotected, in the hands of the Indians.

On his side Don Luis made every promise as to the security of the persons of the missionaries confided to his care by the adelantado of Florida. "They shall lack nothing," he declared, "I will always be at hand to aid them."

On the 5th of August, 1570, this little mission colony sailed from St. Helena, its sufferings and terrible fate having been recounted in our chapter on the Florida missions. They are only reverted to here to make note of what has been claimed as the first Christian temple in the Old Dominion—the log chapel then erected on the Rappahannock.

The hamlet first reached by the missionaries was a wretched one, tenanted only by gaunt and naked savages, who bore the famine imprinted on

their whole forms. Here, amid the tent-like lodges of the Indians, made of poles bound together and covered with mats and bark, Father Segura and his companions erected a rude house of logs, the first white habitation in that part of America—first church of the living God, first dwelling place of civilized men; for one end was devoted to their chapel, while the other was their simple dwelling. Here, doubtless, before the close of September, 1570, the little community recited their office together, and under the tuition of Don Luis began to study the language. Here, at this modest altar, the Holy Sacrifice was for the first time offered by the two priests. Nowhere on the continent to the northward were the sacred rites then heard, unless, indeed, at Brest, in Canada. Greenland, with its bishop and clergy and convents, was a thing of the past; Cartier's colony, on the St. Lawrence, had been abandoned. The chapel of the Mother of God, at Axacan, was the Church of the frontier, the outpost of the faith.

In 1584 Sir Walter Raleigh sent out from England, at his own expense, an expedition which took nominal possession of certain parts of the American coast; and on the return of the vessels, Queen Elizabeth, herself, gave her new possessions the name of Virginia, in honor of her title of Virgin Queen, which it is certain she claimed, but not certain that she deserved. It was not, however, till 1606 that a colonization society was formed to settle Virginia, and Capt. John Smith, with a royal charter from James I, landed with one hundred and fifty colonists in May, 1607. Anglicanism thus planted itself on that shore, and every newcomer who refused to take the oath of royal supremacy was expelled, while most severe laws threatened with death the priest, and especially the Jesuit, hardy enough to appear in Virginia.

The hour for bearing the cross thither had not struck, and the first missionaries who appeared were the prisoners of Protestantism. In 1614 two French Jesuits, Father Peter Biard and Father Ennemond Masse, having founded St. Savior's mission on the northern coast, in what is now the State of Maine, Captain Argal, of Virginia, destroyed it out of mere hatred of Catholicity. A Jesuit brother was killed, and the two fathers were taken to Virginia, where the governor, Sir Thomas Dale, for some time deliberated on the propriety of consigning them to the executioner to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Irish emigrants who subsequently arrived were forced to leave, and settled at Montserrat in the West Indies, long known as an Irish colony. Sir George

Calvert even was excluded from Virginia on account of his faith, and for that reason founded his colony of Maryland.

When the Protestants whom he had admitted rose in 1645 against their Catholic fellow-settlers, they seized all the priests and dragged them in chains to Virginia, where one of them expired the following year. Such were the first relations of Virginia with Catholicity and its missionaries; but amid their persecutions, the pious fathers doubtless sought to extend around them the succors of religion, for some Catholics were even then to be found in Virginia, chiefly as slaves or indented apprentices—Irish men and women, torn from their native land and sold into foreign bondage.

After the Irish struggle of 1641, and the Protestant triumph which ensued, the Irish Catholics were relentlessly banished, and the state documents of Cromwell's time enable us to reckon from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand forcibly transported to America. The majority were given to the settlers in Barbadoes and Jamaica, but a great number of women and children were also sold in Virginia, the men having been pressed into the Protector's navy. In 1653 the commissaries of the commonwealth ordered "Irish women to be sold to merchants and shipped to Virginia," and these unfortunate females reduced to the same condition of slavery as African negroes, sank in great numbers under the labors imposed upon them by their masters. At a later date another class of Irish increased the laboring population in Virginia—voluntary emigrants, driven from home by poverty, and too poor to pay their passage. These bound themselves by contract, to service for a term of years, in order to pay the vessel. They were called Redemptioners.

The laws of the colony oppressed them sorely, and doubtless compelled many to leave as soon as they were free. Thus in January, 1641, it was enacted that no popish recusant should, under a penalty of a thousand pounds of tobacco, presume to hold any office. In the following year the same statute was re-enacted, and a clause added requiring priests to leave the colony on five days' notice. After this the penal spirit seemed lulled till the restoration of Charles; then, in 1661, all who did not attend the Protestant Church were made subject to a fine of £20. The fall of James II again called up intolerance in all its rancor. In 1699 Virginia decreed that no popish recusant should be allowed to vote, and six years later re-enacted the law, making five hundred pounds of tobacco the penalty for offending against it. Even this, however, did not satiate the spirit of hatred with which the minds of men were imbued. They had oppressed the Catholics; this was not enough. They

sought means to degrade and insult them, and devised a plan which rated them socially with their negro slaves. By an act, unparalleled in legislation, Virginia in 1705 declared Catholics incompetent as witnesses—their testimony could not be taken in court. It may be supposed that this was the act of a moment of frenzy; this can hardly be, for nearly half a century later it was re-enacted, and to prevent any doubt, the words “in any case whatever” were added. Thus, men who signed the Declaration of Independence actually voted for the most proscriptive of laws.

The year 1756, just twenty years before the close of British rule, marks the last of the penal acts, and it is by far the most comprehensive. By its terms the oath was to be tendered to Papists; they were not to keep arms under a penalty of three months' imprisonment, the forfeiture of the arms, and thrice their value. The informer was to have as his reward the value of the arms; and any Virginian high-minded enough not to inform against his Catholic neighbor, incurred the same penalties as the latter. By the same law no Catholic was permitted to own a horse worth over £5; and if he did, and kept it concealed, he was liable to three months' imprisonment and a fine of thrice its value. Thus, in colonial times, a Catholic, in the native State of Washington, could not hold any office, nor vote, nor keep arms, nor own a horse, nor even be a witness in any cause, civil or criminal. Priests were subjected to the penalties of the English law. For more than a century the Catholics thus scattered among the Virginia plantations were deprived of religious succor, and faith died out among them, or at least disappeared after the first generation.

Meanwhile the Jesuit fathers of Maryland visited with great zeal the parts of Virginia least remote from their province, and one of the most ardent in this laborious mission was Father John Carroll, the illustrious founder of the episcopal hierarchy in the United States. When he resided at Rock Creek in Maryland, in 1774, he visited once a month the little congregation of Aquia Creek, in Virginia, sixty miles from his residence. His two eldest sisters had settled at Aquia, having married two Catholics named Brent, who had maintained their faith amid every peril, and drawn other Catholics around them. This was probably the first organized parish in Virginia, and the name of Carroll, so eminent in the history of the Church in Maryland, has thus a new title to the veneration of the faithful.

About the same time Father George Hunter, an Englishman, left his residence of St. Thomas Manor, to cross the Potomac, and secretly in disguise

celebrate the holy mysteries in some Virginian cabin. Father James Frambach was appointed to take charge of the Catholics around Harper's Ferry; and one day the missionary having been discovered by some Protestants, owed his life only to the fleetness of his horse, which swam the Potomac amid a shower of balls, which the fanatical Virginians discharged on the fugitive Jesuit.

Soon after, however, the Rev. John Dubois, afterwards bishop of New York, landed at Norfolk in July, 1791, with letters of recommendation from Lafayette to the Randolphs, Lees, and Beverlys, to James Monroe and Patrick Henry. Thus introduced to the leading men of Virginia, he proceeded to Richmond, and for want of a chapel, said Mass for the few Catholics of the place in the capitol, which was kindly placed at his disposal.

Teaching for his support, Mr. Dubois labored here for several years, and effected the conversion of Governor Lee. Even after his removal to Frederick, he extended his regular missionary visits to Martinsburg, Winchester, and indeed to all Western Virginia.

The Rev. Dennis Cahill also about this time labored in the neighborhood of Martinsburg, and was the instrument of receiving into the Church a family who were brought to the knowledge of the true faith in a mode so extraordinary that we cannot avoid some account of it.

About 1779 a Lutheran of German origin, Livingston by name, removed with his family to a place in Jefferson county, about fifteen miles from Middleway, still called Wizard's Clip. Soon after this his house was haunted by a strange visitant, that burnt his barns, killed his cattle, broke his furniture, and cut his clothing all to pieces in a most curious and remarkable manner. He naturally sought means to rid himself of this annoyance, and not a few volunteered to deliver the house. The first who came, however, were soon put to flight by the conduct of a stone, which danced out from the hearth and whirled around for some time, to their great dismay. A book of common-prayer, used by another party in conjuring it, was unceremoniously thrust into a place of contempt. Others tried with as little success; but at last Livingston had a dream, in which he saw a Catholic Church, and heard a voice telling him that the priest was the man who would relieve him. His wife then persuaded him to send for the Rev. Mr. Cahill, who seemed rather unwilling to go, but at last yielded, and sprinkled the house with holy water, upon which the noise and annoyance ceased.

Livingston soon after visited a Catholic Church at Shepherdstown, and

recognizing in the officiating priest the person whom he saw in his dream, believed and resolved to become a Catholic. The Rev. Mr. Cahill subsequently said Mass at his house, but Mr. Livingston and his family were instructed by a voice which explained at length the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, prayed with them, and frequently exhorted them to prayer and penitential works. These facts were notorious, and the family were known to be almost ignorant of English and without Catholic books. The Rev. Mr. Cahill, Prince Gallitzin, and his tutor, the Rev. Mr. Brozius, Father Pellentz, and Bishop Carroll all investigated these occurrences, which were renewed during seventeen years, accompanied even by apparitions, and all considered them really supernatural, generally ascribing them to a suffering soul in purgatory.

So completely did Mr. Livingston disregard the loss of his temporal goods in consideration of the precious boon in faith which had been bestowed upon him, that like the merchant who, seeking good pearls and finding one precious one, sold all he possessed to acquire it, he would have given all to obtain it; and to show his gratitude to Almighty God, gave a lot of ground for the benefit of the Church.

The conversions did not cease with his own family; many of the neighbors were also brought to a knowledge of the true faith, and in one winter no less than fourteen were converted. The Catholics were by the same means maintained in a more strict observance of the duties which religion enjoins, and warned of the least neglect.

Strange as these incidents may seem to many, no facts are better substantiated, and a full account was drawn up by the Rev. Demetrius A. Gallitzin, who in 1797 went from Conewago to Livingston's, and spent three months in examining into the circumstances. "My view in coming to Virginia," says he, "and remaining there three months, was to investigate those extraordinary facts of which I had heard so much, and which I could not prevail upon myself to believe; but I was soon converted to the full belief of them. No lawyer in a court of justice ever did examine or cross examine witnesses more strictly than I did all the witnesses I could procure. I spent several days in penning down the whole account." The very name of Cliptown, preserved to this day, is a proof of the facts which gave rise to the name.

Bishop Carroll was always alive to the wants of this early field of his labors, and as religion began to be free in Virginia, employed one or two priests exclusively on the mission in that state; but they often met severe

trials, and in 1816, Rev. James Lucas, a French ecclesiastic, was sent to Norfolk to restore the peace of the Church, troubled by the revolt of the trustees, who, having the Church property in their hands, had called in a bad priest to officiate. Mr. Lucas hired a room, which he transformed into a chapel. By his prudent firmness he soon drew around him the Catholics, who left the interdicted church; and the trustees, left to themselves, at last returned to the path of duty.

When the sovereign pontiff erected the see of Charleston, in 1820, for South Carolina, he at the same time founded that of Richmond for Virginia, and the Rt. Rev. Patrick Kelly was appointed; but this prelate never went to Richmond, where he would not have found means of subsistence, so few and so poor were the Catholics then. Bishop Kelly remained at Norfolk, and had to open a school to support himself. A year after, he was transferred to the see of Waterford, in Ireland, and the administration of the diocese of Richmond was confided to the archbishop of Baltimore. In 1829, Archbishop Whitfield visited Richmond and Norfolk, and in a letter, dated January 28, 1830, gives an account of his journey through Virginia. Only four priests then resided in that state, which was unable to support more. At Richmond, amid the wealth and luxury of the city, the Catholics had only an humble wooden chapel. At Norfolk, where the Church was more decent, the prelate confirmed one hundred and thirty-eight persons, and learned that the faithful numbered over six hundred. In his letter of September 16, 1832, Archbishop Whitfield announced that he had sent to Virginia a zealous missionary. "This priest has traversed the state; he has everywhere found the Protestants ready to hear him; they offered him their churches, town-halls, and other public buildings, inviting him to preach there, and this is not surprising. The mass of the people, divided into almost countless sects, now knows not what to believe; and by dint of wishing to judge for themselves, end by no longer having any idea what to believe of the contradictory doctrines taught them; the rich become athiests, deists, philosophers. How unhappy it is to be unable to send missionaries into this state, which is as large as England! There is no doubt that if we had laborers and means, prodigies would be effected in that vast and uncultivated field."

This progress, though slow, was real; and in 1838 Archbishop Eccleston was able to announce that there were nine thousand Catholics in the state, and that they possessed eight churches. It was still a very feeble religious establishment; but no more is needed in America to begin a diocese, and in

consequence of the bulls of the holy father, the Rt. Rev. Richard Vincent Whelan, born at Baltimore on the 28th of January, 1809, was consecrated in his native city bishop of Richmond on the 21st of March, 1841. The new prelate made great sacrifices to open a diocesan seminary; and the commencement seemed to justify his hopes. On the 1st of January, 1842, he conferred minor orders at Richmond, and the following year six pious young men received the tonsure at his hands. But in spite of the services rendered to the diocese by this seminary, the expense was too great for the prelate's feeble resources, and in 1846 Bishop Whelan resolved to close it, and send the young levites, destined to the priesthood, to Ireland or Baltimore.

Before his consecration the bishop of Richmond had installed three Sisters of Charity, from Emmitsburg, in his parish of Martinsburg. He soon confided to them an orphan asylum at Richmond and a school at Norfolk; this last city especially consoled him, and he several times visited it to confirm new converts to the faith. Richmond did not, however, offer the same resources, and in 1846 Bishop Whelan resolved to fix his residence at Wheeling, where the Catholic population was becoming more important. The great distance of the two cities from each other made it, however, desirable that Richmond should not be deprived of the presence of a bishop. The fathers of the seventh council of Baltimore accordingly, in 1849, asked that Virginia should be divided into two dioceses. The Holy See consented, and by a bull of July 23, 1850, transferred Bishop Whelan to the see of Wheeling, as he had wished, and called the Rev. John McGill to the see of Richmond, which now comprised all the eastern portion of the state. This prelate is a native of Philadelphia, and acquired a reputation for science and eloquence at Louisville, where he was long pastor, and where he published several controversial and theological works. At the present time (1855) the diocese of Richmond contains eleven churches, ten ecclesiastics, and a population of about nine thousand Catholics. Wheeling was so called after a Catholic priest of the name of Whelan, who, at the beginning of the century, officiated in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, and who having by baptism relieved a child whom all regarded as possessed, the father of the child gave the name of Whelan to the town.

But we cannot close this brief notice of Catholicity in the diocese of Richmond without alluding to the labors and services of some of the more eminent clergymen who have toiled in extending Catholicity in the old dominion, and whom we have not yet had occasion to name. From 1829 to

1836, though the cholera twice ravaged his extended parish and thrice prostrated him, the Rev. John B. Gildea labored with the most commendable zeal and beneficial results in Martinsburg, Harper's Ferry, and other places, completing two churches and erecting one other. Zealous, especially for the diffusion of a knowledge of our doctrines, he did all in his power to disseminate short popular explanations, and subsequently was one of the founders of the Catholic Tract Society.

But the most illustrious of the Virginian clergy was the Rev. Francis Devlin, a martyr of charity during the yellow fever which made Norfolk and Portsmouth a desert in 1855. Mr. Devlin had just been assailed by a slanderer in the public papers, and Catholicity, in the persons of the Sisters of Charity, had been assailed by a romantic girl and her crafty advisers. An example was needed of what Catholicity was in the hour of trial. Mr. Devlin refuted the slanders of the enemies of truth by his faithful discharge of the duties of a good shepherd, who, when the hireling flieth because he is a hireling, remains and lays down his life for his flock. From the first moment of the appearance of the epidemic, he was unwearied in his exertions, bearing alike temporal and spiritual succor to the poor. By his appeals he stimulated the charity of Catholics in other parts, and drew several Jesuit fathers from Georgetown to aid him. Night and day he was beside the sick, especially the poorest and most deserted. When no other was there to relieve them, he performed all the duties of a nurse, arranging their beds, bringing from his dwelling soups and drinks which he had made. At length he was himself stricken down, but though timely aid broke the fever, he could not bear to lie on his couch while others were dying; before he had recovered he was again by the bedside of the sick, and laid down his life on the 9th of October, in the fortieth year of his age.

In the same month the rights of the confessional were brought before the tribunals of Virginia, as they had nearly fifty years previously before those of New York, and with a like result. A man named John Cronin, impelled by jealousy, gave his wife a deadly wound. The Very Rev. John Teeling, a Catholic clergyman of Richmond, who attended her on her death-bed was called as a witness on the trial before the Superior Court, and asked the substance of her sacramental confession to him. This he modestly but firmly declined. "Any statement made in her sacramental confession, whether inculpatory or exculpatory of the prisoner, I am not at liberty to reveal." The question was again and again put in various forms, but the

Rev. Mr. Teeling refused as before, and at last in a short address explained to the Court his motives and the obligation of secrecy which the Church imposes on confessors. His statement was listened to with the utmost attention, and made an evident impression on all present. The question then came up whether a proper foundation had been laid for the introduction of the woman's declaration in confession as a dying declaration. Judge John A. Meredith, who presided, decided in the negative; but as the question had been raised, gave his opinion on the admissibility of the confession, and decided against it. "I regard," says the judge, "any infringement upon the tenets of any denomination as a violation of the fundamental law, which guarantees perfect freedom to all classes in the exercise of their religion. To encroach upon the confessional, which is well understood to be regarded as a fundamental tenet in the Catholic Church, would be to ignore the Bill of Rights, so far as it is applicable to that Church. In view of these circumstances, as well as of other considerations connected with the subject, I feel no hesitation in ruling that a priest enjoys a privilege of exemption from revealing what is communicated to him in the confessional."

Under the care of the learned Bishop McGill religion progressed, though surrounded by difficulties. The ancient Order of St. Benedict entered the diocese and began to assume the care of the German congregations; new churches were erected in Richmond, Fredericksburg, Fairfax Station, Martinsburg, and Norfolk, and others began at Old Point Comfort and Staunton, and in the early part of 1861 there were twelve priests and fifteen churches, with two academies, as many asylums, an hospital, an infirmary, and several parochial schools.

In 1855 he assembled in his Cathedral, which he had just enlarged and beautified, the first diocesan synod ever held in Virginia. It met on the 13th of October, and included ten priests.

About the same time the bishop carried on an able controversy with the editor of the Richmond Whig, and soon after published "Our Faith, the Victory," a treatise on the Catholic faith.

The terrible Civil War which Providence permitted to scourge the country made the diocese of Richmond a battle-field, and more Catholics died on its soil than had ever previously lived within its limits.

When peace at last came all was desolation; churches had been destroyed or were racked and shattered; the Catholics were scattered and impoverished. At Bath and Winchester, the little flock could not hope to rebuild their

ruined churches; but the bishop went to work full of hope; a theological seminary, academies, and schools were opened; Catholics began to settle in Virginia, and new churches were erected or begun. In 1866 a community of Visitation Nuns was established in the Ellet mansion, Church Hill, Richmond, purchased for them by Bishop McGill, and their academy has been of the highest character. When Bishop McGill died, January 14, 1872, a happier future seemed in store for his diocese.

On the 30th of July the Holy See translated to Richmond the Rt. Rev. James Gibbons, bishop of Adramyttum, who, as vicar-apostolic of North Carolina, had given the Church a new life in that State.

A fresh impulse was given to the Church; Harrisonburg, Lexington, Liberty Falls Church, were soon possessed of suitable edifices for worship; Buckner's Station, Pawpaw, and Culpepper hastened to follow the example. Parochial schools sprang up in all parts of the diocese; the Little Sisters of the Poor opened an asylum for the aged in a house given by a generous Catholic, W. S. Caldwell.

The cathedral school, a fine building, was erected at the cost of \$21,000 in 1872, and a fine new orphan asylum at Richmond in 1874.

But the diocese did not long enjoy the presence of Bishop Gibbons, who was called to Baltimore in 1877. The Holy See then raised to the position the Rev. John J. Keane, of Baltimore, who was consecrated bishop of Richmond, but in 1888 was translated to become rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

The diocese of Wheeling, including the rest of Virginia, had its progress. In 1848 eight Sisters of the Visitation proceeded from Maryland to Wheeling, and opened an academy in that city; and in 1853 an hospital was established under the Sisters of St. Joseph. The high standard of the academy was a point dear to the bishop, and it soon attained the most flattering reputation as a seat of learning.

In 1861 the diocese contained thirteen priests, who ministered to twenty churches and forty stations, two academies, and six parochial schools. In the Civil War this diocese suffered less than that of Richmond; it had not to deplore the ruin of sanctuaries; on the contrary, the influx of a new population seemed to give strength to the Church, for, after three years of war, we find, in 1864, more priests, more churches, and others begun.

The progress was not illusory; year by year the Catholic body increased, a college was opened in Wheeling in 1866; a classical academy for boys and

a visitation academy for girls were begun at Parkersburg, and the parish schools contained more than a thousand pupils. In 1871 the number of priests had risen to twenty-six, the churches had more than doubled in a decade, and now numbered forty-two, while the Catholics of West Virginia had greatly increased.

Bishop Whelan saw still greater increase before his death, which occurred July 7, 1874, after having, as bishop of Richmond and Wheeling, for thirty-three years given an example of piety, zeal and energy. The diocese, during the vacancy, was administered by the Very Rev. H. F. Parke, of Parkersburg, until May 23, 1875, when the Rt. Rev. John Joseph Kain, who had been appointed to the see, was consecrated. Known as a priest of learning, decision, and ability, he was welcomed by the diocese.

In 1868 the diocese of Wilmington was formed, comprising Delaware, with Maryland and Virginia east of Chesapeake Bay.

The Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D.D., was consecrated bishop of Wilmington, August 16, 1868. The new diocese contained fourteen churches and thirteen priests. Bishop Becker introduced the Visitation Nuns, the Benedictine Fathers, with nuns of the same order, and Sisters of St. Francis directing schools.

Chapter XXXII.

The Faith in Pennsylvania.

JESUITS FROM OLD MARYLAND.—THE QUAKER COLONY OF PENN.—CHAPEL, IN AN IRISH HOME.—MR. DOYLE AND THE MISSIONARY.—FIRST PHILADELPHIA CHURCH.—FATHER FARMER AND HIS MISSION JOURNEYS.—FRIENDLY MENNONITE COLONISTS.—PRIESTS IN TIME OF PLAGUE.—RIOTS OF THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.—CAREER OF FATHER BARBER.—THE PROVINCE UNDER LATE METROPOLITANS.



THE English Jesuits in Maryland did not limit their care to the missions regularly assigned to them. We have seen them, in the ardor of their zeal, brave persecution and death in the neighboring colony of Virginia, seeking the few Catholics scattered over its vast surface. The same apostolic spirit led to Pennsylvania the missionaries of the Society of Jesus. They extended their sphere of action to the north as well as to the south of their residences; hence, after sketching the history of the Church in the diocese of Baltimore, we naturally pass to the relation of the commencement of the faith in the province which formed the diocese of Philadelphia.

The peaceful sect of Friends reveres as its founder the shoemaker, George Fox, who began his preaching at Nottingham in 1649. Persecuted by the partisans of Anglicanism, the Quakers resolved to seek a refuge in America, as the Puritans had resolved to do in 1620; and in 1675 a company of Friends purchased of Lord Berkeley the western part of New Jersey, lying on the

Delaware River. In 1680 William Penn obtained a grant of the right bank of the same river, and King Charles II, in his charter, gave the new colony the name of Pennsylvania.

Notwithstanding his distinguished birth and vast fortune, Penn, who had been educated at the Calvinist College at Saumur in France, was seduced by the philanthropical ideas of the innovators. A son of the brave Admiral Penn who had wrested Jamaica from the Spaniards, he had inherited, as part of his patrimony, a large claim against the crown. Charles II, who spent his money in other pursuits than the payment of his debts or those of the nation, discharged this by giving William Penn a colony, and the latter, wishing to take possession, landed in America in October, 1682.

The new proprietor explored the country on the Delaware, in order to select a spot suitable for the establishment of the new colony, and in the month of January, 1683, he laid out the plan of Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love. The preceding month, the principal settlers had met in convention at Chester, and under the guidance of Penn, had enacted as the law of Pennsylvania, that as God is the only judge of man's conscience, every Christian, without distinction of sect, should be eligible to public employments. The only restriction on individual liberty established by the rigid Quakers was the prohibition of all balls, theaters, masquerades, cock and bull fights; and we cannot blame them for endeavoring to banish these occasions of vice and disorder. The toleration of William Penn, an imitation of Lord Baltimore's, is a striking contrast to the Protestant fanaticism which then obtained in New England and Virginia. The colony increased rapidly, and the immigration was not confined to the natives of England and Germany, where the doctrines of Quakerism had made progress. Irish Catholics hoped to find liberty of worship in Pennsylvania, nor were they deceived by the intentions of the honored founder of that colony.

It is stated that in 1729 a Catholic chapel existed at a short distance from Philadelphia, on the road from Nicetown to Frankford, and that it was built by Miss Elizabeth McGawley, a young Irish lady, who had settled in that part with a number of her tenants. It is probable that this chapel was considered as forming part of Miss McGawley's house, which enabled the Catholics to meet there under the protection of a private house. Watson remarks that in a field near the site of this ancient chapel, a marble tombstone bears a cross, with the inscription—"John Michael Brown ob. 15 Dec. A. D. 1790. R. I. P." This gentleman perhaps married Miss McGawley, and his tomb

did not escape the fury of the fanatics who, in 1844, set fire to two of the Catholic churches in Philadelphia. The gravestone was broken by these miscreants, who sought to glut on the memory of the dead their hatred of the living.

In the year 1730, Father Josiah Greaton, a Jesuit, was sent from Maryland to Philadelphia, and according to a tradition preserved by Archbishop Neale, he entered on his duties in the following interesting way: Father Greaton knew a Catholic at Lancaster, named Doyle, and applied to him for the names of some of the faithful in Philadelphia. Doyle named a wealthy old lady, remarkable for her attachment to the faith, and the missionary soon called upon the lady, attired in the grave, staid dress of a Quaker. After various questions as to the number of Christian sects in the city, Father Greaton made himself known, to the lady's great joy. She immediately informed her Catholic neighbors that she had a priest in the house. He first exercised his ministry in the humble chapel at the corner of Front and Walnut streets, and in 1733, aided by the liberality of his hostess, he bought a lot in Fourth street, and erected the little chapel of St. Joseph, where he ministered until about the year 1750.

He was succeeded in turn by Fathers Harding and Farmer, S. J., and in 1771, Father Robert Molyneux, also of the Society of Jesus, was attached to St Joseph's Church, and directed it till 1787, when he was recalled to Maryland. Father Farmer and he contracted a most intimate friendship, and they used this harmony for the good of religion. Both learned, pious, untiring, they shared the labors of the ministry; and although Father Farmer was eighteen years older than his friend, he always undertook the distant missions as Father Molyneux's corpulence rendered traveling very difficult for him, while the former, by his sermons, produced a great effect among the Germans and Irish.

While the Jesuits of Maryland thus zealously occupied the capital of Pennsylvania, they did not neglect the country parts; and in 1741, two German fathers were sent there to instruct and convert the numerous immigrants who arrived from all parts of Germany. In that year, Father Theodore Schneider, a native of Bavaria, founded the mission of Goshenhoppen, forty-five miles from Philadelphia. He lived there in the utmost poverty for more than twenty years; he built a church there in 1745, and ministered to a very extensive district, going once a month to Philadelphia to hear the confessions of the Germans, till Father Farmer was stationed in the residence in that city. So respected was Father Schneider among the Germans, even the Protestant

part, that the Mennonites and Hernhutters generously aided him to build his church at Goshenhoppen. His apostolic journeys led him to the interior of New Jersey, where fanaticism at first sought his life. He was several times shot at; but these attempts to shorten his days diminished nothing of his zeal, and he at last made his visits objects of desire, even to Protestants, towards whom, with infinite charity, he fulfilled the functions of bodily physician, when he could not become the physician of their souls. A relic of this venerable missionary is preserved, which attests alike his poverty and his industry. It is a complete copy of the Roman Missal, in his handwriting, stoutly bound; and the holy Jesuit must have been destitute of everything to copy so patiently a quarto volume of seven hundred pages of print. Father Schneider died at the age of sixty-four, on the 10th of July, 1764, having been visited in his illness the previous month by Father Farmer.

His successor at Goshenhoppen was Father Ritter. At least, Father Molyneux, in a letter to Father Carroll, dated December 17th, 1784, speaks of Father Ritter as having been for some years at Goshenhoppen, where the congregation numbered five hundred communicants. In 1747, Father Henry Neale had purchased at Goshenhoppen one hundred and twenty-one acres of land, for which he paid two hundred and fifty pounds sterling. The next year Father Greaton paid the proprietors of Pennsylvania fifty-one pounds for four hundred and seventy-three acres in the same place, and this property still belongs to the mission of Goshenhoppen, which the Jesuits continue to serve.

Shortly after this time a mission was established at Conewago, and in 1784 the French troops landed at Boston, and amid the ridicule of the English party the selectmen of the capital of New England followed a crucifix through the streets! "A French fleet enters Narragansett Bay, and a law excluding Catholics from civil rights is repealed! French troops are at Philadelphia, and Congress goes to Mass! Necessity compelled this adaptation of the outer appearance and, perhaps, to some extent calmed the rampant prejudice of former days. With a Catholic ally the government could not denounce Catholicity. In the constitution adopted it washed its hands of the matter, and Congress refused to assume, as one of its powers, a right to enter the sphere of religion. It was left to the several states to have any religion or none; but the general government, the only medium of communication with foreign states, could always profess its tolerance, even though twelve of the thirteen should proscribe the faith of Columbus."

In 1784 at the time of Father John Carroll's visit to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania probably numbered seven thousand Catholics, and this is the estimate given by the superior to Cardinal Antonelli in the following year. In a letter dated July 22, 1788, and addressed to some citizens of Philadelphia, Father Carroll expressed his opinion that an episcopal see would soon be required for the United States, and that Philadelphia would be the favored city: "I have every reason to believe that a bishop will be granted to us in a few months, and it is more than probable that Philadelphia will be the episcopal see." This conjecture was probably based on the fact that Congress then held its sessions in that city, and that Philadelphia was considered as the capital of the United States; but, as we have elsewhere seen, the clergy summoned to deliberate on the choice of the episcopal city, gave the preference to Baltimore. Himself created bishop in 1790, Dr. Carroll governed Philadelphia by a vicar-general, Father Francis Anthony Fleming, an able controvertist who was succeeded in his important post by Father Leonard Neale. Father Fleming was one of the first of the Catholic clergy to defend the Catholic cause when assailed. In 1782 Mr. Miers Fisher, a member of the assembly, having remarked in a discussion that lotteries were like the pope's indulgences, "forgiving and permitting sins to raise money," Mr. Fleming called attention to it as unworthy of a man of standing; and the member, with a degree of courtesy rare in our days, apologized for any unintentional offense which he might have given the Catholic body; but a new assailant having come forward with the oft-repeated tale of the pope's chancery, Father Fleming replied by citing an equally authentic Protestant tariff, in which the crime of "inventing any lies, however abominable or atrocious, to blacken the Papists," is forgiven for the moderate sum of one penny; and "setting fire to a popish church," two pence; which has since proved a higher rate than the witty father set down. The anonymous assailant renewed the attack, and unable to produce any evidence in favor of the pretended list, attempted to raise new issues, charging Catholics with idolatry, persecution, etc.; but Father Fleming held him to his assertion, and after refuting that disposed of his other charges, completely silencing the accuser. To remove prejudice still more, he published the letters in book form, for wider and permanent circulation. In reply to the charge of persecution and intolerance, he cited the penal laws of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and adds: "But the greatest wonder of all remains to be mentioned. Tell it not in Gath—publish it not in the streets of Askalon—lest the bigots rejoice and the

daughters of popery triumph. At the close of the eighteenth century, among the enlightened, talented, and liberal Protestants of America, at the very instant when the American soil was drinking up the best blood of Catholics shed in defense of her freedom; when the Gallic flag was flying in her ports and the Gallic soldiers fighting her battles, then were constitutions framed in several states degrading those very Catholics, and excluding them from certain offices. O shame, where is thy blush! O gratitude! if thou hast a tear, let it fall to deplore this indelible stigma!"

Father Fleming and Father Gressel, his companion, gave a still better proof of the claims of Catholicity in the yellow fever which desolated Philadelphia in 1793. While that epidemic was making its fearful ravages in that city, these two Catholic priests, as usual, braved the disease, and devoted themselves to the care and consolation of the sick and dying, and both laid down their lives in the discharge of their duties—true martyrs of charity.

The Rt. Rev. Michael Egan, an Irish Franciscan, was consecrated bishop of Philadelphia on October 28, 1810, in St. Peter's Cathedral, Baltimore. The new prelate had been recommended for this see to the Congregation of the Propaganda, and was selected by Archbishop Carroll "as a truly pious and learned religious, remarkable for his great humility, but deficient, perhaps, in firmness, and without great experience in the direction of affairs." For these reasons the name of Father Egan was only second on the list sent to Rome, although at the close of the letter, the prelate declared that he preferred him to the others. And Archbishop Carroll expressed himself still more categorically in a letter of June 17, 1807, where he said of Father Egan: "He is a man of about fifty, who seems endowed with all the qualities to discharge with perfection the functions of the episcopacy except that he lacks robust health, greater experience and a greater degree of firmness in his disposition. He is a learned, modest, humble priest, who maintains the spirit of his order in his whole conduct."

Bishop Egan governed his diocese with zeal and piety; but, according to the prognostic of Archbishop Carroll, he was deficient in necessary firmness, as he showed in a very serious controversy with the trustees of St. Mary's Church, his cathedral. These trustees thus precluded the deplorable schism which, at a later date, was to desolate the diocese.

This began in 1821, under Bishop Conwell, his successor, and was only satisfactorily terminated on the appointment to the diocese, in 1829, of the Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, as coadjutor bishop. The great prudence

and the firm yet paternal determination of Bishop Kenrick, restored peace to St. Mary's. Difficulties again arose in 1831, and this is no wonder, for the very vice of American legislation is by the trustee system forced into the affairs of the Church. They say in France, that the republican form of government would be a very good one for angels. We may say the same of trusteeism: as it exists in the United States, it would be the best temporal administration for saints. Unfortunately, however, all the laity are not saints, as we see in the many schisms the system has caused, and especially that of St. Mary's, the most celebrated and scandalous of all. The Right Rev. Henry Conwell lived in retirement at Philadelphia till April 21, 1842, when he expired, at the age of ninety-four. Overwhelmed with infirmities and struck with blindness, the prelate supported with courageous resignation the fearful burden of a long old age, in the midst of the difficulties which have assailed him. Bishop England says: "The bishop has been the greatest sufferer in his feelings, in his income, and under God, he may thank his virtue alone that he has not been in his character. That, however, has been but burnished in the collision: were he a hypocrite, the thin washing would have long since been rubbed away, for, indeed, the applications have been roughly used. What do the Catholics of Philadelphia desire, better than a bishop whose character will outlive the test of four years' assailing such as he has met with, and whose firmness for the preservation of principle has been tested as his has been? These are qualities not to be every day or easily found."

By the death of Bishop Conwell the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kenrick became titular bishop of the diocese of which he had been for upwards of twelve years the administrator.

Bishop Kenrick's episcopate was not distinguished only by the admirable development given in his diocese in Catholic institutions, by the construction of numerous churches, and the remarkable increase of the clergy; the celebrated prelate had also to exercise his zeal in rebuilding the shrines which a misled people laid in ashes, and in preaching patience and religion to his flock, while he endeavored to protect them against the fanaticism of the vile multitude.

The anti-Catholic agitation breaks out periodically in the United States, and the symptoms of the malady are the same from the colonial times down to our own. It is a sort of intermittent fever, which has its deep-seated principle in the hereditary hatred transmitted for three centuries to Protestant

generations, and inoculated by the incendiary writings of the first reformers. At certain intervals, political quackery succeeds in temporarily breaking the fever, and the good disposition given by Providence to nations helps these intervals of passing calm. Man cannot be kept in a state of constant fury against his fellow-man, especially when the latter is inoffensive and innocent, and when the passions are no longer excited by the leaders of the movement, natural benevolence resumes its course. There are moments when apostles of error stop from weariness, and others, when political reasons make it prudent to wheedle Catholics by presenting toleration as a real reality and not a sham. And lastly, God wishes to give his Church some days of repose amid the trials of the crucible, in which the faithful are purified.

The ministers of the popular sects of Protestantism—the Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists—cannot bear to see their flocks ravaged by infidelity. Interest and self-love induce them to make every effort to retain around their pulpits the thousands in whom unbridled examination and unguided judgment have destroyed faith, and as the exposition of doctrine has no longer any attraction for their heresy, they hope to keep them Protestants by filling them with a hatred of Catholicity. The false pastors then put their imagination on the rack to vary their calumnies against our dogmas, and season them to the public taste. The public mind must be always kept in suspense by dangling in its eyes the bugbear of Romanism, ready to glut itself with the blood of honest Protestants. When a fact cannot be travestied or successfully represented, they invent without the slightest scruple or fear of public exposure, a fact which in itself is a strange commentary on a public community. This deplorable system can be compared only to the maneuvers of a Merry Andrew, announcing that he will exhibit in his tent a series of prodigies outdoing each other in the marvelous; or else to the course of famous novelists, stimulating the curiosity of their readers by complications of intrigue and crime, on which they then weave the web of mystery.

The period from 1834 to 1844 beheld this anti-Catholic agitation extend through several dioceses, in a most frightful manner, and at last result in Philadelphia in civil war. The incidents of that frightful time, however, are reserved for a general chapter on the subject. Suffice it here to state that they were thus grouped and stigmatized by Rev. Mr. Goodman, a Protestant minister of Philadelphia in those days: “Nativism has existed for a period hardly reaching five months, and in that time of its being, what has been seen? Two Catholic churches burned, one twice fired and desecrated, a

Catholic seminary and retreat consumed by the torches of an incendiary mob, two rectories and a most valuable library destroyed, forty dwellings in ruins, about forty human lives sacrificed, and sixty of our fellow-citizens wounded; riot, and rebellion, and treason rampant on two occasions in our midst; the laws boldly set at defiance, and peace and order prostrated by ruffian violence! These are the horrid events which have taken place among us since the organization; and they are mentioned for no other purpose, than that reflection be entered upon by the community, which has been so immeasurably disgraced by these terrible acts."

The two churches here referred to were St. Augustine's and St. Michael's.

After the conflagration of St. Augustine's, the congregation of that church were hospitably received by old St. Joseph's, where they had Mass and Vespers at special hours, so as not to interfere with the usual services of that parish. In 1845 the Hermits of St. Augustine built a school-house on the site of their old rectory, and used it as a temporary chapel till the county allowed them damages for their loss, so as to enable them to rebuild their church. The amount claimed was one hundred thousand dollars, and for three years the county officers kept the affair before the courts and exhausted every subterfuge to escape payment. Among the objections put forward by the counsel was one which should be given as a proof of the intense stupidity, ignorance, or bad faith of the Pennsylvania bar. In order to envelop the missionaries in the prejudice against the negroes, and so array the jury against them, it was stated that the Augustinians had been founded by an African negro! In spite of all, however, forty-five thousand dollars were allowed, and in 1847 the new Church of St. Augustine was opened for service.

At St. Michael's a shed was raised among the ruins, and served as a temporary chapel for some years, till they obtained of the county the indemnity which the law imposed, and applied it to build the church. Thus, loth indeed and reluctantly, Pennsylvania repaired, at least in part, the material losses caused by the riots of 1844, while Massachusetts, with all her boasted superiority, has constantly refused from 1834 to the present moment to indemnify the bishop of Boston for the frightful destruction of the Ursuline convent of Mt. St. Benedict.

As the number of the faithful increased in Philadelphia, the extent of the State rendered the episcopal charge too heavy for one prelate.

The third and fifth councils of Baltimore had asked the division of the

diocese, and the sovereign pontiff effected it in 1843 by electing the Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor to the see of Pittsburg. This new diocese comprised under its jurisdiction the western part of Pennsylvania, and we shall speak of it in the ensuing chapter. The diocese of Philadelphia retained the eastern part of Pennsylvania, the state of Delaware, and Western New Jersey. The last portion was detached from it in 1853, and the whole state of New Jersey was formed into the diocese of Newark; and at a later date Delaware was taken to form part of the new diocese of Wilmington.

Under the able and vigilant administration of Bishop Kenrick, the religious establishments extended rapidly in other parts of the diocese. In 1838 the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo at Philadelphia was incorporated by the legislature of Pennsylvania, and from 1841 to 1853 it was directed by Lazarists, who were succeeded by secular priests, on the transfer of Bishop Kenrick to the metropolitan see of Baltimore. In 1842 the Hermits of St. Augustine opened a college at Villanova, but the destruction of their church and library at Philadelphia exhausted their resources and deranged all their plans; still, they successfully resumed the college exercises in 1846, and the Augustinians now also possess at Villanova a beautiful monastery and novitiate.

In 1851 the Jesuits founded St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia, which was removed to a more spacious building four years later; and in 1852 the Rev. J. Vincent O'Reilly opened in Susquehanna county another college under the name of St. Joseph. With most admirable zeal, also, Bishop Kenrick labored to afford his diocese the benefits of numerous religious communities; and the venerable prelate was not less successful in increasing the number of his parochial clergy. When he became coadjutor of Philadelphia in 1830, the diocese contained only thirty priests. When the confidence of the Holy See called him, in 1851, to the archbishopric of Baltimore, he left to his successor ninety-four churches and eight chapels, with one hundred and one priests in the diocese, besides forty-six seminaries, although half of Pennsylvania had been erected into the new diocese of Pittsburg.

But we owe a special mention to a holy religious, who exercised the ministry in Pennsylvania for several years—in 1836 at Conewago, and in 1834 at Philadelphia. In 1807, the Rev. Daniel Barber, Congregationalist minister in New England, had baptised in his sect Miss Allen, daughter of the celebrated American general, Ethan Allen, so renowned in Vermont, his native state. The young lady was then twenty-one years of age; she soon after proceeded to Montreal, where, entering the academy of the Sisters of

the Congregation of Notre Dame, she became a Catholic, and devoting herself to God, joined the community of hospital nuns at the Hotel Dieu, where she died piously in 1819, having induced the Protestant physician who attended her to embrace Catholicity by the mere spectacle of her last moments. The conversion of Sister Allen produced other fruits of grace on her co-religionists, and her former pastor, the Rev. Mr. Barber, after becoming a member of the Protestant Episcopal sect, halted not in the way of truth, but abjured the errors of the pretended Reformation, in 1816. The son of this clergyman, the Rev. Virgil Barber, born on the 9th of May, 1782, was also a minister. He, too, had been convinced of the necessity of joining the Church of Rome, and entered it with his father. Mrs. Virgil Barber followed their example, and she and her husband resolved to abandon all and separate from each other, for God's service. Mr. Virgil Barber, in consequence, went to Rome in 1817, and obtained of the sovereign pontiff the authority necessary for the step. He entered the ecclesiastical state, was ordained in that city, and after spending two years there, returned from Europe, bringing his wife authorization to embrace the religious state. She had entered the Visitation Nuns at Georgetown, and for two years followed the novitiate. Mr. and Mrs. Barber had five children, four daughters and one son. The last was placed at the Jesuit College at Georgetown, while the daughters were at the Academy of the Visitation, yet without knowing that their mother was a novice in the house. The time of her probation having expired, the five children were brought to the chapel to witness their mother's profession, and at the same time, on the steps of the altar, their father devoted himself to God as a member of the Society of Jesus! At this touching and unexpected sight, the poor children burst into sobs, believing themselves forsaken on earth. But their Father who is in heaven watched over them; he inspired the four daughters with the desire of embracing the religious state, and three of them entered the Ursulines: one at Quebec, one at Boston, and one at Three Rivers. The fourth made her profession among the Visitandines of Georgetown; their brother Samuel was received into the Society of Jesus.

Father Virgil Barber, after filling with general edification several posts in Pennsylvania and Maryland, became professor of Hebrew in Georgetown College, and died there March 27, 1847, at the age of sixty-five. Sister Barber long resided at Kaskaskia, Illinois, where she founded a Monastery of the Visitation. The grace of conversion extended also to other members

of the family, and a nephew and pupil of Father Virgil Barber, William Tyler, born-in Protestantism at Derby, Vermont, in 1804, became in 1844 first Catholic bishop of Hartford, and died in his diocese in 1849.

This is not the only example which the United States presents of married persons, who, on embracing Catholicity, have carried the sacrifice to its utmost limits, and asked as a signal favor to devote themselves to the religious state. Father John Austin Hall, a Dominican and apostle of Ohio from 1822 to 1828, was an English officer of many years' standing, who, touched by the spectacle offered by religion in Italy and France, adjured heresy and converted his family and his sister. The latter and his wife entered a community of English Augustinian nuns in Belgium, while Father Hall assumed the habit of St. Dominic; and this zealous missionary, dying at Canton, Ohio, in 1828, left to the United States the reputation of the most eminent virtues.

The vigilant bishop of Philadelphia, whose numerous labors we have mentioned, found, moreover, time to write and publish several works which enjoy a merited reputation wherever the English language is spoken. His *Dogmatic and Moral Theology*, in seven volumes, is a complete treatise on the sacred science, adapted to the general wants of the country.

"The appearance of so large a work written in good Latin, and intended really for use, was a source of wonder to the Protestant public and clergy, few of whom could even read it without some difficulty, and none, perhaps, with ease. Considered in a literary point of view, it marks the classic character of our writers, a familiarity with Roman literature, which is unequalled in the country. The canons and decrees of the councils held at Baltimore, which England's first Orientalist, Cardinal Wiseman, ranks with those of Milan, display an equally correct taste. Even in the back woods, with rough work and rough men, Badin, the first priest ordained in our land, sings in Latin verse the praises of the Trinity."

The Church, by preserving Latin as the liturgical language, saved that noble language from oblivion, and through it saved the Greek; and Protestantism, with its love for the vernacular, devoted the highest classes of society to ignorance of the authors of ancient Rome. A few years since, the United States regarded as a wonder a Latin life of Washington, and vaunted it beyond all conception by the thousand-tongued press. There is not a Catholic country curate that could not have done as much, and yet public opinion in America will long preserve the prejudice that ignorance is the necessary condition of Catholics. In the United States, an author need only be

suspected of not being a Protestant, for his work to be prejudged and precondemned; and it is the same in England. Yet Americans should remember that the Catholic clergy of Canada taught the children of the Mohawks to read and write, within twenty miles of Albany, at a time when there was not a Latin school in the whole colony of New York. Quebec had a college before New England could boast of one; and so completely was the idea of Catholicity then blended with that of classical studies, that in 1685, when a Latin school was opened at New York, the master was *ipso facto* suspected of being a Jesuit.

On the death of the Most Rev. Samuel Eccleston, fifth archbishop of Baltimore, the distinguished merit of Bishop Kenrick marked him as the fittest to occupy the metropolitan see, and he was in fact called to that dignity by bull of August 3, 1851. His successor at Philadelphia was the Right Rev. John Nepomucen Neumann, of the Order of the Most Holy Redeemer, a native of the Austrian States. At the time of his election, the new prelate was rector of the Redemptorist house at Baltimore; he was consecrated on the 28th of March, 1852.

Bishop Neumann devoted himself especially to the development of Catholic schools and, instead of the two parochial schools he found, left at his death nearly one hundred in Philadelphia alone. In 1854 he repaired to Rome on the occasion of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and while in Europe visited his native place, Srachatic, in Bohemia, where he was received in triumph.

On his return he devoted himself entirely to the good of his people. In his eight years' episcopate he increased his priests from one hundred to one hundred and fifty-two; encouraged the erection of new churches, advanced the cathedral, erected a temporary chapel to be used afterwards as a school, and increased all the literary and benevolent institutions of his diocese.

This most learned, humble, and pious bishop died suddenly January 5, 1860, in the street, while returning from some diocesan business. Feeling the stroke of death he sat down on the steps of a house, and immediately fell over and expired. He was born in Bohemia, March 20, 1811; and left his seminary to come to New York, where he was ordained by Bishop Dubois, in 1836. After being on the mission in Western New York, he joined the Redemptorists, and had been a most successful missionary.

Some years before his death Bishop Neumann felt the need of assistance, and the Holy See gave him as coadjutor the Right Rev. James Frederick .

Wood, a native of Philadelphia, who, while holding a high financial position, received the gift of faith, and renounced worldly position and all its associations to devote his life to the ministry in the Church of God. He was consecrated bishop of Antigonish April 26, 1857, and became bishop of Philadelphia on the death of Dr. Neumann.

In 1862 he obtained special indulgences for St. Patrick's day, to induce the faithful to sanctify the feast of that great apostle, by approaching the sacraments, and avoiding the dissipation so prevalent on that occasion.

In 1868 the Holy See divided the diocese of Philadelphia, establishing a new see at Scranton and another at Harrisburg; and, on the 12th of February, 1875, erected Philadelphia into an archiepiscopal see. Philadelphia thus became the metropolitan of a province, having as suffragans the bishops of Allegheny, Erie, Harrisburg, Pittsburg and Scranton.

When the diocese of Scranton was established, March 3, 1868, the miter was conferred on the Right Rev. William O'Hara, who was consecrated July 12, 1868.

He devoted himself zealously to increase the facilities and external means of grace for his scattered flock, his diocese containing no large cities, but mainly a rural and mining population. Secret societies were the great bane, and led many into disobedience to the rules of the Church, and the consequent neglect of their Christian duties, until they became a scourge of the commonwealth. Never, perhaps, has there been a clearer proof of the wisdom of the Church, or more convincing evidence that her rules lead to the well-being of a country.

In less than ten years Bishop O'Hara had increased his priests from twenty-eight to fifty-nine; churches from fifty to seventy-one; introduced the Sisters of Mercy, and the German Sisters of Christian Charity, founded by Pauline von Mallinkrodt, who had been expelled from Germany by the Emperor in his war on the Church, and his slavery to the infidel faction which twice attempted his life. To the See of Harrisburg the Holy Father raised the Right Rev. J. F. Shanahan, whose diocese, though extensive, contained a very small Catholic population, and requiring many churches in different parts; he too, in ten years, doubled the number of priests, and greatly increased the number of his churches and stations, and parochial schools.

The death of Archbishop Wood took place in 1883, when he was succeeded by Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, who as bishop of Tricomia had been coadjutor to the archbishop of St. Louis for several years.

Chapter XXXIII.

The Native American Frenzy.

BIGOTRY IN EPIDEMIC FORM.—FREE WORSHIP AND THE CONSTITUTION.—THE CHARLESTON CONVENT.—SLANDERS ON URSULINE SISTERS.—BIGOTS BURN AND DESTROY.—A BOOK OF FALSEHOOD AND OBSCENITY.—MARIA MONK AND HER CULTURED FRIENDS.—POLITICIANS TRAFFIC IN PREJUDICE.—CHURCH BURNING AND RIOTING.—ASSAULT ON A VENERABLE PRIEST.—BIGOTRY NOT YET DEAD.

LIKE commercial panics, periodical outbursts of irreligious fanaticism seem to have become regular incidents in the history of the United States—occurrences to be looked for with as much certainty as if they were the natural outgrowth of our civilization and the peculiarly-constituted condition of American society. Though springing from widely different causes, these intermittent spasms have a marked resemblance in their deleterious effects on our individual welfare and national reputation. Both are demoralizing and degrading in their tendencies, and each, in its degree, finally results in the temporary gain of a few to the lasting injury and debasement of the multitude. In other respects they differ materially. Great mercantile reverses and isolated acts of speculation, unfortunately, are not limited to one community or to the growth of any particular system of polity, but are as common and as frequent in despotic Asia and monarchical Europe as in republican America.

Popular ebullitions of bigotry, on the contrary, are, or, more correctly, ought to be confined to those countries where ignorance and intolerance usurp the place of enlightened philanthropy and wise government. They are foreign to the spirit of American institutions, hostile to the best interests of society, and a curse to those who tolerate or encourage them. The brightest glory of the fathers of the republic springs, not so much from the fact that they separated the colonies from the mother country and founded a new nation—for that is nothing strange or unheard-of in the world's history—but that they made its three millions of inhabitants free as well as independent: free not only from unjust taxation and arbitrary laws, but forever free to worship their Creator according to the dictates of their conscience, unawed by petty authority and unaffected by the shifting counsels of subsequent legislators.

From this point of view the revolution appears as one of the grandest moral events in the records of human progress; and when we reflect on the numerous pains, penalties, and restrictions prescribed by the charters and by-laws of the colonies from whence our Union has sprung, it challenges our most profound admiration and gratitude. This complete religious equality, guaranteed by our fundamental law, has ever been the boast of every true American citizen, at home and abroad. From the halls of congress to the far western stump-meeting we hear it again and again enunciated; it is repeated by a thousand eloquent tongues on each recurring anniversary of our independence, and is daily and weekly trumpeted throughout the length and breadth of the land by the myriad-winged Mercuries of the press. This freedom of worship, freedom of conscience, and legal equality, as declared and confirmed by our forefathers, has become, in fact, not only the written but also the common law of the land—the birthright of every native-born American, the acquired, but no less sacred, privilege of every citizen by adoption. Whoever now attempts to disturb or question it, by word or act, disgraces his country in the eyes of all mankind, and defiles the memory of our greatest and truest heroes and statesmen.

So powerful, indeed, were the example and teachings of those wise men who laid broad and deep the foundations of our happy country that, during the first half century of our national existence, scarcely a voice was raised in opposition or protest against the principle of religious liberty as emphatically expressed in the first amendment to the constitution. A whole generation had to pass away ere fanaticism dared to raise its crest, until the solemn

guarantees of our federal compact were assailed by incendiary mobs and scouted by so-called courts of justice. The first flagrant instance of this fell spirit of bigotry happened in Massachusetts, and naturally was directed against an institution of Catholic learning.

In 1820 four Ursuline nuns arrived in Boston and established there a house of their order. Six years later they removed to the neighboring village of Charlestown, where they purchased a piece of ground, and, calling it Mt. St. Benedict, erected a suitable building and reduced the hitherto barren hill-side to a state of beautiful cultivation. In 1834 the community had increased to ten, all ladies of thorough education and refinement. From the very beginning their success as teachers was acknowledged and applauded, and their average attendance of pupils was computed at from fifty to sixty. Of these, at least four-fifths were Protestants, the daughters of the best American families, not only of New England, but of the Middle and Southern States. Though it was well known that the nuns had ever been most scrupulously careful not to meddle with the religious opinions of their scholars, and that not one conversion to the Church could be ascribed to their influence, the fact that a school conducted by Catholic religious should have acquired so brilliant a reputation, and that its patrons were principally Protestants of high social and political standing - was considered sufficient in the eyes of the Puritan fanatics to condemn it.

Its destruction was therefore resolved on; and an incident, unimportant in itself, occurred in the summer of 1834 which was eagerly seized upon by the clerical adventurers who then, as now, disgraced so many sectarian pulpits. It appears that an inmate of the convent, a Miss Harrison, had, from excessive application to music, become partially demented, and during one of her moments of hallucination left the house and sought refuge with some friends. Her brother, a Protestant, having heard of her flight, accompanied by Bishop Fenwick, brought her back to the nunnery, to her own great satisfaction and the delight of the sisterhood. This trifling domestic affair was eagerly taken up by the leaders of the anti-Catholic faction and magnified into monstrous proportions. The nuns, it was said, had not only driven an American lady to madness, but had immured her in a dungeon, and, upon her attempting to escape, had, with the connivance of the bishop and priests, actually tortured her to death. Falsehoods even more diabolical were invented and circulated throughout Boston. The following Sunday the Methodist and Congregational churches rang again with denunciations against popery and nunneries,

while one self-styled divine, a Dr. Beecher, the father of a numerous progeny of male and female evangelists, some of whom have since become famous in more senses than one, preached no less than three sermons in as many different churches on the abominations of Rome. All the bigotry of Boston and the adjacent towns was aroused to the highest pitch of frenzy, and threats against the convent were heard on every side.

To pacify the public mind the selectmen of Charlestown, on the following day, the memorable 11th of August, appointed a committee to examine into the truth of the charges. They waited on the nuns, and were received by Miss Harrison, who was alleged to have been foully murdered. Under her personal guidance they searched every part of the convent and its appurtenances, till, becoming thoroughly satisfied with the falsity of the reports, they retired to draw up a statement to that effect for publication in the newspapers. This was what the rabble dreaded, and, as soon as the intention of the committee became known, the leaders resolved to forestall public sentiment by acting at once.

Accordingly, about nine o'clock in the evening, a mob began to collect in the neighborhood of Mt. St. Benedict. Bonfires were lit and exciting harangues were made, but still there were many persons reluctant to believe that the rioters were in earnest. They would not admit that any great number of Americans could be found base and brutal enough to attack a house filled with defenseless and delicate women and children. They were mistaken, however; they had yet to learn to what lengths fanaticism can be carried when once the evil passions of corrupt human nature are aroused. Towards midnight a general alarm was rung, calling out the engine companies of Boston, not to quell any fire or disturbance, but, as was proved by their conduct, to reinforce the rioters, if necessary. The first demonstration was made by firing shot and stones against the windows and doors of the main building, to ascertain if there were any defenders inside; but, upon becoming satisfied that there were none, the cowardly mob burst open the gates and doors, and rushed wildly through the passages and rooms, swearing vengeance against the nuns.

Trusting to the protection of the authorities, the gentle sisters were taken by surprise. The shots of their assailants, however, awakened them to a sense of danger. Hastening from their beds, they rushed to the dormitories, aroused the sleeping children, and had barely time to avoid the fury of the mob by escaping through a back entrance in their night-clothes. Everything

portable, including money and jewelry belonging to the pupils, was laid hold of by the intruders, the furniture and valuable musical instruments were hacked in pieces, and then the convent was given to the flames amid the frantic cheers of assembled thousands. "Not content with all this," says the report of Mr. Loring's committee, "they burst open the tomb of the establishment, rifled it of the sacred vessels there deposited, wrested the plates from the coffins, and exposed to view the mouldering remains of their tenants. Nor is it the least humiliating feature, in this scene of cowardly and audacious violation of all that man ought to hold sacred, that it was perpetrated in the presence of men vested with authority and of multitudes of our fellow-citizens, while not one arm was lifted in the defense of helpless women and children, or in vindication of the violated laws of God and man. The spirit of violence, sacrilege, and plunder reigned triumphant."

The morning of the 12th of August saw what for years had been the quiet retreat of Christian learning and feminine holiness a mass of blackened ruins; but the character of Massachusetts had received even a darker stain, a foul blot not yet wiped from her escutcheon. It was felt by the most respectable portion of the citizens that some step should be taken to vindicate the reputation of the State, and to place the odium of the outrage on those who alone were guilty. Accordingly, a committee of thirty-eight leading Protestant gentlemen, with Charles G. Loring as chairman, was appointed to investigate and report on the origin and results of the disgraceful proceeding. It met in Faneuil Hall from day to day, examined a great number of witnesses, and made the most minute inquiries from all sources. Its final report was long, eloquent, and convincing. After the most thorough examination, it was found, those Protestant gentlemen said, that all the wild and malicious assertions put forth in the sectarian pulpits and repeated in the newspapers, regarding the Ursulines, were without a shadow of truth or probability; they eulogized in the most glowing language the conduct of the nuns, their qualifications as teachers, their Christian piety and meekness, and their careful regard for the morals as well as for the religious scruples of their pupils. They also attributed the wanton attack upon the nunnery to the fell spirit of bigotry evoked by the false reports of the New England press and the unmitigated slanders of the anti-Catholic preachers, and called upon the legislative authorities to indemnify, in the most ample manner, the victims of mob law and official connivance.

But the most significant fact brought to light by this committee was that

the fanatics, in their attack on Mt. St. Benedict, were not a mere heterogeneous crowd of ignorant men acting upon momentary impulse, but a regular band of lawless miscreants directed and aided by persons of influence and standing in society. "There is no doubt," says the report, "that a conspiracy had been formed, extending into many of the neighboring towns; but the committee are of opinion that it embraced very few of respectable character in society, though some such may, perhaps, be actually guilty of an offense no less heinous, morally considered, in having excited the feelings which led to the design, or countenanced and instigated those engaged in its execution." Here we find laid down, on the most unquestionable authority, the origin and birth-place of all subsequent native American movements against Catholicity.

But the sequel to the destruction of the Charlestown convent was even more shameful than the crime itself. Thirteen men had been arrested, eight of whom were charged with arson. The first tried was the ringleader, an ex-convict, named Buzzell. The scenes which were enacted on that occasion are without a parallel in the annals of our jurisprudence. The mother-superior, several of the sisters, and Bishop Fenwick, necessary witnesses for the prosecution, were received in court with half-suppressed jibes and sneers, subjected to every species of insult by the lawyers for the defense, and were frowned upon even by the judge who presided. Though the evidence against the prisoner was conclusive, the jury, without shame or hesitation, acquitted him, and he walked out of court amid the wildest cheers of the bystanders. Similar demonstrations of popular sympathy attended the trials of the other rioters, who were all, with the exception of a young boy, permitted to escape the penalty of their gross crimes.

One of the pious community having died from the effect of that terrible night, its iniquities really culminated in murder. But, though the farce of trying a few rioters was performed, as we shall see, no one was ever punished, nor during all the succeeding years has one cent of compensation been paid. Terrible as this blow was, the bishop and his faithful flock persevered, conscious that those who invoked mob violence against the Church would, in a few years, look to the Church as the great bulwark of society against violence that threatened it.

Even the state legislature, though urged to do so by many of the leading public men of the commonwealth, refused to vote anything like an adequate sum to indemnify the nuns and pupils for their losses, amounting to

over a hundred thousand dollars. The pitiful sum of ten thousand dollars was offered, and of course rejected; and to this day the ruins of the convent stand as an eloquent monument of Protestant perfidy and puritanical meanness and injustice.

The impunity thus legally and officially guaranteed to mobs and sacrilegious plunderers soon bore fruit in other acts of lawlessness in various parts of Massachusetts. A Catholic graveyard in Lowell was shortly after entered and desecrated by an armed rabble, and a house in Wareham, in which Mass was being celebrated, was set upon by a gang of ruffians known as the "Convent Boys." A couple of years later the Montgomery Guards, a regular militia company, composed principally of Catholic free-holders of Boston, were openly insulted by their comrades on parade, and actually stoned through the streets by a mob of over three thousand persons.

As there were no more convents to be plundered and burned in the stronghold of Puritanism, the war on those glories of religion was kept up in a different manner, but with no less rancor and audacity. Taking advantage of the excitement created by such men as Lyman Beecher and Buzzell, a mercenary publisher issued a book entitled, "Six Months in a Convent," which was put together by some contemptible preacher in the name of an illiterate girl named Reed, who, the better to mislead the public, assumed the title of "Sister Mary Agnes." "We earnestly hope and believe," said the preface to this embodiment of falsehood, "that this little work, if universally diffused, will do more, by its unaffected simplicity, in deterring Protestant parents from educating their daughters in Catholic nunneries than could the most labored and learned discourses on the dangers of popery."

Though the book was replete with stupid fabrications and silly blunders, so grossly had the popular taste been perverted that fifty thousand copies were sold within a year after its publication. The demand was still increasing, when another contribution to Protestant literature appeared, before the broad, disgusting, and obscene fabrications of which the mendacity of "Sister Mary Agnes" paled its ineffectual fires. This latter candidate for popular favor, though it bore the name, destined for an immortality of infamy, of Maria Monk—a notoriously dissolute woman—was actually compiled by a few needy and unscrupulous adventurers, reverend and irreverend, who found a distinguished Methodist publishing house, not quite so needy, though still more unscrupulous, to publish the work for them, though very shame compelled even them to withhold their names from the publication. And it was

only owing to a legal suit arising from this infamous transaction many years after that the fact was revealed that the publishers of this vilest of assaults on one of the holiest institutions of the Catholic Church was the firm of Harper Brothers. True to their character, they saw that the times were favorable for an assault on Catholicity, even so vile as this one; and true to their nature again, they refused to their wretched accomplice her adequate share in the wages of sin. Though bearing on its face all the evidences of diabolical malice and falsehood, condemned by the better portion of the press and by all reputable Protestants, the work had an unparalleled sale for some time. The demand might have continued to go on increasing indefinitely, but, in an evil hour for the speculators, its authors, under the impression that the prurient taste of the public was not sufficiently satiated with imaginary horrors, issued a continuation under the title of "Additional Awful Disclosures." This composition proved an efficient antidote to the malignant poison of the first. Its impurity and falsehoods were so palpable that its originators were glad to slink into obscurity and their patrons into silence, followed by the contempt of all honest men.

Just ten years after the Charlestown outrage the spirit of Protestant persecution began to revive. Premonitory symptoms of political proscription appeared in 1842, in the constitutional conventions of Rhode Island and Louisiana, and in the local legislatures of other states; but it was not till the early part of 1844 that it became evident that secret measures were being taken to arouse the dormant feeling of antipathy to the rights of Catholics, so rife in the hearts of the ignorant Protestant masses. New York, at first, was the principal seat of the disorder. Most of the newspapers of that period teemed with eulogistic reviews of books written against the faith, cheap periodicals, such as the Rev. Mr. Sperry's "American Anti-papist," were thrust into the hands of all who would read them by the agents of the bible and proselytizing societies; and a cohort of what were called anti-papal lecturers, of which a reverend individual named Cheever was the leader, was employed to attack the Catholic Church with every conceivable weapon that the arsenal of Protestantism afforded.

The popular mind being thus prepared for a change, the various elements of political and social life opposed to Catholicity were crystallized into the "American Republican" party, better known as the Native Americans. On the 19th of March, 1844, the new faction nominated James Harper for mayor of the city of New York, and about the same time William Rockwell was

named for a similar office in Brooklyn. The platform upon which these gentlemen stood was simple but comprehensive: the retention of the Protestant bible and Protestant books in the public schools; the exclusion of Catholics of all nationalities from office; and the amendment of the naturalization laws so as to extend the probationary term of citizenship to twenty-one years. The canvass in New York was conducted with some regard to decency; but in the sister city the Nativists threw off all respect for law, their processions invaded the districts inhabited mainly by adopted citizens, assailed all who did not sympathize with them, and riot and bloodshed were the consequence. In Brooklyn the Nativist candidate was defeated, but Harper was elected triumphantly by about twenty-four thousand votes. The ballots that placed such a man at the head of the municipality of the American metropolis were deposited by both Whigs and Democrats, though each party had a candidate in the field. The former contributed upwards of fourteen thousand, or three-fourths of their strength; their opponents somewhat less than ten thousand.

But the action of the city politicians was quickly repudiated and condemned throughout the state. On the 13th of April, the Whigs assembled in Albany and passed a series of resolutions denouncing in unequivocal terms the tenets of the Native Americans; and in two days after, at the same place, and in, if possible, a more forcible manner, the Democracy entered their protest against the heresies and evil tendencies of the persecuting faction. Still, the "American Republicans" showed such signs of popular strength in various municipal elections that year, that the lower classes of politicians, of all shades of opinion, who dared not openly support them, were suspected of secretly courting their friendship. The nomination of Frelinghuysen with Henry Clay at the Whig presidential convention of May 1, 1844, was well understood at the time to be a bid for Nativist support, and eventually defeated the distinguished Kentucky orator.

It is difficult to imagine how far the madness of the hour might have carried ambitious political leaders and timid conventions, had not the scenes of sacrilege and murder which soon after disgraced the city of Philadelphia, and stained the streets with innocent blood, sent a thrill of horror throughout the entire country.

Philadelphia had followed, if not anticipated, the example of New York in sowing broadcast the seeds of civil strife. Early in the year secret Nativist societies were formed; sensational preachers like Tyng, in and out of

place, harangued congregations and meetings; cheap newspapers were started for the sole purpose of vilifying Catholics, and working upon the baser passions of the sectarian population of the country. The motives of those engineers of discord were the same as those of their New York brethren, and their method of attack equally treacherous and cowardly.

One of the principal charges against their Catholic fellow-citizens was that they were hostile to free schools and education generally. To this unjust aspersion Bishop Kenrick, on the 12th of March, publicly replied in a short but lucid letter, in which he said:

“Catholics have not asked that the bible be excluded from the public schools. They have merely desired for their children the liberty of using the Catholic version, in case the reading of the bible be prescribed by the controllers or directors of the schools. They only desire to enjoy the benefit of the constitution of the state of Pennsylvania, which guarantees the rights of conscience and precludes any preference of sectarian modes of worship. They ask that the school laws be faithfully executed, and that the religious predilections of the parents be respected . . . They desire that the public schools be preserved from all sectarian influence, and that education be conducted in a way that may enable all citizens equally to share its benefits, without any violence being offered to their conscientious convictions.”

So deliberate and emphatic a denial had no effect on the wretched men who tyrannized over the second city in the union, except that it was resolved to substitute brute force for reason, and to precipitate a collision with their comparatively weak victims. Accordingly, on the 5th of May, a Nativist meeting was held in Kensington. The design of the managers of the meeting was evidently to provoke an attack; for, finding the place first selected for the gathering unmolested, they deliberately moved to the market-house, in the actual presence of several adopted citizens. This trick and the insulting speeches that followed had the desired effect. A riot took place, several shots were fired on both sides, and four or five persons were more or less seriously wounded. The Nativists retreated and made an unsuccessful attempt to burn a nunnery.

The most exaggerated reports of this affair were immediately circulated through Philadelphia. The next day, the Nativists, fully armed, assembled and passed a series of resolutions of the most violent character. Preceded by an American flag, which bore an inscription as malicious as it was untrue, they attacked the Hibernian Hose company, destroyed the apparatus, and

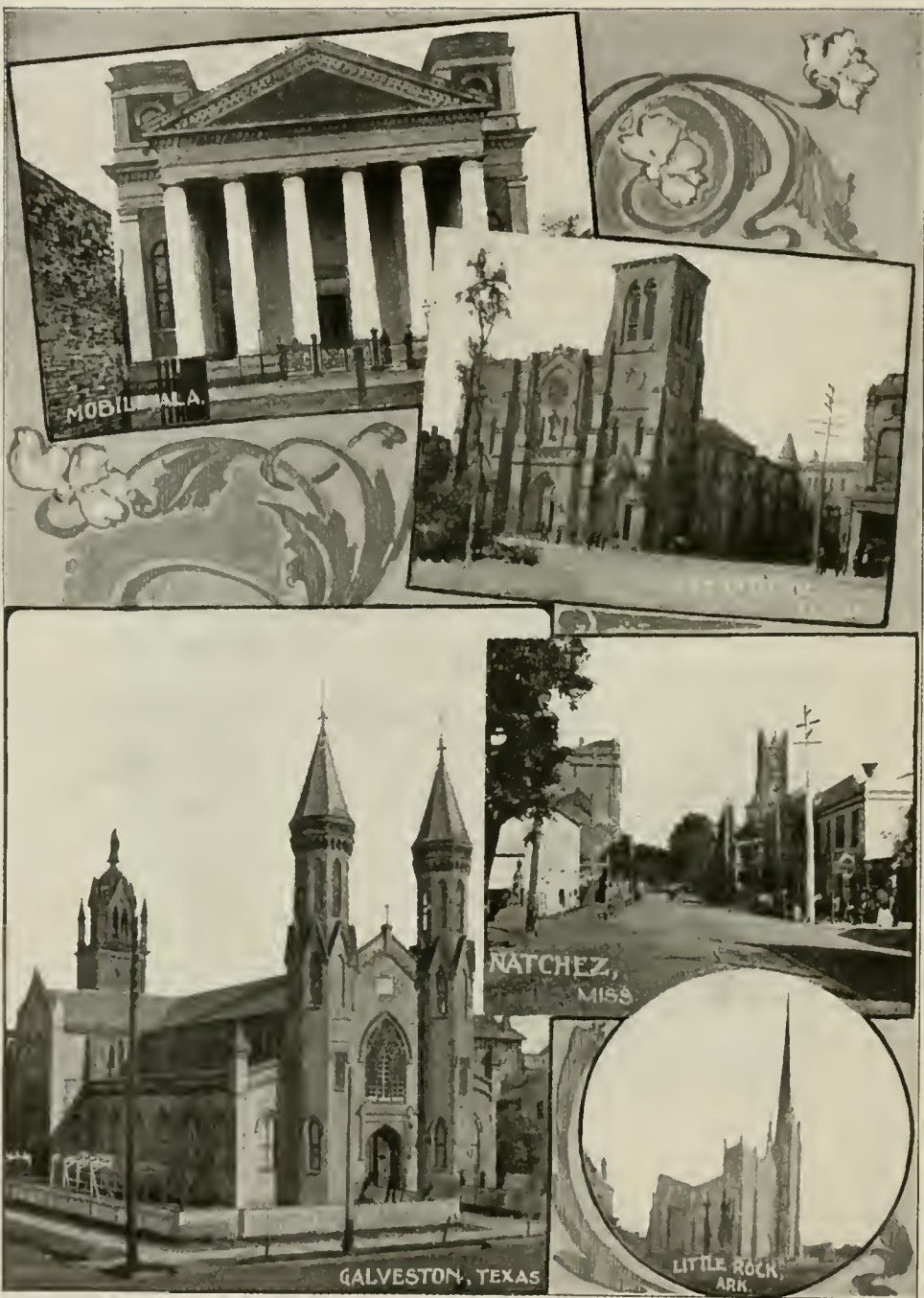
broke the fire-bell in pieces. Twenty-nine dwellings were burned to the ground, their hapless occupants, mostly women and children, fleeing in all directions amid the insults and shots of their savage assailants. The citizens were now thoroughly aroused, the military, under Gen. Cadwalader, was called out, and Bishop Kenrick addressed a public admonition to his flock to preserve peace, and, notwithstanding the provocation, to exercise forbearance. But the demon of fanaticism, once let loose, could not be easily laid. Rioting continued throughout the day and far into the night. Early on Wednesday morning, St. Michael's Church, the female seminary attached to it, and a number of private houses in the neighborhood were ruthlessly plundered and destroyed. "During the burning of the Church," said one of the Philadelphia papers, "the mob continued to shout; and when the cross at the peak of the roof fell, they gave three cheers and a drum and fife played the 'Boyne Water.'"

The burning of St. Augustine's Church took place on the evening of the same day. This building, one of the finest in the city, was peculiarly endeared to the Catholic inhabitants as having been one of their oldest churches in Philadelphia. Many of the contributors to its building fund were men of historic fame, such as Washington, Montgomery, Barry, Meade, Carey, and Girard. It had adjoining it extensive school-houses and a commodious parsonage, and the clock in its tower was the one which had struck the first tones of new-born American liberty. But the sacred character of the building itself, and the patriotic memories which surrounded it, could not save it from the torch of the Philadelphia mob. "The clock struck ten," wrote an eye-witness, "while the fire was raging with the greatest fury. At twenty minutes past ten the cross which surmounted the steeple, and which remained unhurt, fell with a loud crash, amid the plaudits of a large portion of the spectators. A very valuable library and several splendid paintings shared the fate of the Church."

But bad as was the conduct of the rioters, that of the authorities was even worse. The militia, when ordered out, did not muster for several hours after the time appointed, and when they did arrive they were only passive, if not gratified, spectators of the lawless scenes before them. When St. Michael's was threatened, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Donohue, placed it under the charge of Capt. Fairlamb, giving him the keys; yet the mob was allowed to wreak its vengeance on it undisturbed. The basement of St. Augustine's was occupied by some armed men who had resolved to defend it at all hazards; but on the



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CHURCHES IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.

assurance of Mayor Scott and the sheriff that they had troops and police enough to protect it, it was agreed, in the interest of peace, to evacuate it. This had scarcely been done when the militia and civic guard fell back before a thousand or more armed ruffians and left the Church to its fate. For nearly sixty hours the rioters were left in undisputed possession of the city; everything the Catholics held sacred was violated; men were dragged out of their homes, half hanged and brutally maltreated, when not murdered outright; the houses of adopted citizens were everywhere plundered, an immense amount of property was destroyed, and over two hundred families left desolate and homeless, without the slightest attempt being made to enforce the law. How many fell victims to Nativists' hate and rage on this occasion has never been known, but the killed and wounded were counted by scores.

An attempt to outrival Philadelphia in atrocity was made in New York a few days after, but the precautionary steps of the authorities, the firm attitude assumed by the late Archbishop Hughes, and the resolute stand taken by the Catholic population, headed by Eugene Casserly—who was at that time editor of the *Freeman's Journal*—together with some young Irish-American Catholic gentlemen, so impressed the leaders of the Nativists that all attempts of an incendiary nature and all public efforts to sympathize with the Philadelphia mob, were abandoned. Nativism staggered under the blow given it by its adherents in Philadelphia, and soon sank into utter insignificance as a political power.

Another decade, however, passed, and we find it again rejuvenated. This time it assumed the name of the Know-nothing party, and extended its ramifications through every state in the union. Its declaration of principles contained sixteen clauses, as laid down by its organs, of which the following were regarded as the most vital: 1st. The repeal of all naturalization laws. 2d. None but native Americans for office. 3d. A Protestant common-school system. 4th. Perpetual war on "Romanism." 5th. Opposition to the formation of military companies composed of "foreigners." 6th. Stringent laws against immigration. 7th. Ample protection to Protestant interests. Though partly directed, apparently, against all persons of foreign birth, this new secret society was actually only opposed to Catholics; for many of the prominent members in its lodges were Irish Orangemen and Welsh, Scotch, and English unnaturalized adventurers who professed no form of belief.

Like their predecessors of 1844, the Know-nothings employed a host of mendacious ministers and subsidized a number of obscure newspapers to

circulate their slanders against Catholics, native as well as adopted citizens; but they also added a new feature to the crusade against morality and civil rights. This was street-preaching—a device for creating riots and bloodshed, for provoking quarrels and setting neighbor against neighbor, worthy the fiend of darkness himself. Wretched creatures, drawn from the very dregs of society, were hired to travel from town to town, to post themselves at conspicuous street-corners, if possible before Catholic Churches, and to pour forth, in ribald and blasphemous language, the most unheard-of slanders against the Church. As those outcasts generally attracted a crowd of idle persons, and were usually sustained by the presence of the members of the local lodge, the merest interruption of their foul diatribes was the signal for a riot, ending not unfrequently in loss of life or limb.

The first outrage that marked the career of the Know-nothings of 1854 was the attack on the Convent of Mercy, Providence, R.I., in April of that year. Instigated by the newspaper attacks of a notorious criminal, who then figured as a Nativist leader, the rowdy elements of that usually quiet city surrounded the convent, pelted the doors and windows with stones, to the great alarm of the ladies and pupils within, and would doubtless have proceeded to extremities were it not that the Catholics, fearing a repetition of the Charlestown affair, rallied for its protection and repeatedly drove them off. In June Brooklyn was the scene of some street-preaching riots, but in the following August St. Louis, founded by Catholics and up to that time enjoying an enviable reputation for refinement and love of order, acquired a pre-eminence in the southwest for ferocious bigotry. For two days, August 7th and 8th, riot reigned supreme in that city; ten persons were shot down in the streets, many more were seriously wounded, and a number of houses of Catholics were wrecked.

On the 3d of September of the same year the American Protestant Association of New York, an auxiliary of the Know-nothings, composed of Orangemen, went to Newark, N.J., to join with similar lodges of New Jersey in some celebration. In marching through the streets of that city they happened to pass the German Catholic Church, and, being in a sportive mood, they did not hesitate to attack it. A melee occurred, during which, one man, a Catholic, was killed and several were seriously injured. The evidence taken by the coroner's jury showed that the admirers of King William were well armed, generally intoxicated, and that the assault and partial destruction of the Church were altogether wanton and unprovoked. Early in the same

month news was received of a succession of riots in New Orleans, the victims, as usual, being Catholics.

But the spirit of terrorism was not confined to one section or particular state. The virus of bigotry had inoculated the whole body politic. In October people of all shades of religious opinion were astounded to hear from Maine that the Rev. John Bapst, S.J., a clergyman of exemplary piety and mildness, had actually been dragged forcibly from the house of a friend by a drunken Ellsworth mob, ridden on a rail, stripped naked, tarred and feathered, and left for dead. His money and watch were likewise stolen by the miscreants. Father Bapst's crime was that, when a resident of Ellsworth some time previously, he had entered into a controversy about public schools.

Yet, in the face of all these lawless proceedings, the Know-nothing party increased with amazing rapidity. "Without presses, without electioneering," said the *New York Times*, "with no prestige or power, it has completely overthrown and swamped the two old historic parties of the country." This was certainly true of New England, and notably so of Massachusetts, where, in the autumn of 1854, the Know-nothings elected their candidate for governor and nearly every member of the legislature. In the state of New York Ullman, the standard-bearer of the new army of persecution, received over 122,000 votes, and, though defeated in the city, it was more than suspected that the democrat who was chosen as mayor had been a member of the organization. In many other states and cities the power of the sworn secret combination was felt and acknowledged.

Its influence and unseen grasp on the passions and prejudices of the lower classes of Protestants were plainly perceptible in the halls of congress and in the executive cabinet. In the senate William H. Seward was the first and foremost to denounce the so-called American party. As early as July, 1854, in a speech on the Homestead Bill, he took occasion to remark:

"It is sufficient for me to say that, in my judgment, everything is un-American which makes a distinction, of whatever kind, in this country between the native-born American and him whose lot is directed to be cast here by an overruling Providence, and who renounces his allegiance to a foreign land and swears fealty to the country which adopts him."

The example of the great statesman was followed by such men as Douglas, Cass, Keitt, Chandler, and Seymour, while Senators Dayton and Houston, Wilson, the late vice-president, N. P. Banks, and a number of other politicians championed the cause of intolerance as has since been confessed,

for their own selfish aggrandizement as much as from inherent littleness of soul.

Meanwhile, Massachusetts was completely controlled by the Know-nothings. Their governor, Gardner, had not been well in the chair of state when he disbanded all the Irish military companies within his jurisdiction. These were the Columbian, Webster, Shields, and Sarsfield Guards of Boston, the Jackson Musketeers of Lowell, the Union Guard of Lawrence, and the Jackson Guard of Worcester. The General Court, too, not to be outdone in bigotry by the executive, passed a law for the inspection of nunneries, convents, and schools, and appointed a committee to carry out its provisions. The first—and last—domiciliary visit of this body was made to the school of the sisters of Notre Dame in Roxbury. It is thus graphically described by the Boston Advertiser, an eminently Protestant authority: "The gentlemen—we presume we must call members of the legislature by this name—roamed over the whole house from attic to cellar. No chamber, no passage, no closet, no cupboard, escaped their vigilant search. No part of the house was enough protected by respect for the common courtesies of civilized life to be spared in the examination. The ladies' dresses hanging in their wardrobes were tossed over. The party invaded the chapel and showed their respect—as Protestants, we presume—for the One God whom all Christians worship, by talking loudly with their hats on; while the ladies shrank in terror at the desecration of a spot which they hallowed."

Still, the work of proscription and outrage went on in other directions. Fifteen school-teachers had been dismissed in Philadelphia because they were Catholics; the Rev. F. Nachon, of Mobile, was assaulted and nearly killed while pursuing his sacred avocations; a military company in Cincinnati, and another in Milwaukee, composed of adopted citizens, were disbanded, and on the 6th and 7th of August, 1855, the streets of Louisville ran red with the blood of adopted citizens. In this last and culminating Know-nothing outrage eleven hundred voters were driven from the polls, numbers of men, and even women, were shot down in the public thoroughfares, houses were sacked and burned, and at least five persons are known to have been literally roasted alive.

A reaction, however, had already set in. Men of moderate views and unbiased judgments began to tire of the scenes of strife, murder, and rapine that accompanied the victories of the Know-nothings. The first to deal it a deadly blow, as a political party, was Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, in his noble canvass of that state against the combined Whig and

Nativist elements in 1855; and to the late archbishop of New York, in his utter discomfiture of State Senator Brooks, is justly due the merit of having first convinced the American people that the so-called American party was actually the most dangerous enemy of American laws and institutions, the advocate of spoliation and persecution under the guise of patriotism and reform.

The decline of Nativism, though not so rapid as its growth, was equally significant, and its history as instructive. In 1856 a national convention was called by the wreck of the party to nominate Fillmore for the presidency, after overtures had been made in vain to the Republicans and Democrats. Fillmore was so badly defeated that he retired into private life and lost whatever little fame he had acquired in national affairs as Taylor's successor. Four years later Bell and Everett appeared on the Know-nothing ticket, but so far behind were they in the race with their presidential competitors that very few persons cared to remember the paucity of their votes. Gradually, silently, but steadily, like vermin from a sinking ship, the leaders slunk away from the already doomed faction, and, by a hypocritical display of zeal, endeavored to obtain recognition in one or other of the great parties, but generally without success. Disappointed ambition, impotent rage, and, let us hope, remorse of conscience occasionally seized upon them, and the charity of silence became to them the most desired of blessings. Perhaps, if the late Civil War had not occurred, to swallow in the immensity of its operations all minor interests, we might have beheld in 1864 the specter of Nativism arising from its uneasy slumber, to be again subjected to its periodical blights and curses.

From present appearances many far-seeing persons apprehend the recurrence of the wild exhibitions of anti-Catholic and anti-American fanaticism which have so often blotted and blurred the otherwise stainless pages of our short history. But if such is to be the case; if we Catholics are doomed once more to be subjected to the abuse of the vile, the slander of the hireling, and the violence of an armed mob, the sooner we are prepared the better. If the scenes which have indelibly disgraced Boston and Philadelphia, Ellsworth and Louisville, are to be again rehearsed by the half-dozen sworn secret societies, whose cabalistic letters disfigure the columns of so many of our newspapers, we must be prepared to meet the danger with firmness and composure. As Catholics, demanding nothing but what is justly our due under the laws, our position will ever be one of forbearance, charity,

and conciliation; but as American citizens, proud of our country and zealous for the maintenance of her institutions, our place shall be beside the executors of those grand enactments which have made this republic the paragon and exemplar of all civil and natural virtues, no matter how imminent the danger or how great the sacrifice. In lands less favored Catholic rights may be violated by prince or mob with impunity, but we would be unworthy of our country and its founders, were we to shrink for a moment from the performance of our trust as the custodians of the fundamental ordinance which guarantees full and absolute religious liberty to all citizens of the republic.

Chapter XXXIV.

In the Alleghany Mountains.

SOLITUDE OF FATHER BRAUERS. — AN OLD FRENCH FORT. — FATHER SMITH'S ARRIVAL. — STORY OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE. — GALLITZIN'S FAMILY AND YOUTH. — BLESSING OF A GOOD MOTHER. — SAVED FOR THE HOLY PRIESTHOOD. — THE PRINCE AS A MISSIONARY. — STURDY CAPTAIN MCGUIRE. — LABORS FOR GOD IN THE HILL COUNTRY. — THE PRINCE'S CHURCH AND VILLAGE. — DEVOTION TO THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN. — A SAINT SLEEPS IN GOD. — THE PITTSBURG DIOCESE.

IN the year 1798, the Rev. Theodore Brauers, a Dutch Franciscan, settled at Youngstown, Pa., where he bought a farm and built a chapel. This village is not far from Pittsburg, and it was then the only spot where the Holy Sacrifice was offered for the salvation of men in the vast territory which was erected in 1843 into the diocese of Pittsburg. From Lake Erie to Conewago, from the hills of the Alleghany to the Ohio, there existed no church, no priest, except the humble oratory of Father Brauers.

It appears, indeed, that the first Catholics in that part of Pennsylvania came from Goshenhoppen, and that the missionary who served that parish promised that they should be visited in the new settlement by another priest. It was in fulfillment of this promise that Father Brauers settled at Youngstown. His death gave rise to a curious lawsuit, in which the Pennsylvania judges showed themselves the enlightened protectors of the rights of the Church; and such a spirit of justice is more deserving of mention, as it is not

always found in the law courts of the United States. By his will, dated at Greensburg, Westmoreland county, October 24, 1789, Father Theodore Brauers had left his property to his successor, on condition of his saying Masses for the repose of his soul. A wandering priest named Francis Fromm, took possession of the parsonage and church; and as he said the Masses claimed the property against the lawful priest sent by his bishop. Father Brauers' executors had recourse to law, and the judge decided that a Catholic priest must be sent by his bishop, although he expressed his astonishment that a man of Father Brauers' good sense should order Masses to be said for the repose of his soul! The first talent in Pennsylvania was employed in the suit, in which Judges Baldwin and Breckenridge both spoke. The Rev. Mr. Fromm proved that he was a regular priest, and exhibited the certificate of the bishop of Mentz, as well as the consent of Father Brauers' congregation. These considerations might have influenced the judges; but their decision upheld the bishop, and this case has been repeatedly cited as an authority in cases of a similar nature.

Father Brauers was not the first priest, nor even the first Franciscan, who offered the Sacred Victim in the soil of Western Pennsylvania; and as early as 1755, that is, just a century since, we find French Recollects attached as chaplains to the French forts in the valley of the Ohio. That part of Pennsylvania was then claimed by France, and in fact the whole valley of the Ohio is comprised in the letters patent of Louisiana, in 1712. The actual taking of possession is not more undoubted than the discovery, and the Canadians had launched their canoes on the beautiful river years before the Pennsylvania settlers knew of its existence. To unite the establishments on the St. Lawrence with those on the Mississippi, France first reared a line of defenses along the lakes, the Wabash and Illinois; but the Ohio valley had been left exposed to the enterprise of the English colonies. To close it, the governors of Canada, in 1753 and 1754, built between Lake Erie on the Ohio, Fort Presqu'île, now the city of Erie, Fort Leboeuf, or "de la Rivière aux Bœufs," at Waterford, the post of Venango, Fort Machault, and where Pittsburg now stands, the celebrated Fort Duquesne. For four years the French valiantly defended these posts against far superior forces, and Washington made his first campaign near Fort Duquesne against his future allies. At the close of 1758, however, the garrison fired the fort and retired, and in the following year the other forts were similarly abandoned. Although these forts had trifling garrisons, not exceeding, in general, two hundred men, they had a

regular chaplain, a proof how important a place religion held in the ancient organization of France.

By this we learn that Father Denis Baron, Recollect, was at that time chaplain at Fort Duquesne; and on the 30th of July, 1755, an entry of a burial is signed by Father Luke Collet, chaplain of the king. This Franciscan was merely on a visit at Fort Duquesne, as he officiated in the presence of the regular chaplain, Father Baron. The latter was probably a deacon at the time, for the register of ordinations at Quebec mentions him as ordained priest there on the 23d of September, 1741. Father Denis Baron was sent successively to Three Rivers, Montreal, Niagara, Cape Breton, and to Acadia.

Father Luke Collet, a Canadian by birth, was ordained at Quebec in 1753, and after remaining in his convent till 1754 was sent to the forts in the valley of the Ohio. These fathers belonged to the reform of the Franciscan order called Recollects, the first of whom arrived in Canada in 1615, with Samuel Champlain. Sent back to France in 1629 on the capture of Quebec by the English, they returned only in 1670, and from that time never left Canada; but as the English government seized their property and prevented their receiving novices, their order is now extinct in that province, the last survivor, a lay brother, having died a few years ago.

It may easily be imagined that amid the privations of a frontier post, and the vicissitudes of war, the Recollects of Fort Duquesne and Fort Machault could make no effort to preach the gospel to the Indians by whom they were surrounded: Delawares, among whom the Moravians were beginning to toil; Senecas, whom the Jesuits had so long taught; if they ministered to any it was to the wandering Catholic Huron from Sandusky, or Miami from St. Joseph's, the men whom Beaujeu led to victory over the disciplined troops of Braddock. Their functions were those of military chaplains; and when they disappeared with the regiments of France, thirty years rolled by without the cross reappearing in Western Pennsylvania; but in 1799 a young priest took up his abode among the most rugged summits of the Alleghanies; there he built churches, founded villages, attracted a Catholic population by advantageous grants of land, and the superior spiritual advantages enjoyed at Loretto; and after an apostolic career of forty-one years, after expending \$150,000 of his fortune in this admirable work, he died, leaving ten thousand Catholics in the mountains, where he had found only twelve families. This holy priest, who in his humility called himself the Rev. Mr. Smith, deserves to be known by his true name, and to have his history recorded for more lasting edification.

Demetrius Gallitzin was born on the 22d of December, 1770, at the Hague, his father, Prince Gallitzin, being, at the time, ambassador to Holland from the court of Russia. In the history of Russia there are few names more illustrious than that of Gallitzin. The gifted mother of the prince-priest belonged to a noble German family. She was the daughter of Field-Marshal Count de Schmettau, one of the favorite generals of Frederick the Great.

By his worldly and ambitious father, the young Demetrius was destined for the profession of arms. His whole education was therefore of the most complete military cast. He scarcely ever heard of religion. In his boyhood, he was, in truth, more familiar with the names of Voltaire and Diderot than with the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. His father was an unbeliever; and an infidel education had darkened, if not destroyed, the faith that lighted up his mother's early years.

The Princess Gallitzin was, in the highest sense, a lady of rare gifts, one whose personal attractions were only surpassed by her beauties of mind and heart; and the Almighty in his own good time mercifully led her back to his Holy Church. In 1786, after a severe sickness, and years of study and examination, a light broke in upon her troubled soul—she again became a Catholic.

As this good and noble mother became more religious, her deep anxiety for the welfare of her only son increased. His lot was cast in wild times. Men laughed at religion. Infidelity was daily growing in boldness, and the rumble of the French Revolution began to be heard over Europe. On the fourteenth birthday of Demetrius, December 22, 1784, she wrote to her child:

“At times, during the last months I have been filled with better hopes, and these, I freely admit, have not now altogether deserted me, only they are depressed and clouded by the worse times of late, and by the ever-recurring signs of the slavish submission, with which you again give yourself up to your frightful laziness and inactivity.

“Beloved Mitri, oh! would to God that to-day, being your birthday, reading this letter, you would begin anew with this—that, feeling for your slavish, effeminate, and indolent inertness, the disgust which it merits, because of its ruin of your happiness, you might be filled with dread in reviewing the past, and fall on your knees to invoke Him for the coming time, with the consciousness that you have now at least resolved with your whole soul to act in future as a free being, who knows that though no man sees him, God sees him, and calls him to an eternal destiny.

“O my Mitri, in this expectation, dearest child, I throw myself with you at the feet of our Father—kneeling I write it—and cry from the depths of my heart, Have mercy on him and me!”

The grace of God and the labors of an able, pious, and earnest mother, soon brought about the desired result. Three years after the foregoing letter was penned young Demetrius Gallitzin entered the Church of ages. The princess was more than happy. He took the name of Augustine in confirmation, to please his mother, who was especially devoted to that great doctor of the Church, because of the similarity of the maternal love with which she wept and prayed for her son to that of St. Monica, of which her friends delighted to remind her.

Referring to his own conversion, Father Gallitzin afterwards wrote: “I lived during fifteen years in a Catholic country, under a Catholic government.

. . . . During a great part of this time I was not a member of the Catholic Church. An intimacy which existed between our family and a certain celebrated French philosopher had produced a contempt for religion. Raised in prejudice against revelation, I felt every disposition to ridicule those very principles and practices which I have since adopted.

“During these unfortunate years of my infidelity, particular care was taken not to permit any clergymen to come near me. Thanks to the God of infinite mercy, the clouds of infidelity were dispersed, and revelation adopted in our family. I soon felt convinced of the necessity of investigating the different religious systems, in order to find the true one. Although I was born a member of the Greek Church, and although all my male relatives, without any exception, were either Greeks or Protestants, yet did I resolve to embrace that religion only which upon impartial inquiry should appear to me to be the pure religion of Jesus Christ. My choice fell upon the Catholic Church, and at the age of about seventeen I became a member of that Church.”

The sudden death of the Emperor Leopold, and the assassination of the king of Sweden—acts considered as the infamous work of the Jacobins—induced Austria and Prussia to dismiss all the foreigners from their armies. The young Prince Gallitzin was thus suddenly deprived of his military position; and his father and mother advised him to travel in order to finish his education. It was decided that he should visit America, study its institutions, and make the personal acquaintance of Washington, Jefferson, and other famous men of that day.

A guide for the noble young traveler was found in the person of Rev. Felix Brosius, a young priest and professor of mathematics, who had formed the resolution of going to the United States, for which purpose he had spent two years studying English. He was to act the part of a friendly tutor. It was the wish of the princess that Demetrius should continue his study of the sciences, and make use of them in his observations in the New World.

Letters of introduction to Washington and Bishop Carroll were at once procured. It was decided that the prince should travel as a simple gentleman—in fact, under the name of Mr. Augustine Schmet. Before sailing a grand ball was given, and the young traveler it is told “danced from dark till daylight.” It was his last dance. The hour came to say adieu, and his boyish heart fluttered. As he stood on the edge of the pier, a misstep sent him plunging into the briny deep, in his mother’s presence. But he was a good swimmer and was soon picked up by the boat which carried him to the vessel—a sailing-vessel. Old ocean began to develop unknown powers in the soul of Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, even as he gazed on the fading shores of Europe, in August, 1792.

Two months and a half after bidding adieu to his mother on the piers of Rotterdam, young Prince Gallitzin was in Baltimore. In company with the Rev. Mr. Brosius, he presented his letters of introduction to Bishop Carroll. The prelate received him with every mark of kindness, and procured him cordial welcome in many of the most charming Baltimore homes.

The kind-hearted bishop also offered the young traveler letters to families in Philadelphia and other cities. Demetrius remained a little while looking about Baltimore, “having,” as he said himself, “nothing in view but to pursue his journey through the States, and to qualify himself for his original vocation.” He met with nothing but kindness. He saw an active, energetic people full of frankness. Nor did he fail to appreciate the American character, and the circumstances of the new country. He beheld a land of peace and plenty—with a vast spiritual field, and few laborers. A new light shed its rays on his mind. It was from heaven. He no longer thought of his traveling tour. The work of his life took form in his manly soul, and he offered his services to Bishop Carroll.

Without delay, the young prince began his theological studies in the but recently founded seminary of St. Sulpice, at Baltimore; and after nearly three years of diligent study and the most exemplary conduct, the great day came around. It was the 18th of March, 1795. The candidate was in his

twenty-fifth year. Bishop Carroll, with inexpressible emotion, raised him to that holy dignity in which he was to be a priest forever and forever.

The young priest desired to remain in the quiet, happy seclusion of the seminary, and, at his own earnest request, obtained admission as a member of the priests of St. Sulpice. Bishop Carroll, however, could not dispense with his services. After laboring in Baltimore and various country places in Maryland, Father Gallitzin, in the summer of 1797, was sent on a singular mission to Virginia. Reports of mysterious events occurring there, had spread over the country, and he was deputed to hold an investigation as to their truth. He spent from September to Christmas in making a rigid examination. "No lawyer in a court of justice," he wrote to a friend, "did ever examine and cross-examine witnesses more than I did." At first, the young prince-priest placed no faith in the reports; but the more he investigated, the more he soon came to a full belief in the truth of what he saw and heard. These singular events at the home of the Livingstones' have been detailed in another place.

Having concluded his Virginia investigations, the youthful Father Gallitzin once more began his zealous labors in the missions of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Full of zeal, and intensely Catholic in heart and soul, the prince-priest was shocked at the un-Catholic spirit that reigned among his congregations. If these people believed in the doctrines of the Church, they would gladly have her authority reduced to zero—if not further! A vulgar arrogance, based on ignorance, had possession of not a few minds. Almost too presumptuous to receive instruction, and too ignorant to be humble, they had lost that grand and simple Faith which enables man to yield a noble obedience to God and religion. What they lacked in solid knowledge, however, was abundantly supplied by loose fancies and religious whims, derived from their heretical neighbors. For them liberty meant license, and all law was oppression. The continual interference of such men, and their dictation in Church matters, were an abomination to the apostolic Gallitzin.

But not one of these mental curiosities and moral dwarfs was the brave Captain McGuire, a good Irish Catholic, and a distinguished officer of the Revolution. After the war of Independence, he resided in Maryland; and being a great hunter, he often penetrated into the primeval forests of Western Pennsylvania. The sound of his rifle was frequently echoed by the most distant of the Alleghanies. On the very summit of this lofty range, in what is now Cambria county, he bought a large tract of land, and went there with

his family to reside, in 1788. The pious captain lost no time in providing for the Church—for which his wonderful faith alone could have given him hopes—and generously made over four hundred acres of land to Bishop Carroll, who had just then returned to the United States, after his consecration. Here a Catholic settlement soon began to form, and its members became urgent in their requests for a resident priest.

Marvelous are the ways of Almighty God! Father Gallitzin had long cherished the idea of founding a community of Catholic settlers in some remote spot, far removed from the busy haunts of men and the contagion of warring sects; where they could live in primitive peace and simplicity; where the stream of knowledge would not be infected by the putrid waters of vice; and where religion could reign as queen!

He had once visited McGuire's settlement on a mission of charity. The thought struck him that this would be the place to carry out his admirable design; and when the good people petitioned Bishop Carroll for a priest, they sent the letter through Father Gallitzin, begging for him to use his influence in getting them one—if possible, to come himself among them. He made their petition his own. "Your request," writes Bishop Carroll to him, "is granted. I readily consent to your proposal to take charge of the congregations detailed in your letter; and hope that you will have a house built on the land granted by Mr. McGuire, and already settled; or if more convenient, on your own, if you intend to keep it."

In the wishes of these devoted people, and the sanction of his venerable bishop, Father Gallitzin recognized the call of God. He resolved, in the midst of this Catholic nucleus, to establish a permanent colony, which he destined in his mind as the center of his missions. Several poor Maryland families, whose affections he had won, determined to follow him; and, in the summer of 1799, he took up his line of march. From Maryland they traveled with their faces turned to the ranges of the Alleghany Mountains. It was a rough and trying journey. The patient travelers hewed their way through the primitive forests, burdened at the same time with all their worldly goods. As soon as the small caravan had reached its new home, Gallitzin took possession of this, as it were, conquered land. Without loss of time all the settlers addressed themselves to the work before them, and toiled so zealously that before the end of the year they had a little church erected.

Out of the clearings of these untrodden forests rose up two buildings, constructed out of the trunks of roughly-hewn trees; of these one was

intended for a church—the other a presbytery for their pastor. On Christmas eve of the year of 1799, there was not a winking eye in the little colony. And well there might not be! The new church, decked with pine, and laurel, and ivy leaves, and blazing with such lights as the scant means of the faithful could afford, was awaiting its consecration to the worship of God!

There Gallitzin offered up the first Mass, to the great edification of his flock, that, although made up of Catholics, had never witnessed such a solemnity; and to the great astonishment of a few Indians, who had never in their lives dreamed of such a wonderful ceremony. Thus it was, that on a spot in which, scarcely a year previous, silence had reigned over vast solitudes, a prince, thenceforward cut off from every other country, had opened a new one to pilgrims from all nations, and that from the wastes which echoed no sounds but the howlings of the wild beasts, there went up the divine song, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. Thus began that glorious Catholic settlement in Western Pennsylvania, which was destined to grow and flourish like a beautiful mountain-flower in the midst of the wilderness!

In the spring of 1800, Father Gallitzin's congregation consisted of about forty families, and the number was rapidly increasing. "I have now, thanks be to God," he said, "a little home of my own, for the first time since I came to this country, and God grant that I may be able to keep it."

The whole cost of his colonization—spiritual and material—was borne by the princely pastor. He lived on the farm which the generous Captain McGuire had given for the service of the Church. But in order to attract immigration around him he bought vast tracts of land, which he sold in farms at a low rate, or even gave to the poor, relying on his patrimony to meet his engagements. The wilderness soon put on a new aspect. The settlers followed the impulses of the great missionary, who kept steadfastly in view the improvement of his work. His first care was to get up a grist-mill; then arose numerous out-buildings; additional property was purchased, and in a short time the colony grew in extent and prosperity. A large part of his own land he laid out for a town, and named it Loretto; the remainder he cleared for the use of the Church, the priests who should succeed him, and such institutions as should in time arise.

In carrying out his work, the prince-priest received material assistance from Europe. At first, sums of money were regularly remitted to him by his mother. With her he kept up a fond correspondence, which his great

love for her rendered one of the consolations of his life. But he lost this good and tender parent in 1806.

The emperor of Russia could not pardon the son of a Russian prince for becoming a Catholic priest, and in 1808 the noble missionary received from a friend in Europe a letter, saying:

“The question of your rights, and those of the princess, your sister, as to your father’s property in Russia, has been examined by the senate of St. Petersburg, and it has decided that by reason of your Catholic faith, and your ecclesiastical profession, you cannot be admitted to a share of your late father’s property. Your sister is consequently sole heiress of the property, and is soon to be put in possession of it. The Council of State has confirmed the decision of the senate, and the emperor by his sanction has given it the force of law.”

Writing to her brother, the Princess Maria said: “You may be perfectly easy. I shall divide with you faithfully, as I am certain you would with me. Such was the will of our deceased father, and of our dearest mother; and such also will be the desire of my affectionate love and devotedness towards you, my dearest brother.”

When the princess married the insolvent prince of Salm, she said no more about remittances. Father Gallitzin, however, cared not for wealth, save to aid the poor, the unfortunate, or the Church. “If he had possessed a heart of gold,” said one who knew him well, “he would have given it to the unfortunate.”

He was up before the sun. Fasting, he rode along the wild pathways of the forest, that were oftener pressed by the wolf and the bear than by the steps of any human being. The wrath of the storm often broke over his devoted head. Then, when he reached some out-of-the-way church, came the same round of duties as before—confession, Mass, baptisms, marriages, funerals, exhortations, and, last of all, another long journey.

In his church at Loretto everything moved with the nicest exactness. He was a lover of order. At his Sunday Mass he preached two sermons—one in English, another in German. French, however, was his mother-tongue. He was a master of English, but he did not speak German very well. His sermons were simplicity itself, ever suited to the times, circumstances, and needs of his people. In a letter dated 1806, Father Gallitzin states that, “the greatest part of the congregation” was Irish.

He was very severe on anything that savored of irreverence in church.

It was the house of God, and it must be respected. Once a Protestant stood in the crowded edifice, gazed around, and seemingly viewed the prayerful congregation with disgust. A hand gently touched his shoulder and he heard the words: "Every one kneels here." He knelt instantly, for it was the pastor of Loretto that spoke.

On one occasion, however, he did not meet with such ready obedience. A member of his congregation had married a Protestant lady. She accompanied her husband to church, but did not kneel. She stood, and her large figure was conspicuous. Mass went on. Many good people trembled, for they felt that a rebuke, swift and terrible, was coming. Father Gallitzin was silent until he turned around to give Holy Communion. "Kneel down, woman—kneel down!" he said in a low voice. But she did not kneel. An instant passed; the prince's black eyes seemed to flash fire, and in a voice of thunder he exclaimed: "Woman, kneel down!" The words shook the very church, and it need hardly be added that the lady dropped on her knees.

Six months rolled by. One day a lady appeared at the door of Father Gallitzin's house. He received her kindly, and she told him she was the person he had once commanded to kneel. He smiled. They conversed for awhile. "I have come to be received into the Church," she observed after a pause. "I have told nobody. I believed the Catholic religion to be the true religion, from the moment you told me to kneel that day in church." She became a good Catholic.

We have a graphic picture of the venerable missionary's appearance on one of his forest journeys, when he had reached his sixty-fourth year. For it we are indebted to the pen of Rev. Father Lemecke, O.S.B., afterwards his successor. In the summer of 1834, the good father was sent from Philadelphia to the assistance of the aged prince-priest. After several days of rough travel he reached Munster, a village some miles from Loretto. Here Father Lemecke procured an Irish lad to pilot him on his way.

"As we had gone," he says, "a couple of miles through the woods, I caught sight of a sled drawn by a pair of vigorous horses, and in the sled a half-recumbent traveler, in every lineament of whose face could be read a character of distinction. He was outwardly dressed in a thread-bare overcoat, and on his head a peasant's hat, so worn and dilapidated that no one would have rescued it from the garbage of the streets. It occurred to me that some accident had happened to the old gentleman, and that he was compelled to resort to this singular mode of conveyance. While I was taking

my brain for a satisfactory solution of this problem, Tom, my guide, who was trotting ahead, turned round, and pointing to the old man, said: 'Here comes the priest.'

"I immediately coaxed up my nag to the sled. 'Are you really the pastor of Loretto?' said I. 'I am, sir.' 'Prince Gallitzin?' 'At your service, sir,' he said, with a hearty laugh. 'You are probably astonished,' he continued, after I handed a letter from the bishop of Philadelphia, 'at the strangeness of my equipage. But there's no help for it. You have no doubt already found out that in these countries you need not dream of a carriage road. You could not drive ten yards without danger of an overturn. I am prevented, since a fall which I have had, from riding on horseback, and it would be impossible for me now to travel on foot. Besides, I carry along everything required for the celebration of Holy Mass. I am now going to a spot where I have a mission, and where the Holy Sacrifice has been announced for to-day. Go to Loretto, and make yourself at home till my return to-night; unless, indeed, you should prefer to accompany me.'" Father Lemeke was only too happy to bear him company. It was a chance that might not be repeated to study the prince-priest in the sacerdotal office which so well became him.

Bishop Kenriek, who was at that time coadjutor in Philadelphia, and as such happy enough to count Prince Gallitzin among his priests, wrote of him on the 14th of January, 1834: "Loretto, in Cambria county, is the residence of the celebrated missionary, Prince Gallitzin, and a very numerous population. It is more than thirty years since that venerable man chose the summit of the Alleghanies as his retreat, or rather as the center of his mission; thence he went, from time to time, to bear the succors of religion to the Catholics scattered over an immense territory, where five priests are now occupied. The number of the faithful at his arrival was very trifling in Cambria county; his perseverance, in spite of all the difficulties with which he had to contend, was crowned with heavenly benedictions. The mountains have become fertile and the forests flourishing. Many Protestants have followed his example, renouncing the errors of the sects in which they had been brought up; and Catholics came from all sides to commit themselves to the paternal care of a priest whose pure and humble life excites them to the exercise of the evangelical virtues."

For forty-one years this humble man, this truly great and good priest, led upon the mountains of Pennsylvania a most perfect Christian life. When

warned to take more care of himself, he would answer, in his own energetic style: "As the days have gone by when by martyrdom it was possible for us to testify to God's glory upon earth, it becomes our duty, like the toil-worn ox, to remain hitched to the plow in the field of the Lord." On Easter Sunday, 1840, Father Gallitzin, being seventy years of age, had, early in the morning, taken his seat in the confessional. After discharging these duties, he bravely braced up his remaining strength to ascend the altar for the celebration of Mass. When it was over he took to his bed—the bed from which he was destined never to rise. On the 6th of May, his pure and princely spirit passed to the bosom of God.

The revered Father Gallitzin's best eulogy is his work. He erected the first chapel in what now comprises the three dioceses of Pittsburg, Alleghany City, and Erie. His cherished Loretto is the most Catholic village in the United States. Not till the traveler has pressed the soil of Cambria county does he feel that he is in a truly Christian land, as he catches sight of the ten Catholic churches and three monasteries—all of which cropped out of Loretto, under the creative and fostering hands of this apostolic and wonderful man. What share he had in its material prosperity may be judged from the fact that he spent over \$150,000 in its improvement. Though for many years vicar-general of the bishop of Philadelphia, he firmly refused all offers of being raised to the episcopal dignity. Having renounced the dignities of the world, he did not aspire to those of the Church.

Long before his death, however, he was held in universal respect. The name Gallitzin has since been given to a fine village.

His love of books was remarkable. He had collected a large number, and truthfully inscribed on these dear companions of his solitude the words: "Gallitzin and his friends."

On one occasion he had given a liberal alms to a poor traveler, who afterwards squandered the money at a tavern. When informed of the deception, the good and noble donor replied, "I gave it not to him, but to God."

In an age of pride and pretension, the humility of this great man is truly touching. For many years he suppressed the illustrious name of Gallitzin, and was known simply as the Rev. Mr. Smith. It will be remembered that he set out on his travels as Augustine Schmet, or, in English, Smith. At the seminary, when pursuing his studies, he was known by that name. He was naturalized as Augustine Smith, and it was only many years after, that, for good reasons, he resumed his family name. When told of the fame of his

writings, he said that "he was glad that the same God who had enabled an ass to speak—who had enabled the unlettered to convert the universe, had also enabled his ignorance to say something in favor of the Catholic Church."

Over thirteen years after the death of Father Gallitzin, his loved Loretto was visited by the apostolic nuncio, Mgr. Bedini. He was delighted. "This village," he writes, "sanctified by the apostleship of Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, is situated upon the highest mountains of Pennsylvania, and is inhabited by Germans—all Catholics without exception. My carriage was preceded by about five hundred persons on horseback—men and women—and followed by fifty vehicles. This peaceful cortége, defiling joyously around the vast mountains, under a most brilliant sun, was to us as solemn as it was touching."

"As he had taken for his models," says Very Rev. Thomas Heyden, the dear friend and biographer who received the prince-priest's last breath, "the lives of the saints, the Francis of Saleses, the Charles Borromeos, the Vincents of Paul, so, like them, he was distinguished for his tender and lively devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He lost no opportunity of extolling the virtues of Mary. He endeavored to be an imitator of her, as she was of Christ. He recited the Rosary every evening among his household; and inculcated constantly on his people this admirable devotion, and all the other pious exercises in honor of Mary.

"The Church in which he said daily Mass, he had dedicated under the invocation of this ever-glorious Virgin, whom all nations were to call blessed. It was in honor of Mary, and to place his people under her peculiar patronage, that he gave the name of Loretto to the town he founded here, after the far-famed Loretto, which, towering above the blue wave of the Adriatic, on the Italian coast, exhibits to the Christian pilgrim the hallowed and magnificent temple which contains the sainted shrine of Mary's humble house in which she at Nazareth heard announced the mystery of the Incarnation, and which the mariners, as they pass to encounter the perils of the deep, or return in safety from them, salute, chanting the joyous hymn, *Ave Maris Stella*. For, like St. John, he recognized in her a mother recommended to him by the words of the dying Jesus: 'He said to the disciple, behold thy mother!' And so, when his frame was worn out in her service, and her Son's, he went up to see her face on high."

The father of our holy missionary died at Brunswick in 1803, still unreconciled to the idea of having his son a priest, and his wife a pious

Catholic, while he was a disciple of Diderot. He embittered the last days of the princess by reproaching her with causing her son's conversion. She bore all with Christian patience, and expired in 1806, fortified with all the consolations of the dying. Her example, and that of her son, doubtless, exercised a salutary influence on the family. One of their nephews, the young Prince Alexander Gallitzin, openly became a Catholic at St. Petersburg, in 1814, at the age of fifteen. He was then a pupil of the Jesuits, and this conversion excited so much attention in Russia, and so irritated his uncle, then minister of worship to the emperor, that the Society of Jesus was immediately banished from Russia. Another aunt of young Alexander became a Catholic in Russia under Father Ronsin, and her daughter, Princess Elizabeth Gallitzin, having herself abjured the Greek schism, entered the community of the Sacred Heart, at Paris. After a stay at Rome, she was sent to the United States in 1840, where she founded four houses of her order, and died of the yellow fever in Louisiana, at the age of forty-seven, on the 8th of December, 1843.

Meanwhile Pittsburg had grown strong in the faith. In the first years of this century, the Rev. F. X. O'Brien had a mission at Brownsville, forty miles south of Pittsburg, which latter city he visited every month, to say Mass for the few Catholics who gathered around him in a private room. About 1807, however, he made Pittsburg his residence, and in the following year erected St. Patrick's Church, so apparently large for the wants of the faithful, that he was long annoyed with reproaches of extravagance.

Father O'Brien was succeeded at Pittsburg by Father Charles B. Maguire, an Irish Franciscan, who had studied at St. Isidore's Convent, Rome. He was even a professor there, when the French invasion compelled him to retire to Germany, where he received from the royal family of Bourbon, then exiled from France, many favors and marks of respect. He came to the United States about 1812, and the mission of Westmoreland county, comprising Latrobe and Youngstown, was first assigned to him. There Father Brauers had taken up his abode in 1789; and this cradle of Catholicity in the diocese of Pittsburg has become, since 1846, the cradle of the Benedictine Order in the United States.

Bishop Kenrick, in 1834, noted the existence of a large German population at Pittsburg. To take care of the Catholics of that nation, some Redemptorist fathers arrived at Pittsburg in 1839, and immediately began the erection of the church of St. Philomena. Two years previous, four

Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg opened a school at Pittsburg, and soon took charge of an orphan asylum. But it is chiefly since 1813, when Dr. O'Connor, instead of being pastor, became bishop of Pittsburg, that, under the influence of his zeal, the new diocese saw churches, convents and monasteries rise on all sides, so that it is now, under Right Rev. Bishop Richard Phelan, one of the best endowed in the United States in the resources of its clergy and the number of its religious communities.

Chapter XXXV.

In New York City.

MANHATTAN IN OLDEN TIMES.—PRIESTS WHO VISITED THE ISLAND.—INGRATITUDE AND BIGOTRY OF THE DUTCH.—GOVERNOR DUNGAN.—TERRORISM AMONG THE FAITHFUL.—HANGING OF A PRIEST.—THE UNCONQUERABLE JESUITS.—ARNOLD THE BETRAVER.—RETURN OF TOLERATION.—OLD ST. PETER'S CHURCH.—RIOTERS BAFLED AT ST. PATRICK'S.—MANHATTAN CONVERTS.—THE FIRST BISHOP OF NEW YORK.—HIS FAMOUS SUCCESSORS.



THE seed-time of the Faith on Manhattan Island—now occupied by the huge Empire city—was lovingly and competently sketched by the late Most Rev. Dr. Bayley, of Baltimore, while he was yet a simple priest and secretary to the illustrious Archbishop Hughes. Following an appreciative review of that work, which is recognized as standard authority, we are enabled to set forth here the more

important and striking facts.

The early history of the Catholic Church on the island of New York is indeed an attractive and interesting theme. It opens with the romantic story of the early Jesuit missions; for of the visits of the Catholic navigators, Verrazani and Sebastian Gomez, we have too little detail to know whether a priest actually said Mass on the island.

The first priest who is known to have set his foot on the island of Manhattan was an illustrious missionary, who, while on his way from Quebec to his mission ground on the upper lakes, was in 1643 taken by the Mohawks,

tortured almost beyond the power of human endurance, spared to become the slave of savages, bearing their burdens in their winter hunts, in their fishing trips to Saratoga Lake and the Hudson, on their trading visits to the Dutch Fort Orange, where Albany now stands, bearing all, enduring all, with a soul ever wrapped in prayer and union with God, till at last the Dutch overcame his reluctance and saved him from the hands of his savage captors, as they were about to put him to death. Covered with wounds and bruises, mutilated, extenuated, scarce human in dress or outward form, such was Isaac Jogues, the first Catholic priest to enter the great city, then in its infancy, to meet with respect and kindness from the Dutch, with the reverence due to a martyr from the two Catholics, sole children of the ancient Faith then in New Amsterdam.

The stay of this illustrious missionary was brief, and his ministry was limited to the confessional, his chapel and vestments having fallen into the hands of the Indians, and been greedily seized as trophies.

Governor Kieft displayed great humanity in his care of the missionary, and seized the first opportunity to enable him to return to Europe. Panting for martyrdom, Father Jogues remained in his native land only to obtain needed dispensations and permission to return to his labors. On reaching Canada, he found peace almost made with the Mohawks, and, proceeding as envoy to their territory, concluded a treaty. He was invited to plant a mission among them, as his associates had done among their kindred, the Hurons. But when he returned to do so, prejudices had sprung up, a hatred of Christianity as something baneful had seized them, the missionary was arrested, treated as a prisoner, and in a few days put to death on the banks of Caughnawaga Creek, on the 18th of October, 1646.

The next priest known to have visited New York was the Italian Father Bressani, who underwent a similar course of suffering, was captured, tortured, enslaved, and ransomed by the kindly Dutch; and by them sent to France. Although he subsequently published a short account of the Huron missions, he is entirely silent as to New Amsterdam, and we know nothing in regard to any exercise of the ministry during his stay on the island.

The first priest who came to extend his ministry to any Catholics in the place was the Jesuit Father Simon Le Moyne, the discoverer of the salt springs at Syracuse, and the successful founder of the Mohawk and Onondaga missions. His visit was repeated, and there would seem to be a probability that he may have actually offered the Holy Sacrifice. The real field of his labors, and those of his associates, was, however,

the castles of the Five Nations of Iroquois, in which, for many years, regular Catholic chapels subsisted, winning many to the faith, and saving many by baptism in infancy or in fatal illness. The converts at last began to emigrate to Canada, where three villages of Catholic Iroquois still attest the power of the gospel as preached by the early missionaries. Political jealousies, infused by the English, gradually intensified the innate dislike of the pagans to Catholicity, and prejudice, debauchery, and penal laws at last drove the Catholic missionaries from a field in which they had labored with such courageous and unremitting zeal.

For years the only Catholic missionary in their territory was Father Milet, held at Oneida as a prisoner. Flying visits alone after this kept up the faith, and in 1709, Father Peter Mareuil, on the outbreak of war retired to Albany, and the mission in the Iroquois country virtually closed. The later and tardy Protestant efforts were in a measure built on these early Catholic labors, and from Delliuss to Zeisberger they gladly availed themselves of the pupils of the Jesuits to form their own instructions.

This Iroquois church has its martyr missionary Jogues, its martyred neophytes, who died at the hands of their countrymen rather than renounce Jesus to bow the knee to Aireskoi; and its holy virgin in Catherine Tehgahkwita, the Genevieve of New France. Then came the growth of mustard-seed in the Dutch colony. We hear of the freedom of worship achieved and established by the founders of the Dutch republic. It is indeed a favorite theme. Catholic and Protestant alike battled with Spain, and the blood of both won the liberty of the Seven United Provinces. Then as now Catholics formed nearly half the population of Holland. But as soon as freedom was obtained, the Protestants turned on the Catholics, who had fought by their sides, deprived them of civil rights, put their religion under a ban, expelled them from their ancient churches. In fact, they halted in their course of tyranny and oppression only when fear dictated a little prudence.

The very church given to the English Puritans under Robinson, by the Dutch authorities, was the church of the Catholic Beguines, whose residences encircled the chapel of which Dutch laws deprived them, in order to give it to foreigners who reviled the creed that erected it and the worship of the Most High so long offered within its walls.

When New Netherland was colonized, this fierce intolerance of the dominant party in Holland excluded Catholics from the new settlement as rigorously as Puritan fanaticism banished them from the shores of New

England. The Catholic Hollander could not emigrate to the new land. No worship was permitted but that of the Protestant Church of Holland. It is well to talk of Dutch toleration, but it is the veriest myth ever concocted; and in New Netherland, though men were received who had denied Christ and been pirates or Salee rovers, Catholicity was excluded.

Gradually a few Catholics did creep into the colony. Father Jogues on his visit in 1643 found an Irishman and a Portuguese woman, forerunners of the four hundred thousand now on Manhattan Island. Le Moyne, as we have stated, subsequently visited the island, and a Dutch domine avers that he did so in order to give the consolations of religion to some Catholic sailors and residents; but the fanaticism of Holland was here, and as an illustration of the freedom of worship supposed to exist, we find that in 1658 a Catholic in Brooklyn was punished for objecting to support a reformed minister.

By the reduction of New York, in 1664, to the English sway, restrictions were really if not explicitly removed. James, duke of York, was a Catholic, and his province of New York was for a time governed by Colonel Thomas Dongan, also a Catholic. Under his administration Catholic priests for the first time took up their residence on the island. Unfortunately, we have little more than the names of three clergymen and some indication of the period of their stay; though hostile notices tell us of one terrible crime they perpetrated—they actually did erect a "Jesuit college," and taught boys Latin. The king's farm was assigned as the place for this institution of learning; but before Catholicity could take an enduring form, James II was hurled from his throne for trying to make the Anglican bishops speak a little toleration. As has often happened, intolerance, with the banner-cry of "liberty," became the order of the day. New York soon enjoyed the benefit of a governor of a true bigot stamp, grandson of one of the bloodiest butchers in the blood-stained annals of Ireland, Coote, earl of Bellomont. He disgraced the colonial legislation with penal laws against Catholics, and characteristically lied in the preamble of his act. But he was a stanch Protestant, and had some curious dealings with Captain Kidd. The result of this change in New York affairs was that the king's farm slipped into the hands of the Episcopalians, and they built Trinity Church on it.

Under the harriving that began with Leisler's usurpation of authority in the province on the fall of James, and his mad brain full of plots and "diabolical designs of the wicked and cruel papists," such Catholics as had settled

in New York seem gradually to have moved elsewhere; or, if they remained, reared families who were strangers to the Faith.

Thus far Catholicity in New York had a strange history. Is it a dream? Fact first: Enlightened Dutch Protestants, champions of liberty of conscience, exclude Catholics, and when they creep in, tax them to support a church against the dictates of their conscience. Fact second: Enlightened English Protestants, after a great and glorious revolution, and of course full of toleration, passed penal laws subjecting Catholic priests to imprisonment for life with murderers and criminals. Fact third: Catholics during the brief period of their influence gave the colony a legislature, a bill of rights, freedom of worship to all Christians, and a college, and first attempted to elevate and Christianize the negro slave. Dr. Bayley thus narrates one of these glorious works:

"The first act of the first assembly of New York convened by Col. Dongan was the 'Charter of Liberty,' passed October 30, 1683, which, among other things, declares that 'no person or persons which profess faith in God by Jesus Christ, shall, at any time, be any ways molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question for any difference of opinion, or matter of religious concernment, who do not actually disturb the civil peace of the province; but that all and every such person or persons may, from time to time and at all times, freely have, and fully enjoy, his or their judgments or consciences in matters of religion, throughout all the province—they behaving themselves peaceably and quietly, and not using this liberty to licentiousness, nor to the civil injury or outward disturbance of others.' By another enactment, all denominations then in the province were secured in their liberty and discipline, and the like privilege was granted to others who might come into it."

For fifty years the history of Catholicity on New York island is a blank. A priest was occasionally brought in as a prisoner on some Spanish ship taken by a privateer; that is all. Catholics are scarcely alluded to. But an awakening came in 1741 in one of the wildest excitements in our annals. Catholics had, indeed, nothing to do with it, and for a long time no breath implicated the few Catholics with the supposed dangers, till a silly letter of General Oglethorpe put the idea into the heads of the New York authorities. Then the negro question and the Catholic question, which have so long alternately afforded a topic for sensation, and have at times been so oddly combined, met for the first time in New York annals.

Dr. Bayley thus describes the negro plot:

"The year 1741 was made memorable by one of those popular excitements which shows that whole communities as well as individuals are sometimes liable to lose their wits. Upon a rumor of a plot made by the negroes to burn the city and massacre the inhabitants, the whole body of the people were carried away by a sudden excitement. The lieutenant-governor offered a reward of one hundred pounds and full pardon to any free white person who would make known the author or authors of certain

attempts to set fire to houses in various parts of the city. A servant-girl, named Mary Burton, living with a man named Hlughson, who had been previously condemned for receiving stolen goods, came forward to claim the reward, declaring that certain negroes who frequented her master's house (he kept a small tavern) had made a plot; one of the accused, named Cuffee, she declared had said that 'a great many people had too much, and others too little,' and that such an unequal state of things should not continue long. The pretended disclosures increased the excitement, and the lawyers of the city, to the number of seven, with the attorney-general, were called together to take council in regard to the matter. They certainly manifested very little coolness or judgment, and may be said to have led on the unfair and unjust trials which followed. The accused had no counsel allowed them; the attorney-general and the whole bar were on the side of the prosecution; the evidence was loose and inconclusive, and came without exception from the mouths of interested persons of bad character. Yet, upon such evidence as this, four white persons were hanged, eleven negroes were burned at the stake, eighteen hanged, and fifty were transported and sold, principally in the West Indies—the city of New York at this time containing about 12,000 inhabitants, of which one-sixth, in all probability, were negro slaves. Among those hung was the unfortunate Mr. John Ury. Whether he was really a Catholic priest or not, he was certainly condemned and hung as such. The most conclusive fact in favor of his being a priest is founded upon the circumstance that, when arraigned as a priest, tried as a priest, and condemned as a priest, he never formally denied it, nor exhibited any evidence of his being ordained in the Church of England.

"The persons most to blame were the judges and lawyers. The speech of the attorney-general on the trial of Ury, the sentence given by Horsmanden upon certain of the negroes, and that by the chief-justice on others, are so harsh, cruel, and abusive, that we could hardly believe it possible that they had uttered them, if they were not published with the authority of Horsmanden himself. It is evident, however, that their 'holy horror of popery' had as much to do with the whole matter as their fear of insurrection among the blacks."

Of course after this attack of insanity New York was scarcely a place for a Catholic to reside. There must have been a few; but evidently they avoided attracting attention. The next Catholic sensation was that of a poor creature whose life had been a sad defiance of all religion and morality, but who, at her death, sent some money to the Rev. Mr. Inglis, rector of Trinity Church, with a request that she should be buried in the church. She was indeed interred there, till a clamor rose fierce and loud. She was not only a public sinner but a Catholic; the latter too terrible a sin to forgive, so she was taken up; but Mr. Inglis never recovered from the stigma.

Not long before the Revolution, the few Catholics in New York were again the object of the zeal of the Jesuit fathers, with whom so much of our history is connected. The mission of the sons of St. Ignatius, which in Maryland was coeval with the settlement of that colony, gradually extended to Pennsylvania and New Jersey, aided chiefly by the bequest of Sir John James. The mission was one involving some danger, and hence required great caution; but finally a Catholic priest stood in New York to begin to gather

the faithful, and administer the sacraments of which they had been so long deprived. The priest who formed this first congregation, the nucleus of St. Peter's, and thus of all the Catholic institutions on the Island of Manhattan, was a German Jesuit, Father Ferdinand Steinmeyr, known on the American mission as Father Farmer. A man of extensive learning, not only in the theological studies of his Church, but in the natural sciences, the Royal Society of London had been glad to add his name to their list of members. Here he would have been a fit associate for Colder, Franklin, and Barton, but the gratification of this taste would have made him too conspicuous in a prejudiced and hostile community; and the man of science submitted to be passed by without notice, anxious only to do his duty as a missionary, and gather the lost sheep of Israel. The reticence required unfortunately leaves us without any direct information as to his visits, and we do not positively know when or where this man, whose learning would have adorned the colony of New York, first offered the Holy Sacrifice for the pioneer congregation of Catholics in this city. Dr. Bayley has collected the various early notes and hints on this interesting point, but it is after all involved in great obscurity.

Father Farmer came undoubtedly with the address of some German Catholic, and his visit would thus be less likely to attract attention, as German clergymen of various denominations often passed through the city. Mr. Idley, a German of the early day, claimed that Mass was first said in his house in Wall street, and the claim may not be unfounded.

Father Farmer continued these occasional visits until the breaking out of hostilities with England. The defeat of Washington on Long Island threw New York into the hands of the English, and for the next seven years his pastoral visits became impossible.

So long as the colonial dependence prevailed, the British government stimulated anti-Catholic fanaticism, because while this spirit was fanned the colonies readily gave men and money to aid in the reduction of Canada. That French colony, after many fruitless attempts, at last fell, under the combined efforts of the mother country and the colonies; but Canada, once reduced, became the object of sounder and more dispassionate statesmanship. By the surrender, the Canadians were guaranteed certain rights, as the Irish were by the treaty of Limerick. Protestant governments have never been over-scrupulous on such points, and it was as easy to break faith with the Canadians as with the Irish, but this time England was honest. The Catholic

Church was left almost intact in Canada; nay, its clergy continued under British rule to gather tithes and receive certain traditional honors.

This was too much for the people of the older colonies to brook. They had not lavished blood and treasure for this. The very bigotry nurtured by English rule now turned against it. And what wonder, then, that the first standard of revolt reared in New York expressed this long-cherished feeling, this hatred of Catholics so long encouraged by government, what wonder that the flag of American freedom that first floated to the breeze in New York bore the motto, "No Popery"!

How little we can fathom the designs of the Almighty! Who looking on that flag could see in it the germ of a freedom of the Church which she then nowhere out of the patrimony of St. Peter really possessed? Yet it was there. Down to the French alliance, this anti-Catholic feeling nerved the Whigs and discouraged the friends of British rule. Then it changed, and the Tory papers caught up every occasion to show how zealously Protestant the British party was. While the select men of Boston followed a Catholic procession through the streets, and congress went to Mass, the British authorities in New York are pointed out by a pamphleteer of the day as beyond reproach. They showed their anti-Catholic zeal in this way:

"In 1778, in the month of February, a large French ship was taken by the British, near the Chesapeake, and sent for condemnation into New York, at that time still in possession of the English. Among her officers was a priest, of the name of De la Motte, of the order of St. Augustine, who was chaplain of the vessel. Being permitted to go at large in the city, he was solicited by his countrymen, and by those of his own faith, to celebrate Mass. Being advised of the existence of the prohibitory law, he applied to the commanding officer for permission, which was refused; but M. de la Motte, not knowing the language very well, mistook what was intended for a refusal as a permission, and accordingly celebrated Mass. For this he was arrested, and kept in close confinement until exchanged. This was under Governor Tryon's administration."

Benedict Arnold—for even this precious worthy may come in as an illustration—when he sat down in New York in his uniform of a British brigadier, to write his address to his countrymen justifying the step which he had taken, and which we are accustomed to characterize by the ugly name of treason, made his strong anti-Catholic feeling justify his course. He had entered the movement as a thorough Protestant; but when congress began to favor popery, he foresaw the ruin of his country, and as a true Protestant made his peace with England. Strong as the anti-Catholic feeling had been in the hearts of the colonists, we do not find that this appeal of Arnold to their prejudices induced a single man to desert the American ranks; it is far more

likely that it may have sent some Irish soldiers from the British ranks to swell Washington's regiments.

We are apt to associate our republic with the idea of unbounded religious toleration. As we have shown, hostility to Catholics was a potent element in arousing the people to declare against Great Britain, and the state governments as originally framed bear deeply impressed the traces of that common feeling which once, in Lyons, proclaimed in one line free toleration in matters of religion, and in the next prohibited the Mass under terrible penalties. If freedom was dreamed of, it was to be one which we were not to enjoy.

The anti-Catholic feeling that characterized the first national movement was displayed in the convention which in 1777 formed a constitution for the state of New York. There no less a personage than John Jay, subsequently minister to England and chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, was the ardent, fiery advocate of intolerance. Catholics of New York owe a debt of gratitude to Gouverneur Morris and Philip Livingston for the manliness with which in that convention they fought the battle of human freedom and sought to check the onslaught of intolerance. But they failed. Under that constitution no Catholic could be naturalized, and the liberty of worship granted was couched in such terms as to justify the legislature at any time in crushing Catholicity, and in point of fact they at once adopted an iron-clad oath that effectually prevented any Catholic from holding office.

Dr. Bayley gives the debates on the interesting questions before the convention; and he notes how, in that curious system of language so common with our public speakers and writers, this constitution found an advocate in the late polished Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, who praised it in an address before the New York Historical Society for its liberality in containing no provision repugnant to civil and religious toleration, as though laws excluding Catholics from citizenship and office were not slightly repugnant.

In point of fact, however, the hostile feeling of the earlier days was soon neutralized, and at the close of the war New York was virtually free to receive a Catholic Church.

How, then, Catholicity took root and grew under the protecting work of men who

"Bullded better than they knew,"

how it has spread and done its work of struggle and triumph under the federal government we shall now see.

The peace opened New York to Catholic immigration, and the influence

of the French officers, of both army and navy, had done much to dispel prejudice. The church to which Rochambeau, Lafayette, De Kalb, Pulaski, De Grasse, Vandreuil belonged was socially and politically respectable—nay, it was not antagonistic to American freedom.

The founder of the Catholic congregation had looked anxiously forward to this moment. The venerable Father Farmer came on to resume his labors and gather such Catholics as the Seven Years' War had left or gathered. His visits and pastoral care, then resumed, were continued till the arrival of the Rev. Charles Whelan, an Irish Franciscan, who had been chaplain on one of the vessels belonging to the fleet of the Count De Grasse. He was the first regularly settled priest in the city of New York. Catholicity thus had a priest, but as yet no church. Mass was said near Mr. Stoughton's house, on Water Street; in the house of Don Diego de Gardoqui, the Spanish ambassador; in a building in Vauxhall Garden, between Chambers and Warren streets; and in a loft over a carpenter shop on Barclay street. An Italian nobleman, Count Castiglioni, mentions his attending Mass in a room anything but becoming so solemn an act of religious worship. The use of a courtroom in the Exchange was solicited from the city authorities, but refused. Then the little band of Catholics took heart and resolved to rear an edifice that would lift its cross-crowned spire in the land. It is a sign of the good feeling that had to some extent obtained, that Trinity Church sold the Catholic body the five lots of ground they desired for the erection of their Church. Here, at the corner of Barclay and Church streets, the corner-stone of St. Peter's Church was laid November 4, 1786, by Don Diego de Gardoqui, as representative of Charles III, king of Spain, whose aid to the work entitles him to be regarded as its chief benefactor.

This pioneer Catholic Church was a modest structure forty-eight feet in front by eighty-one in depth. Its progress was slow; and divine worship was performed in it for some years before the vestry, portico, pews, gallery, and steeple were at last completed, in 1792.

The congregation, living so long amid a Protestant population whose system Halleck describes so truly,

"They reverence their priest; but disagreeing
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear,"

had adopted some of their ideas, and forgetting that the Mass was a sacrifice, and the peculiar and only worship of God, thought that an eloquent sermon was everything. A vehement and impassioned preacher it was their great

ambition to secure, and as the trustees controlled matters almost absolutely, the earlier priests had to endure much humiliation and actual suffering.

A pastor was at last found who filled the difficult position. This was the Rev. William O'Brien, assisted after a time by Dr. Matthew O'Brien, whose reputation as a preacher was such that a volume of his sermons had been printed in Ireland. Under their care the difficulties began to diminish; the congregation took a regular form, and the young were trained to their Christian duties; and the devotion of the Catholic clergy during the visits of that dreadful scourge, the yellow fever, gave them an additional claim to the reverence and respect of their flock.

Beside the church soon sprang up the school. The Catholics of New York signalized the opening of the nineteenth century by establishing a free school at St. Peter's, which before many years could report an average attendance of five hundred pupils.

This progress of Catholicity naturally aroused some of the old bitterness of prejudice.

The sermons of the Protestant pulpits at this period exulting over the captivity and death of Pius VI, produced their natural result in awakening the evil passions of the low and ignorant. The old prejudices revived against Catholics with all their wonted hostility. The first anti-Catholic riot occurred in 1806, as a result. On Christmas eve, some ruffians attempted to force their way into St. Peter's Church during the midnight Mass, in order to see the Infant rocked in the cradle which they were taught to believe Catholics then worshiped.

From that time anti-Catholic excitements have been pretty regular in their appearance; for a time, indeed, eleven years was as sure to bring one, under some new name, as fourteen years did the pestilent locusts. Yet mob violence has been less frequently and less terribly shown in New York than in some other cities with higher claims to order and dignity.

Once, it is stated how a mob, flushed with the sacking of a Protestant church where a negro and a white had been married, resolved to close their useful labors by demolishing St. Patrick's Cathedral. They marched valorously almost to the junction of the Bowery and Prince street, but halted on the suggestion of a tradesman there, that a reconnoissance would be a wise movement. A few were detached to examine the road. The look up Prince street was not encouraging. The paving-stones had actually been carried up in baskets to the upper stories of the houses, ready to hurl on the assailants;

and the wall around the churchyard was pierced for musketry. The mob retreated with creditable celerity; but all that night a feverish anxiety prevailed around St. Patrick's Cathedral; men stood ready to meet any new advance, and the mayor, suddenly riding up, was in some danger, but was fortunately recognized.

What might have been the scenes in New York in 1844, when murder ran riot in Philadelphia! The Natives had just elected a mayor; the city would in a few days be in their hands; a public meeting was called in the park, and all seemed to promise a repetition of the scenes in the sister city. A bold, stern extra issued from the office of *The Freeman's Journal*, it was that actually sent terror into the hearts of the would-be rioters. It was known at once that the Catholics would defend their churches to the last gasp. The firm character of the archbishop was well known, and with that to animate the people the struggle would not be a trifling one.

The call for the meeting was countermanded and New York was saved; few knew from what.

To return to the earlier days of the century. If attacks were made, inquiry was stimulated. Conversions to the truth were neither few nor unimportant. Dr. Bayley mentions briefly the reception into the Church of one nearly related to himself, Mrs. Eliza Ann Seton, widow of William Seton, a distinguished New York merchant. Born on Staten Island, and long resident in New York, gracing a high social position by her charming and noble character, she made her first Communion in St. Peter's Church on the 25th of March, 1805, and in a few years, giving herself up wholly to God, became, under him, the foundress in the United States of the Sisters of Charity, whose quiet labors of love, and charity, and devotedness in the cause of humanity and education in every city in the land seek no herald here below, but are written deep in the hearts of grateful millions.

Several Protestant clergymen in those days returned to the bosom of unity, such as the Rev. Mr. Kewley, of St. George's Church, New York; Rev. Calvin White, ancestor of the Shakespeare scholar, Richard Grant White; and Mr. Ironsides. Strange, too, was the conversion of the Rev. Mr. Richards, sent from New York as a Methodist preacher to Western New York and Canada. We follow him, by his diary, through the sparse settlements which then dotted that region, whence he extended his labors to Montreal. There, good man, in the zeal of his heart he thought to conquer Canadian Catholicity by storming the Sulpitian seminary at Montreal,

converting all there, and so triumphantly closing the campaign. His diary of travel goes no further. Mr. Richards died a few years since, a zealous and devoted Sulpitian priest of the seminary at Montreal.

New York was too far from Baltimore to be easily superintended by the bishop of that see. His vast diocese was now to be divided, and this city was erected into an episcopal see in 1808, by Pope Pius VII. The choice for the bishop who was to give form to the new diocese, fell upon the Rev. Luke Concanen, a learned and zealous Dominican, long connected with the affairs of his order at Rome. Dr. Bayley gives a characteristic letter of his. He had persistently declined a see in Ireland with its comparative comforts and consolations among a zealous people; but the call to a position of toil, the establishment of a new diocese in a new land, where all was to be created, was not an appeal that he could disregard. He submitted to the charge imposed upon him, and after receiving episcopal consecration at Rome, prepared to reach his see, wholly ignorant of what he should find on his arrival in New York. It was, however, no easy matter then to secure passage. Failing to find a ship in Leghorn, he proceeded to Naples; but the French, who had overrun Italy, detained him as a British subject, and while thus thwarted and harassed, he suddenly fell sick and died. Thus New York never beheld its first bishop.

Bishop Concanen was born in Ireland, but at a tender age was sent to receive the white habit in Lorraine, in the convent of the Holy Cross, belonging to the Irish Dominicans, from which, at the expiration of his novitiate, he was removed to St. Mary's in the Minerva, commonly called "the Minerva" in Rome. At the termination of his "college" course of theological studies, during which he had acquired great distinction, he was selected to be professor in St. Clement's, the college of the Irish Dominicans in the same capital, and then commenced that brilliant career in Rome which ended in his nomination to the see of New York.

Then followed a long vacancy, highly prejudicial to the progress of the Church, but a vacancy that European affairs caused. The successor of St. Peter was torn from Rome, and held a prisoner in France. The Catholic world knew not under what influence acts might be issued as his, that were really the inventions of his enemies. The bishops in Ireland addressed a letter to the bishops of the United States to propose some settled line of action in all cases where there was not evidence that the pope was a free agent.

Meanwhile, the archbishop of Baltimore extended his care to the diocese

of New York. When Father O'Brien at last sank under his increasing years, New York would have seen its Catholic population in a manner destitute, had not the Jesuit fathers of Maryland come to their assistance. Rev. Anthony Kohlmann, a man of sound theological learning and great zeal, who died many years after at Rome, honored by the sovereign pontiffs, was the administrator of the diocese. With him were Rev. Benedict Fenwick, subsequently bishop of Boston, and Rev. Peter Malou, whose romantic life would form an interesting volume; for few who recollect this venerable priest, in his day such a favorite with the young, knew that he had figured in great political events, and in the struggle of Belgium for freedom had led her armies.

Under the impulse of these fathers a collegiate institution was opened, and continued for some years on the spot where the new magnificent Cathedral has arisen; and old New York Catholics smiled when a recent scribbler asserted that the site of that noble edifice was a gift from the city. Trinity, the old brick church, and some other churches we could name were built on land given by the ruling powers, but no Catholic Church figures in the list. The college was finally closed, from the fact that difficulties in Maryland prevented the order from supplying necessary professors to maintain its high position.

To secure to young ladies similar advantages for superior education, some Ursuline nuns were induced to cross the Atlantic. They were hailed with joy, and their academy was wonderfully successful. The superior was a lady whose appearance was remarkably striking, and whose cultivation and ability impressed all. Unfortunately they came under restrictions which soon deprived New York of them. Unless novices joined them within a certain number of years, they were to return to Ireland.

In a new country vocations could be only a matter of time, and as the Ursuline order required a dowry, the vocations of all but wealthy young ladies were excluded, and even of these when subject to a guardian.

As the Catholic body had increased, a new church was begun in a spot then far out of the city, described as between the Broadway and the Bowery road. This was old St. Patrick's, of which the corner-stone was laid June 8, 1809; this was to be the Cathedral of the future bishop; and the orphan asylum, now thriving under the care of an incorporated society, was ere long to be placed near the new church.

During this period a strange case occurred in a New York court that

settled for that state, at least, a question of importance to Catholics. It settled as a principle of law that the confession of a Catholic to a priest was a privileged communication, which the priest could not be called upon or permitted to reveal.

"Restitution had been made to a man named James Keating, through the Rev. Father Kohlmann, of certain goods which had been stolen from him. Keating had previously made a complaint against one Philips and his wife, as having received the goods thus stolen, and they were indicted for a misdemeanor before the justices of the peace. Keating having afterward stated that the goods had been restored to him through the instrumentality of Father Kohlmann, the latter was cited before the court, and required to give evidence in regard to the person or persons from whom he had received them. This he refused to do, on the ground that no court could require a priest to give evidence in regard to matters known to him only under the seal of confession. Upon the case being sent to the grand jury, Father Kohlmann was subpoenaed to attend before them, and appeared in obedience to the process, but in respectful terms again declined answering. On the trial which ensued, Father Kohlmann was again cited to appear as a witness in the case. Having been asked certain questions, he entreated that he might be excused, and offered his reasons to the court. With consent of counsel, the question was put off for some time, and finally brought on for argument on Tuesday, the 8th of June, 1813, before a court composed of the Hon. De Witt Clinton, mayor of the city; the Hon. Josiah Ogden Hoffman, recorder; and Isaac S. Douglass, and Richard Cunningham, Esqs., sitting aldermen. The Hon. Richard Riker, afterward for so many years recorder of the city, and Counsellor Sampson, volunteered their services in behalf of Father Kohlmann.

"The decision was given by De Witt Clinton at some length. Having shown that, according to the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church, a priest who should reveal what he had heard in the confessional would become infamous and degraded in the eyes of Catholics, and as no one could be called upon to give evidence which would expose him to infamy, he declared that the only way was to excuse a priest from answering in such cases."

This decision, by the influence of De Witt Clinton, when governor of the state, was incorporated into the Revised Statutes as part of the *lex scripta* of the state.

With this period, too, began the publication of Catholic works in New York, which has since attained such a wonderful development. Bernard Doran stands as the patriarch of the Catholic book trade of New York.

When Pope Pius VII was restored to Rome, another son of St. Dominic was chosen; and the Rev. John Connolly was consecrated the second bishop of New York. After making such arrangements as he could in Ireland for the good of his diocese, he set sail from Dublin, but experienced a long and dangerous passage. From the absence of all notice of any kind, except the mere fact of his name among the passengers, his reception was apparently a most private one. He was utterly a stranger in a strange land, called from the studies of the cloister to form and rule a diocese of considerable extent,

without any previous knowledge of the wants of his flock, and utterly without resources.

His diocese, which embraced the state of New York and part of New Jersey, contained but four priests, three belonging to the Jesuits in Maryland, and liable to be called away at any moment, as two were almost immediately after his arrival. The college and convent had disappeared, and the Church seemed to have lost in all but numbers. Thirteen thousand Catholics were to be supplied with pastors, and yet the trustee system stood a fearful barrier in his way. As the chronicler well observes:

"The trustee system had not been behind its early promise, and trustees of churches had become so accustomed to have everything their own way that they were not disposed to allow even the interference of a bishop.

"In such a state of things he was obliged to assume the office of a missionary priest, rather than a bishop; and many still living remember the humility and earnest zeal with which he discharged the laborious duties of the confessional, and traversed the city on foot to attend upon the poor and sick.

"Bishop Connolly was not lacking in firmness, but the great wants of his new diocese made it necessary for him to fall in, to a certain extent, with the established order of things, and this exposed him afterward to much difficulty and many humiliations."

Yet he secured some good priests and ecclesiastical students from Kilkenny College, whom he gradually raised to the priesthood, his first ordination and the first conferring of the sacrament of holy orders in the city being that of the Rev. Michael O'Gorman in 1815.

Under the care of Bishop Connolly the Sisters of Charity began their labors in the city so long the home of Mother Seton; and, so far as his means permitted him to yield to his zeal, he increased the number of churches and congregations in his diocese.

After an episcopate of nearly ten years the bishop was taken ill on his return from the funeral of his first ordained priest, and soon followed him to the grave. He died at No. 512 Broadway, on the 5th of February, 1825, and was buried under the Cathedral, after having been exposed for two days in St. Peter's Church. The ceremonial was imposing and attracted general attention, and the remarks of the papers of the day show the respect entertained for him by all classes of citizens.

The next bishop of New York was one well known in the country by his labors, especially by his successful exertions in giving the Church in our republic a college and theological seminary suited to its wants—Mount St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, Maryland. The life of the Rev. John Du Bois had been varied. Born in Paris, he was in college a fellow student of

Robespierre and Camille Desmoulins; but actuated by far different thoughts from those which filled the brains of such men, he devoted himself to the service of God. The revolution found him a laborious priest at Paris. Escaping in disguise from France during the Reign of Terror, through the connivance of his old fellow-collegian, Robespierre, he came to America, bearing letters of introduction from Lafayette to eminent personages in the United States.

"Having received faculties from Bishop Carroll, he exercised the holy ministry in various parts of Virginia and Maryland. He lived for some time with Mr. Monroe, afterward president of the United States, and in the family of Gov. Lee, of Maryland. After the death of Father Frambach he took charge of the mission of Frederick in Maryland, of which mission he may be said in reality to have been the founder. When he arrived there he celebrated Mass in a large room which served as a chapel, and afterward built the first church. But though Frederick was his headquarters he did not confine himself to it, but made stations throughout all the surrounding country, at Montgomery, Winchester, Hagerstown, and Emmitsburg, everywhere manifesting the same earnest zeal and indomitable perseverance. Bishop Brute relates, as an instance of his activity and zeal, that once, after hearing confessions on Saturday evening, he rode during the night to near Montgomery, a distance of thirty-five to forty miles, to administer the last sacraments to a dying woman, and was back hearing confessions in the morning at the mountain, singing High Mass and preaching, without scarcely any one knowing that he had been absent at all.

"In 1808 the Rev. Mr. Du Bois, having previously become a member of the Society of St. Sulpice, in Baltimore, went to reside at Emmitsburg, and laid the foundation of Mount St. Mary's College, which was afterwards destined to be the means of so much usefulness to the Catholic Church in America. From this point now surrounded by so many hallowed associations in the minds of American Catholics, by the sound religious education imparted to so many young men from various parts of the United States, 'by the many fervent and holy priests, trained under his direction,' and by the prudent care with which he cherished the rising institute of the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's, he became the benefactor, not of any particular locality, but of the whole Catholic body throughout the United States."

On coming to his diocese after his consecration in Baltimore in October, 1826, he found three churches and four or six priests in New York City; a church and one priest at Brooklyn, Albany, and a few stations elsewhere. But the trustee system fettered the progress of Catholicity.

Long devoted to the cause of education for secular life or the service of the altar, Bishop Du Bois' fondest desire was to endow his diocese with another Mount St. Mary's, but all his efforts failed. A hospital was also one of his early projects; but these and other good works could spring up only when the way had been prepared by his trials, struggles, and sufferings.

During his administration the number of Catholics increased greatly, and new churches sprang up in the city and other parts of the diocese. Of these various foundations are St. Mary's Christ Church, Transfiguration, St.

Joseph's, St. Nicholas', St. Paul's at Harlem. The services of the Very Rev. Dr. Power, the Rev. Felix Varela, of Rev. Messrs. Levins and Schueler, and other clergymen of that day are not yet forgotten.

The excitement caused by the act of Catholic Emancipation in England had its counterpart here, stimulated, too, by jealousy at the influx of foreign labor. The Church had had her day of penal laws and wild excitement; now war was to be made through the press. About 1835 it began in New York. The use of falsehood against Catholicity seems to be considered by some one of the higher virtues. Certainly there is a strange perversion of conscience on the point. The anti-Catholic literature of that period is a curiosity that must cause some cheeks to tingle if there is any manhood left. They took up Fulkes' Confutation of the Rhemish Testament, reprinted the text from it, and affixed to it a certificate of several clergymen that it was a reprint from the original published at Rheims. It was not. They caught up a poor creature from a Magdalen asylum in Montreal, and concocted a book, laying the scene in the Hotel Dieu, commonly called the Convent of the Black Nuns, at Montreal. The book was so infamous that the Harpers issued it under the name of Howe & Bates. It was published daily in *The Sun* newspaper, and had an immense circulation. Colonel William L. Stone, a zealous Protestant, went to the spot, and there convinced of the fraud, published an exposure of the vile slanders. He was assailed in a satire called *The Vision of Rubeta*, and the pious Protestant community swallowed the filthy details. At last there arose a quarrel over the spoils. A triangular lawsuit between the Harpers, the Rev. Mr. Slocum, and Maria Monk in the court of chancery gave some strange disclosures, more startling than the fictitious ones of the book. Vice-Chancellor McCoun in disgust turned them out of his court, and told them to go before a jury; but none of them dared to face twelve honest men.

A paper called *The Downfall of Babylon* flourished for a time on this anti-Catholic feeling, reeking with lewdness and impurity. At last their heroine and tool, Maria Monk, cast off and scouted, ended her days on Blackwell's Island.

Among the curiosities of this period was a work of S. F. B. Morse, entitled *Brutus, or a Foreign Conspiracy against the Liberties of the United States*. The queen of France had given the bishop of St. Louis some altar paintings, and herein was the conspiracy. The controversies of that period now sound oddly enough. They were the topic of the day, and led

to many curious scenes. Among the Catholic controvertists, the Rev. Mr. Levins was particularly incisive and effective; Rev. Mr. Varela dealt gentler but heavy blows, being keen in argument and sound in learning. A tract on the five different bibles of the American Bible Society was one of those occasions where, departing from the defensive, the Catholic apologist assumed the offensive. And this time it was highly offensive. At that time the Bible Society published a Spanish bible, and testaments in French, Spanish, and Portuguese, all Catholic versions, merely omitting the notes of the Catholic translators. Appleton's Cyclopaedia asserts that "the American Bible Society, made up of materials more thoroughly Puritanic, and less Lutheran and continental, . . . has never published any other than the canonical (Protestant) books;" but this is not so. The Spanish bible of 1824 contains the very books which in other editions they reject absolutely. It is true that in the edition of 1825 they left them out of the body of the book, but kept them in the list of books. After that they disappeared, while the title page still falsely professed to give the bible translated by Bishop Scio de San Miguel, without the slightest intimation that part of Bishop Scio's work was omitted.

Mr. Varela exposed the inconsistency of their publishing in one language as inspired what they rejected in another; of translating a passage in one sense in one volume, and in another in a bible standing beside it. The subject caused a sensation. After deliberating on the matter, it was determined to suppress all these Catholic versions; they were accordingly withdrawn. The stereotype plates were melted up; and the printed copies were committed to the flames, although it took sometime to effect this greatest bible-burning ever witnessed in New York.

Meanwhile New York was not without its organs of Catholic sentiment. The Truth Teller was for many years the vehicle of information and defense. The Catholic Diary, and The Green Banner, and The Freeman's Journal followed.

While the controversy fever lasted, some curious scenes took place. Catholics, especially poor servant girls, were annoyed at all times and in all places, in the street, at the pump—for those were not days of Croton water—and even in their kitchens. One Protestant clergyman of New York had quite a reputation for the gross indecency that characterized his valorous attacks of this kind. The servant of a lady in Beekman street—people in good circumstances lived there then—was a constant object of his zeal. One day,

report said, after dining with the lady, he descended to the kitchen, and began twitting the girl about the confessional, and coupling this with the grossest charges against the Catholic clergy. The girl bore it for a time, and when ordering him out of her realm failed, she seized a poker and dealt her indecent assailant a blow on the head that sent him staggering to the stairs. While he groped his way bewildered to the parlor, the girl hastened to her room, bundled up her clothes and left the house. The clergyman was long laid up from the consequence of his folly, and every attempt made to hush the matter up; but an eccentric Catholic of that day, Joseph Trench, got up a large caricature representing the scene, which went like wild-fire, attack being always popular, and an attack on the Protestant clergy being quite a novelty. Trivial as the whole affair was, it proved more effective than the soundest theological arguments, and Mary Ann Wiggins with her poker really closed the great controversial period.

It had its good effects, nevertheless, in making Catholics earnest in their faith. Their numbers were rapidly increasing, and with them churches and institutions. Besides the orphan asylum, an institution for those who had lost only one parent, the half-orphan asylum, was commenced and long sustained, mainly by the zeal and means of Mr. Glover, a convert whose name should stand high in the memory of New York Catholics. This institution, now merged in the general orphan asylum, had in its separate existence a long career of usefulness under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

Bishop Dubois was unremitting in his efforts to increase the number of his clergy and the institutions of his diocese. The progress was marked. Besides clergymen from abroad, he ordained, or had ordained, twenty-one who had been trained under his own supervision, and who completed their divinity studies chiefly at the honored institution which he had founded in Maryland; among these was Gregory B. Pardow, who was, if we mistake not, the first native of the city elevated to the priesthood. Five of these priests have since been promoted to the episcopacy, as well as two others ordained in his time by his coadjutor.

In manners, Bishop Dubois was the polished French gentleman of the old regime; as a clergyman, learned and strict in his ideas, his administrative powers were always deemed great, but in their exercise in his diocese they were constantly thwarted by the trustee system. But he was not one easily intimidated; and when the trustees of the Cathedral, in order to force him to act contrary to the dictates of his own better judgment, if not his conscience,

threatened to deprive him of his salary, he made them a reply that is historical, "Well, gentlemen, you may vote the salary or not, just as seems good to you. I do not need much; I can live in the basement or in the garret; but whether I come up from the basement, or down from the garret, I will still be your bishop."

He had passed the vigor of manhood when he was appointed to the see of New York, and the constant struggle aged him prematurely. It became necessary for him to call for a younger hand to assist. The position was one that required a singularly gifted priest. The future of Catholicity in New York depended on the selection of one who, combining the learning and zeal of the missionary priest with that *donum famæ* which gives a man influence over his fellow-men, and that skill in firm but almost imperceptible government which is the characteristic of a great ruler, could place Catholicity in New York on a firm, harmonious basis, instinct with the true spirit of life, that would insure its future success. Providence guided the choice. Surely no man more confessedly endowed with all these qualities could have been selected than the Rev. John Hughes, in tracing whose noble career we shall follow out the history of Catholicity in New York.

Chapter XXXVI.

Some Illustrious Prelates.

OCCASION BRINGS FORTH THE MAN.—RAISED FOR A HOLY CALLING.—ELOQUENCE IN THE PULPIT.—MISTAKE OF A CARDINAL.—TURBULENT TIMES IN NEW YORK.—FIGHTING THE TRUSTER SYSTEM.—BURNING QUESTION OF EDUCATION.—ABUSE, BIGOTRY AND RIOTING.—THE BISHOP AND THE KNOW-NOTHING MAYOR.—SCORING THE EDITORS.—NEW YORK'S STATELY CATHEDRAL.—SOME OTHER FAMOUS PRELATES.—FIRST AMERICAN CARDINAL.

THE mysterious hand which governs the universe," says Balme, "seems to hold an extraordinary man in reserve for every great crisis of society." It is in this light that we view Archbishop Hughes of New York and his illustrious career.

John Hughes was born at Annalaghan, near the market-town of Augher, County Tyrone, Ireland, on the 24th of June, 1797. His parents, Patrick Hughes and Margaret McKenna, were in comfortable circumstances, but especially respected for their virtue and intelligence. His father was better educated than most men of his class; while his mother was remarkable for a refinement of character far beyond her position and opportunities. John was early sent to school, near his native place, with a view to his entering the priesthood. Here he was well grounded in the English branches, but had not the advantage of the ancient classics.

A reverse of fortune compelled his father, reluctantly, to withdraw the youth from school, and set him to work with his brothers on one of the farms, of which he conducted two. In the midst of his labors, John fondly and

earnestly thought of his true vocation. "Many a time," he afterwards told a friend, "have I thrown down my rake in the meadow, and kneeling behind a hayrick, begged of God and the Blessed Virgin to let me become a priest."

He increased his opportunities for study by reviewing at night all that he had learned at school. The persecutions which Catholics then suffered in Ireland were keenly felt by Mr. Hughes and his family, and by none more than by the ardent John, who was open in his expressions of disgust and indignation. He warmly seconded his father's inclination to emigrate to America.

In 1816, Mr. Hughes, senior, landed in America, and settled at Chambersburg, Pa., and there John, then in his twentieth year, soon joined him, and the rest of the family followed the year after.

The future archbishop first found employment with a gardener and nurseryman on the eastern shore of Maryland, and afterwards worked successively at Chambersburg and Emmitsburg, turning his hand to any honest labor that presented itself. At one time, he toiled as a day-laborer on a little stone bridge over a small stream on the road that leads from Emmitsburg to Taneytown.

But he never lost sight of his vocation for the priesthood, and his object in going to Emmitsburg was to be on the watch for an opportunity to enter the college of Mount St. Mary, then little more than a rude academy, under the charge of Rev. Fathers Dubois and Bruté, afterwards bishops of New York and Vincennes. Several refusals and disappointments but strengthened the young man's admirable resolution. At length, in the fall of 1819, he was taken into the college, on condition of superintending the garden in return for his board, lodging, and private instruction. While his garden duties were faithfully discharged, he employed his hours of study to the best advantage.

In 1820, being in his twenty-third year, Mr. Hughes was received as a regular student of the college. He was untiring in his application. With great success he passed through the routine of teacher, at the same time that he rapidly acquired Latin, Greek and mathematics. Though he became proficient in these, they were never his favorite studies—he viewed them simply as the means to an end. It was in the congenial realms of theology, philosophy, logic, and history, that his soul seemed to expand. He also occasionally preached, and wrote poetry. It is said, however, that his first sermon gave much brighter promise of a future divine, than his maiden verses gave of a future poet. Under the learned and saintly Bruté, who continued his

affectionate counsellor throughout life, Mr. Hughes made rapid progress in learning and solid virtue.

In the fall of 1826, he was elevated to the priesthood by Bishop Conwell, in St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. For several years he labored zealously on various missions, chiefly in the country. His great prudence enabled him to avoid getting mixed up with the lamentable difficulties of the times. He soon learned the evil effects of lay trusteeism, and the lessons thus early impressed on his mind, gave him that knowledge and experience which afterwards led him to purge the system in the diocese of New York.

Father Hughes soon became eminent as a pulpit orator. There was a something—a magnetism about the noble-looking young priest, and his soul-stirring discourses that attracted crowds to hear him. Bishop Conwell was delighted with him. The aged prelate would frequently say: "We'll make him a bishop some day." He was also noted as a controversialist. In 1829, he founded St. John's Orphan Asylum, and about this time he seems to have been unofficially proposed at Rome as bishop of Philadelphia; but the choice fell on Dr. Kenrick. The emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, in 1829, was hailed with joy by thousands in America, but by none more than by the Rev. Mr. Hughes. Through life he was devotedly attached to his native isle, whose wrongs he saw and deeply felt in his youth. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Daniel O'Connell.

The following extract from a private letter gives us an insight into one of the secrets of that success which appeared to follow the archbishop of New York, like his shadow. It was addressed to the newly-appointed Bishop Kenrick, by his pupil, young M. J. Spalding, then on his way to the propaganda, and is dated May, 1830: "I have had the good fortune to meet with Rev. Mr. Hughes. I handed him your letter, to which I am indebted for the kind manner in which he received me. He is a gentleman of the most polite and engaging manners, blending the amiable modesty and reserve of the priest with the easy deportment of the man of the world. He has, I think, a bright future before him."

In 1832, the celebrated Hughes and Breckenridge controversy occurred. The Rev. John Breckenridge was a Presbyterian minister, and the ablest champion of his sect in this country. Through the columns of *The Christian Advocate*, he made a series of bold attacks on the Catholic Church, and even challenged priests or bishops to meet him "on the whole field of controversy between Roman Catholics and Protestants." For a time no attention was

paid to Mr. Breckenridge's taunting challenge; but, on a certain pressing occasion, one of Father Hughes' own flock pledged himself that his pastor would meet the great champion of the Reformation.

The gentleman informed the zealous young priest of his promise. "Since you rely upon me," was the reply, "I will not fail you." And he did not fail. Minister Breckenridge, we believe, never challenged another Catholic priest. The event gave Father Hughes an enviable fame. It at once placed him in the front rank, as a man of bold, sharp, and powerful intellect, and unsurpassed skill in debate.

In every subsequent effort of his life, he sustained his pre-eminent reputation. But in this—as, indeed, in all his other controversies—he was acting on the defensive, and was drawn into these contests by the unprovoked attacks which it was too much the custom of the anti-Catholic bigots of that day to make against the Church. When once embarked in the discussion, however, he did not remain on the defensive; but, like an able general, he availed himself of every point of weakness in his adversaries, and of every advantage which he gained over them, to carry war into the enemy's country. That these malignant and unchristian assaults upon the Catholic religion have, in a great measure, ceased in our day, is chiefly owing to the bold resistance, and the triumphant logic, learning, and eloquence of those two heroic men and illustrious defenders of the faith—John England and John Hughes.

It was likewise at this period that Father Hughes established, and for a time edited the *Catholic Herald*, and built St. John's Church, then the favorite, and by far the most elegant Catholic place of worship in the city of Philadelphia.

Father Hughes was suggested for the vacant bishopric of Cincinnati, in 1833, and it was only by a curious misunderstanding at Rome that he was not appointed.

As suitable candidates for this see, the Rev. Messrs. Hughes and Purcell were nominated on the same list. So equal were their claims, that the authorities at Rome were at a loss to decide as to which should be appointed. The celebrated Bishop England was there then. The cardinal prefect of the propaganda, meeting him one day, asked him if he could mention some particular, however trifling, to turn the scales in favor of one or the other nominee. After a moment's thought, Dr. England replied: "There's one point, your eminence. Mr. Hughes is emphatically a self-made man, and,

perhaps, on that account, more acceptable to the people of a western diocese than Mr. Purcell." "Ah!" said the cardinal, "I think that will do."

Meeting Dr. England the next day, he said: "Well, bishop, the question is settled. As soon as I told the cardinals what you said about Mr. Purcell's being a self-made man, they unanimously agreed upon him, and the nomination will at once be presented to his holiness for approval."

"I was about to explain the mistake," said Bishop England afterwards to a friend, "but I reflected that it was no doubt the work of the spirit of God, and was silent." Another field was thus reserved for Father Hughes—a field in every way more suited to his ability and character.

With long experience, vast zeal, and in the full vigor of manhood, Father Hughes was well prepared for the work of his life, and a wide field was ready for the dauntless toiler. In January, 1838, he was consecrated coadjutor to his old master, Bishop Dubois, of New York. The ceremony took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City; and the impressive scene is thus described by illustrious lips:—

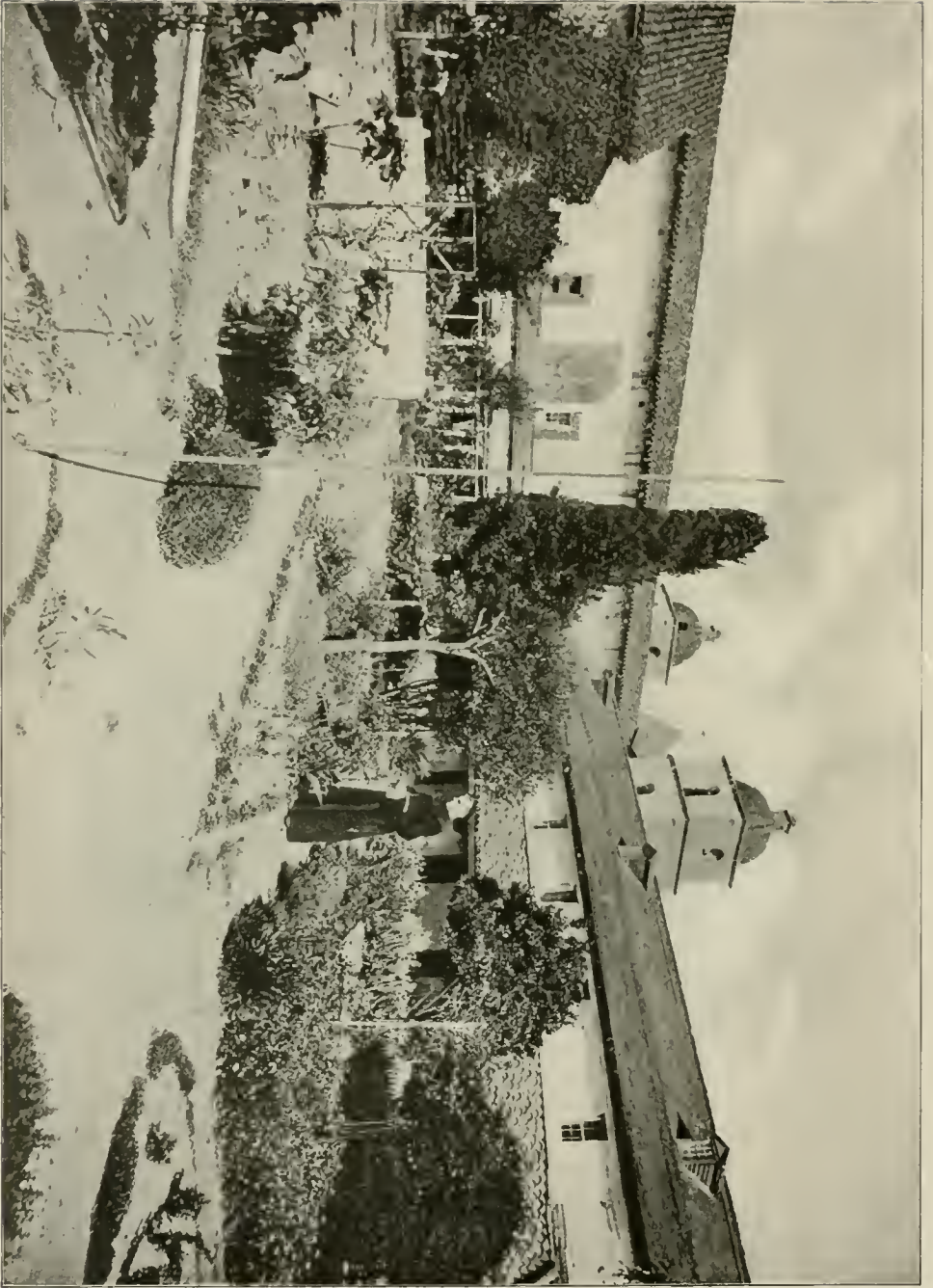
"I remember," said Cardinal McCloskey, "how all eyes were fixed, how all eyes were strained to get a glimpse at the newly-consecrated bishop; and as they saw that dignified and manly countenance, as they beheld those features beaming with the light of intellect, bearing upon them the impress of that force of character, which peculiarly marked him throughout his life, that firmness of resolution, that unalterable and unbending will, and yet blending at the same time that great benignity and suavity of expression—when they marked the quiet composure and self-possession of every look and every gesture of his whole gait and demeanor—all hearts were drawn and warmed towards him. Every pulse within that vast assembly, both of clergy and laity, was quickened with a higher sense of courage and of hope. Every breast was filled with joy, and, as it were, with a new and younger might."

About two weeks after the consecration of Dr. Hughes, the good old Bishop Dubois was stricken with paralysis, and though he partially recovered, he never afterwards took a very active part in the affairs of the diocese. The burden thus fell upon younger shoulders.

The times were stormy. Catholics were sorely in need of a leading mind—a man to battle for their rights. Such a man was Bishop Hughes. He was doubtless an instrument of heaven, raised up for the good of the Church in America. He grappled at once with the evils which beset his



MOST REV. PETER BOURGADE, D. D.,
Archbishop of Santa Fe, N. M.



MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

diocese. With a giant grasp he modified the lay-trustee system; other obstacles and abuses faded away at his touch, or withered at his frown. To his people he was a tower of strength; and for the first time, the Catholic Church in New York soon assumed an imposing aspect and made great onward strides.

We can merely glance at his herculean labors. We have little space for detail. And yet here we cannot pass without a word in regard to lay-trusteeism in its legal aspect. The pernicious system had grown up under the law of 1813, which authorized the male members of full age, in any congregation, other than Episcopal and Reformed Protestant Dutch congregations, to elect from three to nine trustees, to hold the title, and manage the Church property. This law did not prohibit ecclesiastics owning, as individuals, property used for divine service.

As the trustees under this statute claimed to hold the treasury and so rule the house of God, Bishop Hughes appealed to the faithful, whom the trustees could in no sense be said to represent; and advised the people to give their collection, not to their rebellious trustees, but to their duly appointed pastors, whose support was by the laws of the Church obligatory upon them. Following up the ground taken in the pastoral address of Bishop Dubois to the congregation of his Cathedral, in February, 1838, he presided at a meeting, and so clearly developed the real state of the question, that it was determined that the whole system should in future be made to conform to the canon law of the Church.

During the wild ascendancy, however, of Know-nothingism, a law was passed through the legislature of New York, by which it was provided that all property held by any person in any ecclesiastical office or orders should, on his death, become vested in the occupants or congregation using it, if they were incorporated, or would incorporate, and in default, in the people of the state; and no deed of property to be used for divine worship was allowed to have any legal force or validity, unless made to a corporation.

The Catholics of New York are chiefly indebted to Dr. Hughes, and to his Eminence, the late Cardinal McCloskey—then bishop of Albany—for the more just and reasonable provisions of the present law, which, in providing for the incorporation of Catholic churches, constitutes the bishop, vicar-general, pastor, and two laymen selected by them, as the trustees of the Church property.

In the fall of 1839 Dr. Hughes sailed to Europe for the purpose of

obtaining the necessary means to enable him to carry out his plans for the good of religion and education. It was his first visit to the Old World. He was received by pope, and king, and people, in the various countries through which he passed, with every mark of respect and kindness.

He was delighted with Rome, where he spent three months, and received valuable presents from the sovereign pontiff. At Vienna he obtained a liberal donation from the Leopoldine Society in aid of his proposed college and seminary. While at Paris he secured the services of a number of Ladies of the Sacred Heart to found a school in New York City. He also visited Ireland, made the personal acquaintance of Daniel O'Connell, and with warm, sympathetic heart he beheld the struggle of his countrymen for their rights and liberties. After an absence of nine months, he reached his episcopal city in the summer of 1840.

As the good, untiring friend of Catholic education, one of Bishop Hughes' first steps, after his return from Europe, was the establishment of St. John's College, at Fordham, for which object he purchased the beautiful Rose Hill estate. The estate cost \$30,000, and the expense of fitting up the buildings for the reception of students was \$10,000. The institution, thus founded by an illustrious hand, grew and flourished, and has since become the honored *Alma Mater* of hundreds of Catholics, lay and clerical.

The year 1841 was made famous in the history of the Catholic Church in New York by the agitation of the "School Question," as it was called. The agitation grew fierce, and attracted the attention of the country at large.

The system of education against which the Catholics protested was more than insidiously dangerous—it was actively aggressive; and not merely were the books replete with sneer and libel against that Church which all sects usually delight in assailing, but the teachers, by their explanations, imparted new force to the lie, and additional authority to the calumny. Respectful remonstrances were met either with calm disregard or insolent rebuff.

Politicians were so confident of having the Irish vote, no matter how they themselves acted, that they supposed they might continue with impunity to go in the very teeth of their supporters, and systematically resist their just claims for redress. But Bishop Hughes read them a salutary lesson, the moral of which it was difficult to forget. With matchless ability he fought the Catholic side in the common council against all comers, representing every hostile interest; and when justice was denied there and in the legislature, he resorted to a course of policy which greatly disturbed the minds of

the timid, and the sticklers for peace at any price, but which was followed by instantaneous success.

Holding his flock well in hand, addressing them constantly in language that, while it convinced their judgment, roused their religious enthusiasm, he advised them to disregard all political ties, and vote only for those who were the friends of the new school system—which, it may be remarked, was pagan at best—and the opponents of the old system, which, as we have said, was actively aggressive. The bishop thus put the case to his flock:

“The question to be decided is not the strength of party, or the emolument and patronage of office, but a question between the helpless and ill-used children, and the public school society. . . . An issue is made up between you and a large portion of the community on the one side, and the monopoly which instills the dangerous principles to which I have before alluded, on the other. The question lies between the two parties, and you are the judges; if you desert the cause, what can you expect from strangers? . . . I have been given to understand that three out of four candidates presented to your suffrages are pledged to oppose your claims. They may, perhaps, triumph; but all I ask is, that they shall not triumph by the sinful aid of any individual who cherishes a feeling in common with those children. I wish you, therefore, to look well to your candidates; and if they are disposed to make Infidels or Protestants of your children, let them receive no vote of yours.”

The advice thus given to them by their bishop was as consistent with common sense as with decent pride. But something more was required to be done, and that was done. With a few exceptions, the candidates of all parties in the field were pledged to oppose the claims of the Catholics. An independent ticket for members of the senate and assembly was therefore suggested and proposed, and this was adopted at a meeting in Carroll Hall, with an enthusiasm which was owing even more to the pluck than to the appeals of the bishop.

Having, by a speech of singular power, put the whole case before his immense audience, he worked them up to a state of extraordinary excitement, with the true Demosthenic art, putting to them a series of stinging queries, touching, as it were, the very life of their honor. “Will you stand by the rights of your offspring, who have so long suffered under the operation of this injurious system?” “Will you adhere to the nominations made?” “Will you be united?” “Will none of you shrink?”

And he concluded: "I ask, then, once for all, will this meeting pledge its honor, as the representative of that oppressed portion of the community for whom I have so often pleaded, here as elsewhere—will it pledge its honor, that it will stand by these candidates, whose names have been read, and that no man composing this vast audience will ever vote for any one pledged to oppose our just claims, and incontrovertible rights?"

The promise, made with a display of feeling almost amounting to frenzy, was fully redeemed; and 2,200 votes recorded for the candidates nominated only four days before, convinced the politicians, whose promises hitherto had been, as the bishop said, as large "as their performances had been lean," that there was danger in the Catholics—that, in fact, they were no longer to be played with or despised. Notwithstanding the pledges to the contrary, the new system—that of the common schools—was carried in the assembly by a majority of sixty-five to sixteen; and the senate, apprehending that a similar attempt would be made at an approaching election for the mayoralty, as that which had been made in the elections of candidates for the senate and the assembly, passed the measure.

Fiercely assailed by his opponents, bitterly denounced by alarmed and indignant politicians, reviled in every imaginable manner by controversialists of the pulpit and the press, even turned upon by the faint-hearted of his own communion—that decorous and cringing class, to whom anything like vigor, or a departure from rigid rule, is sure to cause a shudder of the nerves—the bishop of New York became, at once, one of the best-abused, as well as one of the most popular men of the day.

His influence over the Irish portion of his flock was unbounded. This flock was rapidly increasing through immigration, which was setting strongly in from the old country, then, for its size, one of the most populous countries of Europe. Bishop Hughes was just the man to acquire influence over an Irish congregation. That he himself was an Irishman, was, of course, no little in his favor. But he was eminently qualified to gratify the pride of a people who found in him a fearless, a powerful, and a successful champion—one who was afraid of no man, and who was ready, at any moment, not only to grapple with and overthrow the most formidable opponent, but to encounter any odds, and fight under every disadvantage. In his speeches and letters the reader will behold abundant evidence of his boldness in attack, his skill in defense, and his severity in dealing with an enemy, especially one to whom no quarter should be given.

When the heroic bishop struck, it was with no gentle or faltering hand, nor was his weapon a lath or a blunted sword. He struck with the strength of a giant, and the weapon he wielded was bright and trenchant, and never failed to pierce the armor of his closest-mailed foe. With the ablest and most practiced writers of the public press, the most accomplished advocates of the bar, the subtlest controversialists, Bishop Hughes had many a fair tilt in the face of an appreciative public; and none of those with whom he was compelled to come into conflict, whether with tongue or pen, speech or letter, that did not acknowledge, or was not obliged to admit, the power of his mind, the force of his reasoning, his happiness of illustration, and his thorough mastery of the English language.

The anti-Catholic spirit which agitated the country from 1834 to 1844, culminated in making Philadelphia the disgraceful scene of riot, mob-rule, and church-burning. Hounded on by the pulpit yellings of fanatical ministers, an army of ruffians did the work of destruction, while the city authorities looked on, and like Pontius Pilate, quietly washed their hands of the whole affair! At two o'clock p. m. on the 8th of May, 1844, St. Michael's Church was in flames! At four o'clock the house of the Sisters of Charity was consumed! At six the same evening, St. Augustine's Church was fired, and along with the rectory, burned! The precious library of the Augustinians was plundered, and the books piled up, and committed to the flames! All this in one afternoon!

Flushed with their unholy triumphs of church-burning, convent-wrecking, and house-pillaging, a chosen band of Philadelphia rioters were to be welcomed with a public procession by their sympathizers of New York; but the stern attitude of the Catholics, obedient to the voice, amenable to the authority of their great bishop, dismayed the cowardly portion of their enemies, and taught even the boldest that discretion was the better part of valor.

It was not the first time that the Catholics of New York had taken a firm stand against the frenzy of the "No-Popery" faction. Shortly after the burning of the convent at Boston, there was an attempt made to destroy St. Patrick's Cathedral. But the church was put in a state of defense; the streets leading to it were torn up, and every window was to be a point whence missiles could be thrown on the advancing horde of sacrilegious wretches; while the wall of the churchyard, rudely constructed, bristled with the muskets of those ready for the last struggle for the altar of their God and the graves of those they loved. So fearful a preparation, unknown to

the enemies of religion, came upon them like a thunder-clap, when their van had nearly reached the street leading to the cathedral; they fled in all directions in dismay.

A meeting of the "Native Americans" of New York was called in the city hall park, to give a suitable reception to their brethren from Philadelphia. The time for action had thus arrived. Bishop Hughes had made it known through the columns of the *Freeman's Journal*, then under his entire control, that the scenes of Philadelphia should not be renewed with impunity in New York; and he was known to have said—in reply to a priest who, having escaped from Philadelphia, advised him to publish an address, urging the Catholics to keep the peace—"If a single Catholic Church were burned in New York, the city would become a second Moscow."

There was no mistaking his spirit, and that of his flock—excepting, of course, the "good, cautious souls who," as the bishop wrote, "believe in stealing through the world more submissively than suits a freeman." The churches were guarded by a sufficient force of men, resolved to die in their defense, but also resolved to make their assailants feel the weight of their vengeance. By an extra issue of the *Freeman's Journal* the bishop warned the Irish to keep away from all public meetings, especially that to be held in the park. He then called upon the mayor, and advised him to prevent the proposed demonstration.

"Are you afraid," asked the mayor, "that some of your churches will be burned?"

"No, sir; but I am afraid that some of yours will be burned. We can protect our own. I come to warn you for your own good."

"Do you think, bishop, that your people would attack the procession?"

"I do not, but the native Americans want to provoke a Catholic riot, and if they can do it in no other way, I believe they would not scruple to attack the procession themselves, for the sake of making it appear that the Catholics had assailed them."

"What, then, would you have me do?"

"I did not come to tell you what to do. I am a churchman, not the mayor of New York; but if I were the mayor, I would examine the laws of the state and see if there were not attached to the police force a battery of artillery, and a company or so of infantry, and a squadron of horses; and I think I should find that there were; and if so, I should call them out. Moreover, I should send to Mr. Harper, the mayor-elect, who has been chosen by

the votes of this party. I should remind him that these men are his supporters; I should warn him that if they carry out their design there will be a riot; and I should urge him to use his influence in preventing this public reception of the delegates."

There was no demonstration. And every right-minded man, every lover of peace in the city, must have applauded the course taken by Dr. Hughes, to whose prudent firmness was mainly attributable the fact that New York was saved from riot, bloodshed, murder, and sacrilege, and, above all, from that dreadful feeling of unchristian hate between man and man, citizen and citizen, neighbor and neighbor, which such collisions are certain for years after to leave rankling in the breast of a community.

We cannot pass further, however, without saying a word in relation to the manly and noble, yet temperate and dignified letter of Dr. Hughes to Mayor Harper. Seldom has there appeared in the republic a document more timely, more eloquent, more triumphant, or more happy in its effects on the public mind. It was written under a threat of assassination, immediately after the fearful May riots of Philadelphia, and at a moment when there was every reason to apprehend similar or worse outbreaks in New York City.

The bishop just took the stand which the emergency required. He assumed that bold and fearless tone which best suits the American character, and his winged words had an almost magical effect on the popular mind. Never was a document more eagerly sought, or more greedily perused. It is estimated that in New York City alone 150,000 persons read it within forty-eight hours after its first publication. The effect was truly wonderful. The excitement, which before had reached a maddening height, all at once subsided, and New York was saved from the outrages which had just disgraced a sister city.

In this memorable letter Dr. Hughes triumphantly vindicates himself from the vile charges made against him by an unprincipled press. He boldly challenges James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald*, William L. Stone, editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, and others, to establish the contrary of the following propositions:

"1.—I have never in my life done one action, or uttered a sentiment tending to abridge any human being of all or any of the rights of conscience which I claim to enjoy myself under the American constitution.

"2.—I have never asked or wished that any denomination should be deprived of the bible, or such version of the bible as that denomination conscientiously approved, in our common or public schools.

“3.—I have never entered into intrigue or collusion with any political party or individual, and no political party or individual ever approached me with so insulting a proposition.

“4.—I have never requested or authorized, the ‘blackening of the public school’ books in the city of New York.

“5.—In all my public life in New York, I have done no action, uttered no sentiment unworthy of a Christian bishop, and an American citizen.”

Then, after putting the same or similar propositions in an affirmative form, and stating them as well-known public facts, which he held himself prepared to prove, he thus boldly addresses his malignant revilers:

“Now, therefore, James Gordon Bennett, William L. Stone, and ye other deceivers of the public, stand forth, and meet Bishop Hughes. But then, come forth in no quibbling capacity; come forth as honest men, as true American citizens, with truth in your hearts, and candor on your lips. I know you can write well, and can multiply words and misrepresent truth; this is not the thing that will serve you. Come forth with your facts. Bishop Hughes places himself in the simple panoply of an honest man, before the American people. He asks no favor, but he simply asks whether the opinion of Bishop White is true, that with the American people no man can be put down by calumny.”

James Gordon Bennett and William L. Stone did attempt “to stand forth;” but we think all will allow that they proved no match for the gifted bishop. They dealt in naught but personal abuse and idle declamation—in “words, words, words.” Dr. Hughes, however, called for and dealt in hard facts, those “stubborn things” that are the great annoyance of liars and scoundrels. The result of the discussion was most happy. It contributed in a great measure to clear away the dark clouds of calumny which had been for years gathering about the Empire city. In short, it left the Catholics in a proud position.

It is this famous letter which contains the touching and beautiful allusion to the American flag. “I can even now remember,” writes the bishop, “my reflections on first beholding the American flag. It never crossed my mind that a time might come when that flag, the emblem of the freedom just alluded to, should be divided by apportioning its stars to the citizens of native birth, and its stripes only as the portion of the foreigner. I was, of course, but young and inexperienced; and yet even recent events have not diminished my confidence in that ensign of civil and religious liberty. It is possible I was mistaken, but I still cling to the delusion, if it be one, and as I

trusted to that flag on a nation's faith, I think it more likely that its stripes will disappear altogether; and that before it shall be employed as an instrument of bad faith towards the foreigners of every land, the white portions will blush into crimson, and then the glorious stars alone will remain."

The reader must not imagine that battling with unruly trustees, unprincipled journalists, and "Native American" ruffianism, occupied more than a small portion of Bishop Hughes' time. No duty was neglected. His vast energy, and a kind of magical activity, made him equal to everything.

One of the greatest difficulties which he had to encounter was the immense debt that hung over the churches of New York City. It retarded the progress of the Church. It was a source of deep anxiety, and never-ceasing annoyance. The increase in the number of Catholics was so great, and, at the same time, they were so poor, that in order to provide them with places in which to worship God, it was necessary to borrow large sums of money, at a ruinous interest. The evil was increased by the mismanagement of the lay-trustees, so that at the time Dr. Hughes began to manage the affairs of the diocese, it was found that every church edifice in the city was mortgaged, or encumbered with debt, to its full value. It took many a long year of toil, struggle, and skillful management on the part of the bishop to get things on anything like a safe financial basis.

In February, 1844, the Rev. Dr. McCloskey—afterwards the able cardinal—was consecrated coadjutor to Bishop Hughes; and in 1845 the latter visited Europe in the interests of his diocese. He was especially desirous to obtain suitable teachers for his Catholic schools.

He returned in April, 1846, and in May of the same year attended the sixth council of Baltimore, whose deliberations resulted, and were subsequently confirmed by the Holy See, in dividing the diocese of New York by the establishment of the new sees of Buffalo and Albany. Dr. Timon was appointed to Buffalo, and Dr. McCloskey was translated to Albany.

While attending the council, Bishop Hughes was summoned to Washington by Mr. Buchanan, at that time secretary of state under President Polk, to confer with the administration in reference to the appointment of Catholic chaplains in the army, then on the way to invade Mexico. The result was that Father John McElroy, S. J., and Father Anthony Rey, S. J., received the appointment.

In 1846 and 1847, the Sisters of Charity in the diocese of New York were organized into a separate society, thus severing all connection with the

parent house at Emmitsburg. In 1817, Bishop Connolly, of New York, applied to the superior-general of the Sisters of Charity, at Emmitsburg, for some sisters to take charge of an orphan asylum in his episcopal city. The new mission was confided to the pious and zealous Sister Rose White, and two companions. On the 13th of September, they took charge of St. Patrick's asylum, corner of Prince and Mott streets. This was the humble beginning of that flourishing community, whose establishments of mercy, charity, and education now cover the Empire state, and in which alone the rule and dress of Mother Seton are preserved unaltered.

Some time after his accession to the see of New York, Dr. Hughes wished to establish a male orphan asylum. This, with other wants in view, induced the zealous prelate to make a formal petition to Emmitsburg for a large colony of sisters. The council of the mother-house notified him that his request could not be granted, and, moreover, that the sisters would no longer be allowed to take charge of male orphans.

The bishop then corresponded with the superior-general, representing the urgent necessities of his diocese; and the result was the establishment of a separate mother-house at New York, of which Dr. Hughes may be considered the founder. The members who did not desire to remain under the new order of things, were left at perfect liberty to go to Emmitsburg. Of the fifty sisters at that time in the diocese, thirty-one remained; and, on the 8th of December, 1846, the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin, Dr. Hughes constituted the Sisters of Charity in his diocese a separate community, under the title of the "Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul." Pius IX, by a brief of June, 1847, approved the new organization, and conferred upon it all the rights and privileges granted to the Sisters of Charity in France or America. The New York sisters now represent the society as founded by the saintly Mother Seton.

"He went about doing good." These words might justly be applied to the whole life of Dr. Hughes. In 1847 he received an invitation from John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, and other distinguished men, to preach before congress in the capitol at Washington. He took as his subject, "Christianity the only source of moral, social, and political regeneration." It is a splendid discourse.

Nor, with pen and tongue thus eloquently laboring in the cause of truth, did he ever for a moment forget the important interests of Catholic education. At this period we find that, through his efforts, the Jesuit Fathers, Ladies of

the Sacred Heart, Christian Brothers, Sisters of Charity, and Sisters of Mercy were settled down to the almost divine work of teaching the young "the way in which they should go."

Though one of the most devoted citizens of the United States, Bishop Hughes never forgot his native land. He loved it with his last breath. In 1847, when the famine was raging in Ireland, he sent the collections just taken up for his theological seminary, amounting to \$14,000, to relieve his unhappy countrymen. He was a noble patriot, and was greatly mortified by the failure of the '48 movement.

The brief of our late illustrious holy father, Pope Pius IX, erecting New York into an archiepiscopal see, with the sees of Boston, Hartford, Albany, and Buffalo, as suffragan sees, was received by Dr. Hughes in the fall of 1850. He sailed for Europe, and had the honor of receiving the pallium from the hands of the sovereign pontiff himself. This was a distinction which the archbishop always alluded to with pleasure and gratitude.

In 1854 Archbishop Hughes was one of the American prelates who accepted the invitation of Pius IX to attend the assembly of bishops from the whole Catholic world, gathered together to take part in the ceremonies attendant upon the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. He was a member of that august assembly, and as a devout child of the Most Holy Virgin he was greatly attached to the dogma.

On his return to New York he recounted the grandeur of the proceedings at which he had the pleasure of assisting. He also immediately began the erection of a church in honor of the Immaculate Conception, which he solemnly consecrated on the 15th of May, 1858. This was the ninety-ninth church erected and dedicated under his personal supervision.

Everything human is limited. Everything human, unhappily, is subject to change. Such had been the active and laborious life of Archbishop Hughes, and such the exciting scenes and contests through which he had passed, that his health, naturally robust, began to fail him in 1848, when he was about fifty years of age.

Many of his great labors and most brilliant efforts were performed in the midst of intense suffering. His natural vigor and marvelous activity of character, it is true, resisted for a time the encroachment of disease; but after the year 1855 he made but few efforts such as those that marked the first part of his episcopal career.

But though the energy of life was on the decline, Dr. Hughes began one

of the greatest of his many great works—the erection of the new and magnificent Cathedral of St. Patrick. The corner-stone of this grand structure was laid on August 15, 1858, in the presence of seven bishops, one hundred and thirty priests, and at least 100,000 people. No accident occurred. Everything passed off in the most perfect order. This is the largest, most costly, and most beautiful structure of the kind in this Republic. The style of architecture is the decorated Gothic which prevailed in Europe about the fourteenth century. The foundation is of immense blocks of granite, and all above the base course consists of fine white marble. The extreme length is 332 feet; extreme breadth, 174 feet. To the height of 330 feet the two massive towers each point heavenward. Beauty and majesty mark the interior.

Some idea of the archbishop's still wonderful energy, and of his influence with his flock, may be formed from the single fact that he paid visits to the most wealthy Catholics to solicit contributions to the new Cathedral; and in one hundred of these visits, which did not occupy over twenty-four hours, he found one hundred persons who gave him \$1,000 each. Before his death the walls of this noble structure reached the height of twelve or fourteen feet.

In 1859 he took an active part in showing his sympathy for the glorious Pius IX, when the star of evil destiny shone on the Eternal city. Dr. Hughes issued an inspiring pastoral on the subject, which was so gratefully received by the holy father, that he ordered it to be printed at the propaganda in English and Italian—a distinction never before conferred on any other pastoral at Rome.

He also raised a collection of \$53,000, in aid of the holy father's depleted treasury. On receiving this present and the letter of sympathy which accompanied it, Pius IX was moved to tears; and as a mark of his grateful appreciation he sent to the archbishop a first-class medal for his religious zeal, and singular and devoted attachment to the chair of Peter.

At the beginning of the late Civil War Archbishop Hughes was frequently consulted by Secretary Seward and President Lincoln. In 1861, he was sent by the Government on a special mission to Europe. Of the object of this journey he wrote to Cardinal Barnabo: "My mission is a mission of peace between France and England on the one side, and the United States on the other. I made known to the president that if I should come to Europe it would not be as a partisan of the North more than of the South; that I should represent the interests of the South as well as of the North; in short, the interests of the United States, just the same as if they had

never been distracted by the present Civil War. The people of the South know that I am not opposed to their interests. They have even published that in their papers, and some say that my coming to Europe is with a view to bring about a reconciliation between the two sections of the country. But, in fact, no one but myself, either North or South, knows the entire object of my visit to Europe."

He visited Rome, Ireland, and Paris, and had long and important interviews with the French emperor and empress. After his return in 1862, an official intimation was conveyed to the Holy See that the president of the United States would be greatly pleased to see Archbishop Hughes made a cardinal; but it seems that Providence reserved this dignity for his venerable successor.

The last institution established by him was St. Joseph's Theological Seminary, at Troy. He delivered his last sermon in June, 1863, at the dedication of a church; and his last attempt at public speaking was during the draft riot in New York City, in July, 1863, when he made a discourse to the people at the request of Governor Seymour, to dissuade them from violence. He spoke from the balcony of his residence in Madison avenue, and was obliged to remain seated, in consequence of the extremely feeble state of his health.

Years of unceasing toil had shattered that once active and powerful frame. He had spent himself for God, and truth, and religion. He had borne the heat and burden of the day. He had fought the good fight, and now he was about to receive the reward of the faithful servant. And surrounded by loved and venerated friends, the great prelate departed from the scenes of his earthly toils, and trials, and triumphs, on January 3, 1864. The legislature and the common council passed resolutions of condolence, and testimonials of respect were offered from every quarter.

Dr. Hughes was a most heroic, venerable, and illustrious man. Whether we contemplate the noble boy kneeling by the hay rick, or the famous archbishop building up the Catholic Church in the Empire state, reflecting honor on his faith and his countrymen by the luster of his name, or counselling rulers and presidents, speaking words of warning and wisdom to kings and emperors, or carrying in his hand the destiny of nations, there is still to be seen the same bright life, the same grandeur of soul. It is the sun rising in the east, moving on its silent course, brilliantly shining in the west, and, finally, sinking amid the sad and solemn splendor of its evening rays. The

career of such an extraordinary man is a light for after-ages. He is one of the glories of the Catholic Church in America.

In our sketch of the great archbishop we have noticed that in 1847 the Holy See, to the great joy of the prelate, divided his extensive diocese, and committed the see of Albany to his able coadjutor, Bishop McCloskey, and appointed to the new see of Buffalo the Rev. John Timon, of the Congregation of the Missions. In a short time a new division was proposed, to lighten still more the burden attached to the see of New York. Part of New Jersey depended on it and part on the see of Philadelphia. The Holy See deemed it now for the interest of religion to unite the whole state of New Jersey under a bishop whose see was fixed at Newark, and appointed as the first bishop, the Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, then secretary of the archbishop. The city of Brooklyn, which had become one of the largest in America, was also made a see, and conferred on the Very Rev. John Loughlin, vicar-general of the diocese. An account of some of these holy prelates, one of whom has but recently died, will fitly complete this notice of Catholicity in the Empire state.

John Timon, who became bishop of Buffalo, was of American birth but Irish parentage. His father, James, emigrated from the county Cavan in the latter part of 1796 or the beginning of 1797, and settled at Conewago, in Adams county, Pennsylvania, where, in a rude log house, John was born on the 12th of February, 1797, the second of a family of ten children. The father and mother seem to have been remarkably devout people, and from an anecdote related of them we can fancy that the lavish beneficence which characterized the bishop was an hereditary virtue in the family. Mr. James Timon called, one day, upon a priest whom he had known in Ireland, and, taking it for granted that the reverend gentleman must be in want of money, he slipped into his hand at parting a \$100 bill, and hurried away. The priest, supposing Mr. Timon had made a mistake, ran after him, and overtook him in the street. "My dear friend," said the generous Irishman, "it was no mistake. I intended it for you." "But," said the clergyman, "I assure you I am not in want; I do not need it." "Never mind; there are many who do. If you have no use for the money yourself give it to the poor."

The Timon family removed to Baltimore in 1802, and there John received his school education, such as it was. As soon as he was old enough, he became a clerk in a dry-goods shop kept by his father. From Baltimore the family removed, in 1818, to Louisville, and thence in the following spring to St. Louis. Here prosperity at last rewarded Mr. Timon's industry, and he

accumulated a considerable fortune, only to lose it, however, in the commercial crisis of 1823. In the midst of these pecuniary misfortunes, John Timon suffered a still heavier loss in the death of a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married. But we may well look upon it as a manifestation of the kindness of Divine Providence, which called the young man to a higher and more useful life, and designed first to break off his attachment to all the things of this world. He heard and obeyed the call, and, in the month of April, 1823, became a student of the Lazarists at their preparatory seminary of St. Mary's of the Barrens, in Perry county, Missouri, about eighty miles below St. Louis.

The Lazarists, or Priests of the Mission, had been introduced into the United States only six years before, and their institutions, founded with great difficulty in the midst of a poor and scattered population, were still struggling with debt and discouragement. The little establishment at the Barrens was for many years in a pitiable condition of destitution. When Mr. Timon entered as a candidate not only for the priesthood, but for admission to the congregation, it was governed by the Rev. Joseph Rosati, who became, a year later, the first bishop of St. Louis. The buildings consisted of a few log houses. The largest of them, a one-story cabin, contained in one corner the theological department, in another the schools of philosophy and general literature, in a third the tailor's shop, and in the fourth the shoemaker's. The refectory was a detached log-house; and in very bad weather the seminarians often went to bed supperless rather than make the journey thither in search of their very scanty fare. It was no uncommon thing for them, of a winter's morning, to rise from their mattresses, spread upon the floor, and find over their blankets a covering of snow, which had drifted through the crevices of the logs.

The system upon which the seminary was supported was the same that prevails at Mount St. Mary's. For three hours in the day the students of divinity were expected to teach in the secular college connected with the seminary, and for out-of-door exercise they cut fuel and worked on the farm. Mr. Timon, in spite of these labors, made such rapid progress in his studies that in 1824 he was ordained sub-deacon, and began to accompany his superiors occasionally in their missionary excursions.

They lived in the midst of spiritual destitution. The French pioneers of the Western country had planted the Faith at St. Louis and some other prominent points, but they had left few or no traces in the vast tracts of territory

surrounding the earlier settlements, and to most of the country people the Roman Catholic Church was no better than a sort of aggravated pagan imposture. Protestant preachers used to show themselves at the very doors of the churches and challenge the priests to come out and be confuted. Wherever the Lazarists traveled they were looked at with the most intense curiosity. Very few of the settlers had ever seen a priest before. The Catholics, scattered here and there, had generally been deprived, for years, of Mass and the sacraments, and their children were growing up utterly ignorant of religion. Mr. Timon was accustomed to make a regular missionary circuit of fifteen or twenty miles around the Barrens in company with Father Odin, afterwards archbishop of New Orleans. The duty of the sub-deacon was to preach, catechise, and instruct. Sometimes they had no other shelter than the woods, and no other food than wild berries. At a settlement called Apple Creek, they made a chapel out of a large pig-pen, cleaning it out with their own hands, building an altar, and so decorating the poor little place with fresh boughs that it became the wonder of the neighborhood.

In 1824 Messrs. Odin and Timon made a long missionary tour on horseback, going as far as New Madrid, in Missouri, and Arkansas Post, in the state of Arkansas. Along the route they traveled—where they had to swim rivers, flounder through morasses, and sleep in the swamps—no priest had been seen for more than thirty-five years. Their zeal, intelligence, graceful and impassioned speech, and modest manners, seem to have made a great impression on the settlers. They had the satisfaction of disarming much prejudice, receiving some converts, and administering the sacraments; and, after an interesting visit to an Indian tribe on the Arkansas River, they returned to the Barrens.

About this time (in 1825), Mr. Timon was promoted to the priesthood and appointed a professor at the seminary. His missionary labors were now greatly increased. Some interesting anecdotes are related of his tours, which curiously illustrate the state of religion at that time in the West. One day, Father Timon was summoned to Jackson, Missouri, to visit a murderer under sentence of death. With some difficulty he got admission to the jail, but a crowd of men led by a Baptist minister named Green, who was also editor of the village newspaper, entered with him. The prisoner was found lying on a heap of straw and chained to a post. The hostile mob refused to leave the priest alone with him; but, in spite of their interference, Father Timon succeeded in touching the man's heart and preparing him for the sacraments.

While they were repeating the Apostles' Creed together, the minister pushed forward and exclaimed, "do not make the poor man lose his soul by teaching him the commandments of men!" And this interruption was followed by a violent invective against Romish corruptions.

"Mr. Green," said the priest, "not long ago, I refuted all these charges before a public meeting in the court-house of this village, and challenged anybody who could answer me to stand forth and do so. You were present, but you made no answer. Surely this is no time for you to interfere—when I am preparing a man for death!"

Mr. Green's only reply was a challenge to a public controversy next day, which Father Timon immediately accepted. The minister then insisted upon making a rancorous polemical prayer, in the course of which he said: "O God of mercy! save this man from the fangs of Antichrist, who now seeks to teach him idolatry and the vain traditions of men."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the priest to the crowd which now filled the dungeon, "is it right that, in a prayer to the God of charity and truth, this man should introduce a calumny against the majority of Christians?"

How far the extraordinary discussion might have gone it would be hard to guess, had not the sheriff turned everybody out and locked the jail for the night. The next morning, the debate took place according to agreement, the district judge being appointed moderator. After about three or four hours' speaking, Mr. Green gave up the battle and withdrew. Father Timon kept on for an hour and a half longer, and the result is said to have been a great Catholic revival in the community. The prisoner, who had steadily refused to accept the ministrations of any but a Catholic clergyman, was baptized immediately after the debate.

On another occasion, Father Timon carried on a debate with a Protestant clergyman—apparently a Methodist—in the court-house at Perryville. The Methodist was easily worsted, but there was soon to be a conference meeting some eighteen miles off, and there he felt sure the priest would meet his match.

"Do you mean this as a challenge?"

"No; I don't invite you. I only say you can go if you choose."

Father Timon refused to go under these circumstances; but, learning afterwards that a rumor was in circulation that he had pledged himself to be on the ground, he changed his mind, and reached the scene of the meeting—which was in the open air—just after one of the preachers had finished a discourse on Transubstantiation and the Real Presence.

“There is a Romish priest present,” this orator had said, “and if he dares to come forward, the error of his ways will be pointed out to him.” So Father Timon mounted a stump, and announced that in a quarter of an hour he would begin a discourse on the Real Presence.

This was more than the ministers had bargained for. They had been confident he would not attend. They surrounded him in considerable excitement, and declared that he should not preach. Father Timon appealed to the people, and they decided that he should be heard. He borrowed a bible from one of his adversaries, and with the aid of numerous texts explained and supported the Catholic doctrine. The discussion was long and earnest. The preachers at last were silenced, and Father Timon continued for some time to exhort the crowd and urge them to return to the true Church. Which was, to say the least, a curious termination for a Methodist conference meeting.

One of the most serious difficulties which the pioneer missionaries had to encounter was the want of opportunities of private converse with people whose hearts had been stirred by the first motions of divine grace. The log-dwellings of the settlers rarely contained more than one room, and that often held a pretty large family. Many anecdotes are told of confessions made among the corn-stalks in the garden, or under the shadow of the forest, or on horseback in the lonely roads.

On one occasion Father Timon had been summoned a long distance to visit a dying man. The cabin consisted of a single room. When all was over, the wife of the dead man knelt beside the body and made her confession, the rest of the family and the neighbors, meanwhile, standing outdoors in the rain. Then the widow was baptized into the Church, and, as the storm was violent and the hour past midnight, Father Timon slept on the bed with the corpse, while the rest of the company disposed themselves on the floor.

Ten years had been passed in labors of this kind, when, in 1835, letters arrived from Paris, erecting the American mission of the Lazarists into a province, and appointing Father Timon visitor. He accepted the charge with great reluctance and only after long hesitation. It was indeed a heavy burden. The affairs of the congregation were far from prosperous. The institution at the Barrens was deeply in debt. The revenues were uncertain. The relations between the seminary and the bishop were not entirely harmonious. Several priests had left the community, and were serving parishes

without the permission of their superiors. To restore discipline would be an invidious task on many accounts. But, having undertaken the office, Father Timon did not shrink. He saved the college and seminary from threatened extinction; he brought back his truant brethren; he revived the spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice; he restored harmony, he greatly improved the finances.

In a short time, he made a visit to France, and returned with a small supply of money and a company of priests. On Christmas eve, in 1838, he sailed for Galveston, in order to make a report to the Holy See upon the condition of religion in the republic of Texas. He found the country in a sad state of spiritual destitution. The only priests were two Mexicans at San Antonio. There were no churches. There were no sacraments.

Even marriage was a rite about which the settlers were not over-particular. Father Timon did what little he could, on a hurried tour, to remedy these evils; but a year or two later he came back as prefect-apostolic, accompanied by Father Odin, and now he was able to introduce great reforms. Congregations were collected, churches begun in all the largest settlements, and the scandals at San Antonio abated. Firm in correction, but gracious in manner, untiring in labors, insensible to fear, making long journeys with a single companion through dangerous Indian countries, struggling through swamps, swimming broad rivers—the prefect and his assistant, Father Odin, traveled, footsore, hungry, and in rags, through this rude wilderness, and wherever they passed they planted the good seed and made ready the soil for the husbandmen who were to come after them.

In the principal towns and settlements they were invariably received with honor. The court-houses or other public rooms were placed at their disposal for religious services, and the educated Protestant inhabitants took pains to meet them socially and learn from them something about the faith. We find in the account of these tours no trace of the acrimonious polemical discussions which used to enliven the labors of the missionaries at the Barrens. There was little or no controversy, and the priests were invited to explain religious truth rather over the dinner-table than on the rostrum. At the request of Mr. Timon, Father Odin was soon afterward appointed vicar-apostolic of Texas, and sent to continue the work thus happily begun.

It was in 1847 that Mr. Timon was removed from the western field and consecrated first bishop of Buffalo. When he had disposed all his affairs and made ready for his departure, his worldly goods consisted of a small trunk

about half-full of scanty clothing. He had to borrow money enough to pay his way to New York. But meanwhile some friends, having heard of his poverty, replenished his wardrobe, and made up a purse of \$100 for his immediate needs.

He was consecrated in the Cathedral of New York by Bishops Hughes, Walsh and McCloskey, on the 17th of October, and reached Buffalo five days afterward. It was evening when he arrived. An immense crowd of people—it is said as many as 10,000—were in waiting for him at the railway station. There were bands of music, banners and flambeaux, a four-horse carriage for the bishop, and a long torchlight procession to escort him home. It is reported that, after the cortége had gone some distance, the humble bishop was discovered, valise in hand, trudging afoot through the rain and mud, behind the coach in which he was supposed to be riding. In after-times he must have sadly compared the cordial greeting of his flock on this night with the trials, the insults, the persecutions, which he had to bear from some of the very same people during almost the whole of his episcopate. We shall not enlarge upon the history of these sad years. Scandals which arose from the factious and schismatical spirit of the trustees of the Church of St. Louis in Buffalo began while Bishop Timon was still a humble missionary in Missouri. They had been quelled by the firmness of Bishop Hughes, but they broke out again very soon after the creation of the new diocese, and Bishop Timon suffered from them to the end of his life. Having no cathedral and no house, he lodged when he first arrived with the pastor of St. Louis', but he had been there only a few weeks when the trustees, in their mad jealousy of possible invasion of their imaginary rights, requested him to find a home somewhere else. This brutal behavior was the beginning of a long warfare, but we prefer to devote our space to a description of some of the charming traits of character of the holy man who crowned a life of incessant labor with an old age of suffering; suffering that was ever endured without complaint or impatience.

Bishop Timon began his administration like a veteran missionary. On the 21st of November, 1817, less than a month after his arrival, he consecrated the Church of St. Louis, and confirmed over two hundred persons. He then proceeded to Rochester, where he gave a retreat, preaching three times a day, and making two meditations for the people, spending the rest of his time in the confessional. The next month he gave retreats in Java and Buffalo; in January, at Lockport. Besides these labors, he preached, instructed, and

gave confirmation at Attica, Geneva, Ithaca, Elmira and Scio, besides visiting the prisoners at Auburn, where, of over four hundred, he found only twenty-eight Catholics.

From the moment of his elevation to the episcopal dignity, the sacred simplicity of his disposition seems to have daily increased. If the anecdote of his behavior at the torchlight procession is not true, it is at any rate consistent with his character. Bishop Hughes declared that the bishop of Buffalo was the humblest man he had ever known. Though he was very neat and precise in everything relating to the service of the sanctuary, rags of any kind seemed to him "good enough for the old bishop," and it was only by stealth, so to speak, that his friends could keep his wardrobe tolerably well supplied. In his visits to the seminary it was his delight to talk familiarly with the young men. At the orphan asylum the children used to ride on his back. Visiting strange churches, he would kneel in the confessional like any other penitent. In his private and official intercourse with his clergy, it was not unusual for him to beg pardon with the utmost humility for fancied acts of injustice. On one occasion he had slightly rebuked a priest for some irregularity. Satisfied afterward that the rebuke had not been deserved, he invited the priest to dinner, placed him at the head of the table, treated him with marked distinction, and afterward, taking him to his own room, in the presence of another bishop, threw himself upon his knees and begged to be forgiven.

In the course of a visitation to a disturbed parish, a member of the congregation he was addressing publicly spat in the bishop's face. He took no notice of the occurrence, but went on with his remarks. "Never shall I forget," wrote the late distinguished Jesuit, Father Smarius, "the days of the missions for the laity and of the retreats for the clergy, which I had the pleasure to conduct in the Cathedral at Buffalo during the three or four years previous to his holy demise. The first to rise in the morning and to ring the bell for meditation and for prayers, he would totter from door to door along the corridors of the episcopal residence, with a lighted candle in his hand, to see whether all had responded to the call of the bell and betaken themselves to the spot marked out for the performance of that sacred and wholesome duty. . . . And then, that more than fatherly heart, that forgiving kindness to repentant sinners, even to such as had again and again deservedly incurred his displeasure and the penalties of ecclesiastical censures or excommunications. 'Father,' he would say, 'I leave this case in your hands. I give you all power, only save his soul.' And then, that simple, child-like humility,

which seemed wounded by even the performance of acts which the excellence and dignity of the episcopacy naturally force from its subjects and inferiors. How often have I seen him fall on his aged knees, face to face with one or other of my clerical brethren, who had fallen on theirs to receive his saintly blessing."

He took great pains to cultivate the virtue of humility in his clergy. A proud priest he had little hope for. To those who complained of the hardships of the mission, he would answer, "Why did you become a priest? It was to suffer, to be persecuted, according to the example laid down by our Lord Jesus Christ." In the strictness with which he tried to watch over the spiritual welfare of his clergy, and changed their positions when he thought the good of their souls required it, his rule was like that of the superior of a monastery rather than the head of a diocese. He was filled to a remarkable degree with the spirit of prayer. He began no labor, decided no question, without long and fervent supplication for the divine assistance. On occasions of festivity or ceremony, he loved to steal away to the quiet of the sanctuary, and under the shadow of a column in the Cathedral to pass long hours in meditation. In traveling he was often seen kneeling in his seat in the cars. His household was always ordered like a religious community. The day began and ended with prayer and meditation in common. The bishop rose at five, and in the evening retired early to his room—not to sleep, but to pass most of the night in devotion, study, and writing. Up to the very close of his life he used to set out in the depth of winter to visit distant parishes unannounced, starting from the house before any one else was awake, and trudging painfully through the snow with his bag in his hand. Religious communities, when they assembled for morning devotions, were often surprised to find the bishop on his knees waiting for them. By these sudden visits he was sometimes enabled to correct irregularities, which he never suffered to pass unrebuked; but he used to say that in dealing with others he would be rather too lax than too severe, as he hoped to be judged mercifully by Almighty God.

The sweetness of Bishop Timon's disposition was in correspondence with the tenderness of his heart. The patience with which he bore the sorrows of his episcopate was equaled by the keenness with which he felt them. Toward the close of his life several anonymous communications, accusing him of cruelty, avarice, injustice, and many other faults—of cruelty, this man whose heart was as soft as a woman's—of avarice, this charitable

soul, who gave away everything he had, and left himself at times not even a change of linen—of injustice, this bishop who pardoned every one but himself—were sent him in the form of printed circulars. So deeply was he wounded that his biographer is assured that the incident hastened his death; he never was the same man afterward. At the end of the next diocesan synod he knelt before his priests, and, in a voice broken by tears, asked pardon of every one present whom he might have in any manner treated unjustly. He died on the 16th of April, 1867, after a rapid but gradual decay whose termination he himself was the first to foresee, and his last hours were as beautiful and inspiring as his years of holy labor.

Right Rev. Dr. Loughlin was born in the North of Ireland; came to America at an early age; made his theological studies at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, and was ordained by Bishop Hughes in the fall of 1840. He at once began the exercise of the holy ministry in New York, and for years proved his devotedness in that most trying of all missions—an extensive parish in a crowded city. He was soon raised to the responsible position of vicar-general; and in the fall of 1853, was consecrated first bishop of Brooklyn, by Archbishop Bedini. His diocese was Long Island, named by the early Catholic navigators, Isle of the Apostles.

Bishop Loughlin's long episcopate has been marked by the rapid and continued progress of the faith. In Brooklyn alone he has dedicated about fifty churches. Catholic institutions of charity or education, crown nearly every elevation in the "City of Churches." He introduced the Visitation Nuns, the Sisters of St. Joseph, Franciscan Brothers, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Little Sisters of the Poor, and several other religious orders. In June, 1868, he laid the corner-stone of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in the presence of five bishops and about forty thousand people. Many years will still be required to complete this great structure. Its dimensions are—length, 354 feet; breadth, 180; height of towers, 350. The style of architecture is the French Gothic of the thirteenth century. Under the rule of Bishop Loughlin, the diocese of Brooklyn became one of the most important in this republic. He died in 1891.

John McCloskey, second archbishop of New York and first American cardinal, was born in Brooklyn, L. I., on the 10th of March, 1810. His excellent parents were both natives of the County Derry, Ireland. At the date of his birth Brooklyn was a little town of about 4,500 inhabitants. There were few Catholics in it, and no church. As a boy at school, we are told

that he was a gentle, delicate lad, who avoided rough play and studied hard, always retiring and modest, ever in good humor, and, whatever his class, pretty sure to be at the head of it. In his twelfth year, two years after his father's death, he was sent to Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg. Here he first became acquainted with John Hughes, afterwards the famous archbishop, who was pursuing his studies at the same institution. John McCloskey went through the full seven years' curriculum, graduating with the highest honors, in 1828. He returned to his mother, then living in Westchester County, New York. As yet he had come to no decision regarding his vocation; but after careful thought and recommending the matter to God, he chose the sacred ministry. He once more sought the halls of his *Alma Mater*, completed his theological studies, and was ordained by Bishop Dubois in 1834. Father McCloskey proceeded to Rome in 1835, and for two years attended the lectures at the Gregorian University. He returned to New York, a profound theologian, a ripe and finished scholar, but above all, a model young priest. Appointed pastor of St. Joseph's, and soon after president of St. John's College, Fordham, he was finally consecrated coadjutor bishop of New York in the spring of 1844. Thus the ecclesiastical chief of New York and his assistant were John Hughes, once the sturdy young farmer, who, brushing difficulties aside, manfully pushed his way through college; and John McCloskey, once the gentle boy who in company with his dear Irish mother often crossed Fulton Ferry to hear Mass in old St. Peter's; and whose youthful battles were only with books!

On the day of consecration Rev. Dr. Power was the preacher.

"I have known him from boyhood," said the eloquent priest, "I have seen the youthful bud of genius unfold itself, and I have seen it also in full expansion, and I thank God I have been spared to behold it now blessing the House of the Lord."

Bishop McCloskey's duties required him to travel through the greater part of New York state. To-day, in many a secluded mission in the western portion of it, where there are large churches and larger congregations, old men still tell of the well-remembered visits of the young, smooth-cheeked bishop, so kind in manner, so earnest, so eloquent, who, a half century ago, came to them, reviving their faith, re-kindling their fervor, and infusing into their hearts something of his own hopefulness and energy, and doing a work the effects of which still endure.

In 1847 the diocese of New York was divided, and Dr. McCloskey

nominated to the see of Albany. To the task of building up that diocese he devoted himself for seventeen years. The magnificent Cathedral of Albany, with many flourishing schools and academies, are but a few of the monuments he left behind when he was elevated to the metropolitan see of New York in 1864. Rome considered him as the most worthy to grasp the pastoral staff, and to wear the miter of the great Hughes.

Grand was the ovation Dr. McCloskey received on his return to the Empire City. There he was no stranger among strangers. He had been baptized in old St. Peter's, and in it he had received his first Communion at the hands of the venerable Peter Malou. He had been confirmed by Bishop Connolly; he had been ordained by Bishop Dubois, and he had been consecrated by Archbishop Hughes.

In this exalted position Archbishop McCloskey did not spare himself. Two undertakings especially stand out in bold relief—the fine Catholic Protectory at Westchester, N. Y., and the completion of the massively grand St. Patrick's Cathedral, which was dedicated by him in May, 1879, assisted by forty-two archbishops and bishops. In the spring of 1875 the crowning honor was bestowed on this most worthy prelate. He was created cardinal. In this event Catholicity in America was honored; and the faith received an impulse which was felt throughout this great republic. Full of years and saintliness, the cardinal expired on October 10, 1885, and was succeeded by his coadjutor, Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan.

Chapter XXXVII.

In the Puritans' Domain.

CATHOLICS ALONE UNWELCOME — PERSECUTION AND PRISONS. — PENALTY OF PRAYING IN IRISH. — CONVERSION AND WORK OF FATHER THAYER. — BETTER FEELING GROWS. — INFLUENCE OF FRENCH ALLIANCE. — NOBLE FATHER CHEVERUS. — CATHEDRAL RAISED BY POVERTY. — TOM PAINE AND HIS CLOSING HOURS. — A SUCCESSION OF WORTHY PRELATES. — NEW ENGLAND ALMOST CATHOLIC. — BOSTON PAST AND PRESENT.



BEFORE the Revolution, we need scarcely look for a single representative of Catholicity in all New England, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. There, intolerance held undisputed sway. The penal code reigned supreme. The follower of the ancient Faith was denied freedom even where the wolf and the bear roamed at liberty. Like his Divine Master, he had scarcely "where to lay his head" in safety.

In New England the peaceful Quaker and the unoffending Catholic were treated with about equal cruelty. The legislature of Massachusetts in 1647, enacted, that Jesuits entering the colony should be expelled, and, if they returned, hanged. As years passed on, each new enactment surpassed the other in positive ferocity. In 1657, the foregoing Puritan body passed a law against the entrance of Quakers, which is its own best commentary. For daring to come among the Christian (?) Pilgrim Fathers of New England, "every male Quaker shall, for the first offense, have one of his ears cut off, and be kept at work in the house of correction till he can be sent away at his own charge; and for the second offense, shall have the other ear cut off,

and be kept at the house of correction as aforesaid. And every woman Quaker that shall presume to come into this jurisdiction, shall be severely whipt, and kept at the house of correction till she be sent away at her own charge. And for every Quaker (man or woman) that shall a third time herein offend, they shall have their tongues bored through with a red hot iron, and kept at the house of correction till they be sent away at their own charge."

"It were hard to say," writes John Francis Maguire, "whether the Puritan was more ferociously in earnest in his persecution of Quakers and Catholics, or in his extermination of witches—for a profound belief in witchcraft was one of the most striking evidences of his enlightenment and good sense. . . . In Catholic Maryland there had been no ear-cropping, no boring of tongues with hot pokers—such exhibitions of brotherly love and mercy were reserved for the Plymouth Fathers."

In 1692, when the two Massachusetts colonies were erected into a single royal province, under a new charter from William and Mary, liberty of conscience was assured to all but Catholics. The Episcopal form of worship was placed upon the same footing as the Congregational, and church membership was no longer to be a qualification for citizenship. Still, the prejudice against Catholics remained as strong as ever, and the Mother Church had no recognition. The witchcraft mania which raged before and about this time was made a source of persecution to anybody suspected of "Papist" tendencies. One of its earliest victims was a woman known as Goody Glover, and supposed to be a Catholic from Ireland. Father Fitton, in his valuable "Sketches of the Establishment of the Church in New England," gives the following interesting account of this woman:

"Mrs. Glover, for such was her name, was probably one of the unfortunate women whom English barbarity tore from their homes in Ireland to sell as slaves in America. English she could scarcely speak; and, on being accused as a witch, by a certain Miss Goodwin, for whom her daughter worked, she was arrested and put to the usual tests, one of which was the repetition of the Lord's Prayer; she repeated it in Irish, but as it was not understood, they required more. She repeated it next in Latin, but not quite correctly; in English she could not, as she had never learned it. This, however, corroborated the testimony of the girl, her accuser, and the poor Irish woman was hanged, because she could not pray in a language to her foreign and unknown, and, strangely enough, for not praying in pure Latin!"

Notwithstanding all the restrictions and persecutions, a few Catholics from time to time found their way to Boston, and quietly lived there without any profession of faith. Soon after its settlement, Boston became the most important seaport of the colonies and it carried on a flourishing trade with England, West Indies, and other ports in America. From a volume of the "Boston Town Records," under date of September 22, 1746, the following has been copied:

"Whereas it is suggested that there are several persons Roman Catholicks that now dwell and reside in this Town and it may be very Dangerous to permit such persons to Reside here in Case we should be attack'd by an Enemy, Therefore Voted that Mr. Jeremiah Allen Mr. Nathaniel Gardner and Mr. Joseph Bradford be and hereby are appointed a Committee to take Care and prevent any Danger the Town may be in from Roman Catholicks residing here by making Strict Search and enquiry after all such and pursue such methods relating to em as the Law directs."

On the 25th of September, the "Town mett according to Adjournment" and "The Committee appointed the 22d instant to take Care and prevent any Danger the Town may be in by Roman Catholicks residing here, Reported that they had found the Laws now in force relating to such persons to be insufficient To Enable them to Effect the same and therefore could do nothing hereon altho they suspected a considerable number of Roman Catholicks to be now in Town—Whereupon it was moved & Voted that the Representatives of this Town be and hereby are desired to Endeavour at the next Session of the General Court to get a Law pass'd that shall be effectual to Secure the Town from any Danger they may be in, by Roman Catholicks Dwelling here."

While the Catholic religion was barred out of Massachusetts in colonial days, it was steadily spreading in other parts of the New World. In the north under the protection of the French flag, the heroic Jesuit missionaries were converting the Indians in the forests of Maine, along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and on the shores of the Great Lakes. In the south, the zealous English Jesuit Fathers, White and Altham, who landed with the Catholic Pilgrims on the shores of Maryland in 1634, labored successfully among the Indians and colonists; and the enterprising Franciscan and Dominican fathers carried the blessings of Christian civilization farther south, from Florida to the shores of the Pacific. To Massachusetts must be accorded the discredit of resisting the establishment of the Catholic Church long after it had gained a foothold in almost every other place in America.

As early as 1650, only twenty years after the settlement of Boston, the Rev. Gabriel Druillettes, the Jesuit apostle of Maine, visited the Puritan town, on the invitation and under the protection of the authorities. He came as a plenipotentiary to confer with Governor Dudley and other commissioners about joining an alliance with the Abnaki Indians in Maine. He reached Boston on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1650, and was graciously received by the officials. "The principal men of Charlestown," writes Father Fitton, "immediately waited on him, and Major-General Gibbons, being informed of the character in which he came, invited him to his house." In his own narrative, the good Jesuit father says:

"He [Gibbons] gave the key of a room where I might in all liberty, pray and perform the other exercises of my religion; and he besought me to take no other lodging while I was in Boston."

Father Druillettes does not state that he carried his missionary chalice with him; "but," Father Fitton says, "as this is by no means improbable, we may infer that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered in Boston, in December, 1650."

In 1700, a new act was passed by Massachusetts, condemning Catholic missionaries to imprisonment and death if captured on her soil, charging them with all sorts of crimes. Under laws of this nature, the Catholic missionaries were forced to confine themselves to other parts of America. It was not until the colonies threw off the yoke of England and declared themselves free and independent, that Catholic priests were tolerated in Boston.

To the illustrious Washington are Catholics indebted for the first favorable recognition. When he assumed command of the army around Boston in 1775, he was astonished to find that preparations were in progress to celebrate "Gun Powder Plot," by the usual custom of burning the pope in effigy. He determined to stop the bigoted practice, so far as the camp was concerned, and issued the following order:

"November 5th. As the Commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense, as not to see the impropriety of such a step. . . . It is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to our (Catholic) brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late success over the common enemy in Canada."

The presence of the French fleet and armies in Boston Harbor, in 1778, under the command of the distinguished Count D'Estang, was the occasion of the first public demonstration of Catholicity in the city of the Puritans. From the 25th of August till November the fleet remained in the harbor, and the officers, most of whom were Catholics, were hospitably entertained by the citizens. Divine service was regularly performed on the vessels, and witnessed by many of the inhabitants who were deeply impressed with the piety and respect of the crews. One of the French officers having died, the body was buried with all the impressive ceremonies of the Church. The funeral was preceded by a large crucifix, and the members of the Town Council marched in the funeral procession through the streets of the city. What a gratifying sight this must have been for the few despised Catholics who had, at this time, made Boston their home!

Abbé Robin, who visited Boston as a chaplain in Count Rochambeau's fleet, wrote an interesting and intelligent description of Boston in 1781, in a series of letters to a friend. He gave the Bostonians the credit of observing the Sunday with "the utmost strictness, the most innocent recreations and pleasures being prohibited." In noticing the Protestant places of worship, he speaks approvingly of the order and respect observed by the congregations, but evidently was not pleased with the interior of the buildings. "All these churches are destitute of ornament," he said; "no addresses are made to the heart and the imagination; there is no visible object to suggest to the mind for what purpose a man comes into these places, who is he, and what he shortly will be. . . . The pomp of the ceremony is here wanting to shadow out the greatness of the Being he goes to worship; there are no processions to testify the homage to Him, the Great Spirit of the Universe."

The abbé no doubt missed the grand churches and ceremonies of his native France, and found nothing in Boston to satisfy his Catholic heart. He makes no mention of meeting any Catholics here, nor exercising any religious functions.

The first Catholic clergyman stationed in Boston was Abbé Claude de la Poterie, a Frenchman, who had been a chaplain in the French fleet. Mention is made of the abbé coming to Boston in 1784, but there is no account of his being authorized to perform the sacred functions till late in the year 1788. His first Mass was celebrated in the house of a Mr. Baur, on Green street, according to Rev. A. Sherwood Healy's interesting sketch of the

Cathedral of Boston; but the old Huguenot church on School street, having been secured by the few French, Spanish and Irish Catholics here, the first public Mass was celebrated therein on Sunday, November 2, 1788. This building was named the "Church of the Holy Cross" by the abbé, a title of singular appropriateness, in view of the fact that Columbus styled the New World the "Land of the Holy Cross." Little did sturdy John Endicott think, when he cut the cross out of the English flag because it was an emblem of "Popery," that the Holy Cross would be thus honored and perpetuated after that flag had been driven from the colonies.

A memorandum of the Protestant minister, Dr. Belknap, under date of November, 1788, says: "The first Sabbath in this month, a Popish Chapel was opened in this town; the old French Protestant meeting-house in School street. A clergyman who was dismissed from the French fleet in disgrace officiates." Dr. Carroll, of Baltimore, who was then prefect-apostolic of the Catholic Church in the United States, and who gave Abbé Poterie authority to officiate in Boston, evidently was not acquainted with the real character and standing of the abbé, for in a few months afterwards, when information was received from France, the abbé was summarily suspended, Rev. William O'Brien being sent from New York for that purpose. As soon as the church was opened, the French members of the little congregation sent an appeal to the archbishop of Paris for "the necessary vestments and plate for the altar," which His Grace sent, with a portrait of himself, and a letter telling them to beware of a certain Abbé Poterie who was somewhere in America. The abbé acknowledged that he was the person referred to, and left Boston when suspended by order of Dr. Carroll. The altar plate is still used in the Cathedral, and the picture of Mgr. de Juigneux, the archbishop, is now in the parlor of the episcopal residence.

With the abbé, it seems, was associated Rev. L. Rousselet. Both clergymen were succeeded by Rev. John Thayer, who was regularly appointed by Dr. Carroll to take charge of the New England mission. Perhaps the establishment of the Catholic Church in Boston should date from the appointment of Father Thayer, who began his pastorate on the 10th of June, 1790. He certainly appears to have been providentially prepared for this work. He was born in Boston, of a family in good circumstances, and brought up as a strict Protestant. He was educated for the ministry and performed its functions for two years in Boston. These facts and the following account of his conversion to the Catholic faith are taken from a book entitled "The

Conversion of the Reverend John Thayer of Boston," written by himself, and published in Paris, in 1788.

Feeling a secret inclination to travel and learn the European languages, and acquire a knowledge of the customs, laws and governments of the principal nations, he started for France. "Such were my human views," he says, "without the least suspicion of the secret design of Providence, which was preparing me for more precious advantages."

He arrived in France at the end of the year 1781, and remained there ten months, studying the language and instructing himself in the principles of government. He was taken ill, and as he feared his sickness would be attended with serious consequences, his first concern was to forbid that any Catholic priest should come near him. After his recovery he spent three months in England, observing the manners and customs of the country. He returned to France, with the intention of passing to Rome. In his passage from Marseilles to Rome, the vessel was becalmed and was obliged to stop several days at a little port called Port Ereole. He was entertained there by the Marquis D'Elmoro, the leading official of the place and a Catholic, "without any recommendations, with the kindness and affection of a father. Such goodness and cordiality to a stranger, to an avowed Protestant, touched and surprised me," says he. "This religion is not, then, so unsociable, and does not, as I have been told, inspire sentiments of aversion and intolerance to those of a different persuasion."

When he reached Rome his first concern was to visit the most celebrated masterpieces and monuments of antiquity. While visiting the Pantheon, which formerly was a pagan temple, but now dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, he was led to respect the Church through whose power the cross of Jesus Christ was raised on wrecks of the idols. He soon acquired a knowledge of the Italian language, and was able to read its best authors. Being desirous of instructing himself thoroughly in the Catholic religion, for the same reason that he should have wished to know the religion of Mohammed if at Constantinople, he became desirous of knowing the doctrine of Catholics from their own lips.

"After having sought for an opportunity of conversing with some person well informed, both able and willing to instruct me thoroughly in the Catholic doctrines," says he, "I met with two ecclesiastics in a place which I was accustomed to frequent. I entered into conversation with them, and declared who I was and what I wanted. At that time I thought with respect

to the Jesuits as all other Protestants do; but yet, I told them I should be glad to form an acquaintance with some of them. I know, said I, that they are cunning, designing men, but they are celebrated for their learning; and while I profit by their lights, I will carefully guard myself against their subtlety."

The two persons with whom he was then conversing told him they were members of the Society of Jesus, and although they would not undertake to give him the instructions he desired, they said they would refer him to an able man, who could satisfy his inquiries. They introduced him to one of their brethren, who was distinguished for his learning and piety. Mr. Thayer told this good father that possibly he might have conceived some false notions of the Catholic religion, as all the knowledge he had of it was taken from the report of its enemies. And if this was the case he wished to be undeceived. "For," said he, "I would not entertain a prejudice against any person, not even against the devil. Yet, do not think of converting me, for certainly you will not succeed."

The father received him with gentleness and affability, and consented to have some conferences on religion with him. These were continued at intervals for about three months. Mr. Thayer listened each time without interrupting his instructor, but on his return home never failed to set down in writing the difficulties and arguments which seemed to combat each one of the dogmas and articles. Although not convinced, he noticed the wonderful harmony through the whole system of the Catholic religion, and the wisdom which seemed to have something divine. As this learned father could give only a few leisure hours at intervals, Mr. Thayer had recourse to another Jesuit, who surprised Mr. Thayer by telling him to go and say the Lord's Prayer thrice, and return to him on a certain day. Mr. Thayer complied, and met the Jesuit on the day appointed. He proposed his difficulties under several heads, and the good father pointed out to him where these questions were treated, and procured him books on those subjects. Mr. Thayer also consulted an Augustinian friar, who took particular pains to show him the difference between articles of faith and simply opinions which the Church permits to be treated, without either adopting or rejecting them. This distinction threw a new light on the subject, and contributed greatly to clear up his ideas.

His researches carried him further than he had designed, as he had at first intended only to form an exact knowledge of the Catholic doctrine. But

he was brought to such a state that he discovered nothing in it but what was reasonable. Still the prejudices in which he had been educated had too much influence over his mind, and his heart was not yet disposed to make the sacrifice which a profession of faith required. He was resolved, no matter what proof he received, not to change his religion while at Rome, for fear of taking a precipitate step. "But Providence," he says, "ever watchful over me, did not suffer these delays, which might have been fatal, but ordered various events which hastened my conversion." A work on the Guardian Angel, which he read at this time, made a great impression on him. He reproached himself for having too often failed in the respect which he owed to his Guardian Angel, and formed a resolution to be careful in future to avoid everything which could displease him. "This attention to preserve myself from sin," writes Mr. Thayer, "undoubtedly contributed to my conversion; at least, it removed an obstacle to the grace which God was about to bestow."

Such was his situation when the death of venerable Labre and the miracles which were performed through his intercession began to make a noise at Rome and to become the subject of every conversation. Notwithstanding the instructions which Mr. Thayer had received and the lights which he had acquired, he was nowise disposed to credit the public reports concerning this truly extraordinary person. Of all his prejudices against Catholics, the deepest rooted was a formal disbelief of miracles. Not content with denying those which were published at that time, he made them the subject of his raillery, and in the coffee-houses, passed some very unbecoming jests on the servant of God. However, the number and weight of the evidences increasing daily, he thought it was his duty to examine the matter himself. He frequently conversed with the confessor of the deceased, from whom he learned a part of blessed Labre's life. He visited four persons who were said to have been miraculously cured; he was convinced by his own eyes of the state in which they then were; he questioned them concerning the state in which they had been; he informed himself of the nature and continuance of the illness with which they had been attacked, and the circumstances of their cures which had been operated in an instant. After collecting full information he was convinced of the reality of each one of these miracles. Truth appeared to him on every side, but it was combated by all the prejudices which he had imbibed from his infancy. He felt all the force of the arguments which Catholics oppose to the Protestant doctrine, but he had not the courage to

yield. He clearly saw that he would be obliged to abjure the errors in which he had been brought up and which he had preached to others, and that he would be forced to renounce his ministry and his fortune. He was tenderly attached to his family, and he must incur their indignation. All these interests kept him back. "In a word," he says, "my understanding was convinced but my heart was not changed."

He was in this fluctuating and undetermined state of mind when a little Italian book giving an account of the conversion of a Protestant cavalier was put into his hands. When he received this book he had a secret presentiment that it would give him the finishing stroke, and it was with extreme difficulty that he could bring himself to read it. His soul was, as it were, rent by two contrary emotions, but at length the interests of eternal salvation prevailed. He threw himself on his knees and said a prayer, invoking the light of the Holy Ghost with the greatest possible sincerity. He then began to read and before he entirely finished the account, he exclaimed, "My God, I promise to become a Catholic!"

On the 25th of May, 1783, Mr. Thayer publicly abjured Protestantism before a large assembly of former friends whom he had invited to the solemn ceremony. Having decided to embrace the ecclesiastical state for the greater glory of God and the salvation of his own soul, as well as of those of his countrymen, he returned to France and entered the seminary of St. Sulpice. After due preparation, he was ordained to the priesthood and returned to his native land.

Father Thayer reached Boston early in January, 1790, and was received with marked respect by his relatives and old friends. In a letter to a friend the following July he wrote: "On the first Sunday after my arrival I announced the word of God and all flocked in crowds to hear me. . . . About one hundred Catholics, consisting of French, Irishmen, and Americans, are what constitute at present our church. About a dozen of them can attend Mass daily." From this it appears that Father Thayer officiated with Abbé Poterie for a few months before the latter was suspended.

An interesting account of the first public Mass celebrated by Father Thayer in Boston, is given by Mr. Samuel Breck, who became acquainted with Mr. Thayer in Paris, and, in fulfillment of a promise, assisted him in fitting up the chapel in Boston. "We fitted up a dilapidated and deserted meeting-house in School Street, that was built in 1716, by some French Huguenots, . . . and now converted by us into a popish chapel.

. Money was raised by subscription, with which the sacristy and vestry room was put in order ; a pulpit was erected ; the altar furnished ; a few benches purchased for seats ; and the little temple, which had served as a stable to the British in 1775, was once more consecrated to the uses of religion. The plate for the altar was borrowed of my father, and everything being made decent the first public Mass ever said in Boston was solemnized amid a large concourse of people of all persuasions. And this in a town where only thirteen years before the *Pope* and the *Devil*, were according to annual custom promenaded through the streets, on the 5th of November, in commemoration of the famous gun-powder plot; and, after serving as a spectacle of ridicule and scorn, were burnt together, leaving it doubtful in those days which of the two were the most hateful. I attended the Mass, of course, and carried around the charity box as *Queteur*." Mr. Breck wrote this some thirty years after the occurrence related, and probably had forgotten that other priests had preceded Father Thayer. The letter is published in "The American Catholic Historical Researches," of January, 1889. The statements in regard to the altar are also open to doubt.

After fighting for the Faith single-handed for about two years, the heart of our valiant American convert was made glad by the arrival of an assistant in the person of the Rev. Francis Matignon, Regius Professor of Divinity in the College of Navarre, who with other priests was exiled from their native France by the Revolution. Dr. Matignon was sent to Boston by Bishop Carroll, and he entered on the duties of his ministry on the 20th of August, 1792. He was received by Father Thayer "in his humble mansion as an angel from heaven sent expressly to promote the great cause of the Redeemer by extending His Church in this section."

And a truly successful angel Dr. Matignon proved to be. He was 39 years of age, and 14 years a priest, talented and pious, with a rich, vigorous imagination, a sound understanding, and a critical, profound learning. Born and educated in the center of refinement, he was an accomplished gentleman, with a kindness of heart and delicacy of feeling which made him study the wants and anticipate the wishes of all he knew. He soon became aware of the bitter prejudices which existed in Boston against the Catholick Church, and of the foolish suspicions which the people entertained in regard to the designs of the pope in sending such a highly cultured French clergyman to America. He found that the controversial discourses of Father Thayer had stirred up a strong feeling of opposition, and at first he was at a loss to know

how to meet it. But he soon took in the situation and determined to master it. "With meekness and humility," says Father Fitton, "he disarmed the proud; with prudence, learning and ability he met the captious and slanderous; and so gentle and just was his course, that even the censorious forgot to watch him, and the malicious were too cunning to attack one armed so strong in his poverty."

When Dr. Matignon was fairly settled in Boston, Father Thayer felt at liberty to extend his visits to other parts of New England. He made various excursions, and was able to remain for a time in places where his services were required. "In this way," says Father Fitton, "he continued to labor announcing the Gospel in every large town and village, and gaining many souls to God, by reclaiming them from heresy."

In 1799, Bishop Carroll, anxious to provide for the spiritual necessities of all confided to his pastoral care, withdrew Father Thayer from the New England mission, and sent him to labor in the state of Kentucky. While working on that mission, he conceived the design of establishing in his native city a convent school for young Catholic females. With the approbation of the bishop, he left Kentucky, and went to Europe, with the view of raising funds for his cherished object. After collecting between eight and ten thousand dollars, Almighty God called the good priest from his earthly labors. He died in Limerick, Ireland, leaving his funds in trust to Dr. Matignon, for the purpose for which they were raised.

Before Father Thayer was transferred from the Boston mission, another able assistant arrived to take part in the good work. This was the learned and pious Rev. John Louis de Cheverus, a native of Mayenne, France. He was an exile in England, teaching school, when Dr. Matignon, who knew him in Paris, urgently invited him to come to Boston, holding out all the inducements which this field offered for the salvation of souls. After informing his ordinary, the bishop of Mans, of his intention of crossing the Atlantic, he received an affectionate letter from the aged prelate, who was also an exile, praising his zeal yet urging him to wait for better days. But his determination was fixed, and receiving permission, he took passage in a vessel bound for Boston, arriving here on the 3d of October, 1796.

Rev. J. L. de Cheverus was every way a suitable associate for Dr. Matignon. Born the 28th of January, 1768, he was only about 28 years of age, but of ripe judgment and full of zeal for missionary work. He was ordained priest in December, 1790, at the last public ordination in Paris before the Revolu-

tion. He was parish priest of his native parish when the bloody persecution of the clergy began, and having refused to take the impious oath proposed by the Revolutionists, he was forced to flee. After a short confinement in prison, he repaired to Paris, where he lay concealed during the terrible massacre of the clergy. He left Paris disguised in a military dress, and having procured a passport bearing the name of his brother, he escaped to England.

With such an experience as this, Father de Cheverus was ready for any hardships in the New World. Immediately upon his arrival in Boston, he wrote to Bishop Carroll, and was appointed to the Indian mission of Maine. He accepted it cheerfully. "Send me where you think I am most needed," he wrote, "without making yourself anxious about the means of supporting me. I am willing to work with my hands, if need be, and I believe I have strength enough for it." He reached Point Pleasant, Passamaquoddy Bay, on the 30th of July, 1797, and immediately took up his abode in a house erected for him. "My house," he wrote, "is about ten feet square and eight feet high, and the church as large again, but not a great deal higher. In both no other material than bark, and a few logs of wood and sticks set up crossways to support the bark; no windows, of course—the only opening is a door. The only piece of furniture is a large table made of two rough boards. The altar piece is made of two pieces of broadcloth—the one of scarlet and the other of dark blue."

Father Cheverus continued his missionary labors in Maine for about two years, visiting the Indian settlements on the Kennebec, Penobscot, and Passamaquoddy Bay, till he was relieved by Rev. James Romagne, a townsman of his own, who was sent here by Bishop Carroll for that special work. This zealous clergyman was joyfully welcomed by both Fathers Matignon and Cheverus, and immediately proceeded to his apostolic mission. He took up the work of his predecessor, and, as Father Fitton says, "he restored piety and religion, corrected abuses, encouraged industry, and trained all to God during the eighteen years he remained." Owing to failing health he returned to France in 1818, where he performed spiritual duties till his death in 1836.

With Dr. Matignon, Father Cheverus was now enabled to devote his whole time to the Boston mission, which included the various towns in Massachusetts, and the rapid progress of the Church under their ministrations shows how successfully they worked. "Their tasks, their pursuits, their dispositions, were kindred, and they became inseparable," writes Father Fitton, "and their many virtues and social qualities were the admiration even of their

adversaries." Another writer says:—"The Bostonians were charmed. In the persons of her ministers, Catholicity became respected and honored, where before it had only been a reproach. Never did virtue and learning gain a more decided victory over prejudice and intolerance." The parochial residence was a house on School street, two doors from the church. The preaching of these two learned priests attracted many Protestants as well as Catholics to the little church on School street, and the regular congregation steadily increased. It soon became evident that a larger place of worship was needed, and the lease of the little building having nearly expired, the members determined to purchase a lot and build a suitable church.

Ground was broken on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1800, and the work of building progressed slowly for three years, the good priests not being desirous of pushing the work faster than the money to pay for it was received. The church measured eighty feet in length and sixty in width, and was considered a noble structure for that time. It was the largest and principal Catholic Church in New England for many years afterwards. The basement was built of stone and the main structure of brick. The entire cost of the building was twenty thousand dollars. Among the items of expense entered by Dr. Matignon is one which shows the custom of the times. Under date of August 8, 1802, appears the sum of \$2.40 for "rum and gin to the people who helped the landing of the timber."

How anxiously the few Catholics of Boston nearly one hundred years ago must have watched the progress of the future Cathedral, and how great must have been their joy when they saw the church completed and ready for divine service. The day fixed for the dedication was the 29th of September, 1803, a day of marked significance for the Catholics in New England. Everything was done in due form. At a little before 10 o'clock, a procession issued from the house of the Spanish consul Don Juan Stoughton, on Franklin place nearly opposite the new church. Following the cross-bearer were Bishop Carroll, Dr. Matignon, Rev. John L. Cheverus and two other clergymen, with a few altar boys. At the church the ceremony of dedication was performed with great solemnity by the bishop and his assistant priests, under the name of the "Church of the Holy Cross." After the dedication, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Carroll, and a sermon preached by Father Cheverus. The collection amounted to \$286. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity. About a dozen singers, male and female, formed the choir, and sang the Mass in Gregorian

chant known as *Missa Regia*. The music, being the first of the kind ever heard in Boston, was highly praised.

The grand altar-piece representing the Crucifixion, which became so familiar to succeeding congregations, was painted by Mr. Lawrence Sargent of Boston, for which he received \$200. It was worth a much larger sum, but at the suggestion of members of the congregation, he presented the balance to the Church.

The bell, which for half a century rang out its solemn and joyous notes from the tower of the Cathedral, was a present from Gen. Elias Hasket Derby, grandfather of Dr. Hasket Derby, a celebrated oculist, who for several years past has given his services to the Carney Hospital. Dr. Derby, who is a convert, and now a member of the Cathedral congregation, takes great pride in the spirit shown by his grandfather. It seems that there is a little romance attached to this affair. Gen. Derby, when a young man, visited his future wife at her father's residence, on Franklin street. Sitting with her one Sunday at the window, after the new church was opened, he noticed the people going to worship. But the belfry of the new church was silent, and he learned that it was because the congregation was too poor to buy a bell. As he was a prosperous merchant with his father, and had ships trading with Europe, he conceived the idea of sending abroad for a bell and presenting it to the church. It is supposed that the young lady encouraged him in his generous proposition, for it was not long before the bell was brought from Europe in one of his own vessels and presented to the church. Dr. Matignon and Bishop Cheverus afterwards became quite intimate with the family, and were visitors at his residence. The bell was obtained in Italy or Spain, but nobody knows from whom. It bears an inscription which shows that a certain Leopold de Nicolini, and his wife, Theresa, caused the bell to be made in 1798, in honor of God and our Lady of the Rosary. After having done good service in the Cathedral tower, it now welcomes the funeral processions in Holyrood Cemetery.

In their new church, Dr. Matignon and his reverend colleague worked with greater zeal than ever and their congregation steadily increased. They opened a day school for boys in the tower of the church, in a room immediately under the bell deck. This was the first Catholic school in Boston, where, Father Fitton tells us, he "was initiated in the elements of a spelling book." Five years later, in 1808, Boston was made an episcopal see by Pope Pius VII, but, in consequence of the troubles in Europe at that period, the

bulls did not reach America until 1810, when it was learned that his holiness had appointed Rev. John L. de Cheverus first bishop of Boston. This appointment had been effected at the solicitation of Rev. Mr. Matignon, with the concurrence and approbation of Rt. Rev. Dr. Carroll. Shortly after the arrival of the credentials from Rome, Dr. De Cheverus was consecrated bishop by the Most Rev. Dr. Carroll, in the church of St. Peter, Baltimore, on the feast of All Saints, November 1, 1810.

Bishop Cheverus soon returned to Boston, and continued to occupy his humble dwelling in the rear of the church with his esteemed friend Dr. Matignon, sharing in the minutest duties of the ministry. His first care was to visit his new diocese which comprised all New England, and during his first visitation he confirmed three hundred and forty-eight persons. The good bishop continued to visit his scattered flock year after year, and had the great satisfaction of seeing new churches and congregations springing up in various parts of his diocese. Among the first priests ordained by Bishop Cheverus for the Boston diocese, were Rev. Denis Ryan and Rev. Patrick Byrne.

Dr. Matignon, after twenty-six years of constant ministerial labors, as pastor of the Holy Cross in Boston, was called to his reward. He died on the 19th of September, 1818, deeply regretted by his loving congregation and the whole diocese. He was "a faithful servant of God, an exemplary pastor, a sincere friend, and a true pattern of a good Christian."

The following stands on the record of his interment, in the handwriting of Bishop De Cheverus:—

"Sept. 21st. . . . Francis Anthony Matignon, D. D., and for twenty-six years pastor of this congregation—Holy Cross. On Saturday the 19th he died as he lived—a saint. . . . *Æt.* 65."

The death of Dr. Matignon was a great loss to Boston and the diocese. Bishop Cheverus felt it most severely, and to him it was irreparable. Owing to the small number of priests, the good bishop was called upon to perform incessant missionary duties, traveling unaccompanied from town to town by the poor conveyances of those days, and it soon became evident that his strength could not stand the strain. His friends in France, hearing of his condition, became anxious about him, and induced Louis XVIII to nominate him to the bishopric of Mataban, in an ordinance dated January 15, 1823. He at first was disposed to decline the appointment, as he did not want to leave his people in Boston, but physicians declared that he could not endure

another winter in this climate. He finally yielded to what he accepted as the will of Providence, and prepared to leave for France.

Before his departure Bishop Cheverus formally transferred his church property and episcopal residence to the diocese. The Ursuline convent, which he had established a few years before, adjoining the church, with the funds raised by Father Thayer, was included in the transfer. His library, which contained many valuable works, was left for the benefit of his successors. The remainder of his possessions was distributed "among his ecclesiastics, his friends, and the poor," says Father Fitton, "and as he had come to Boston a poor man, he chose to depart poor, with no other wealth than the same trunk which, twenty-seven years before, he had brought with him." On the day of his departure from Boston he was escorted from his residence by a large concourse of citizens, and three hundred vehicles accompanied him many miles on the road to New York.

On the 1st of October, 1823, the good bishop embarked at New York for France, and on his arrival there he repaired to his diocese. After a few years he was translated to the archiepiscopal see of Bordeaux, and subsequently, in recognition of his great services and many virtues, he was raised to the dignity of a prince of the Church, as cardinal archbishop of Bordeaux. He died on the 19th of July, 1836. His name is held in deep veneration by the people of France and America.

The following account of the opening of the first Catholic school^e for young ladies in Boston, under the direction of the Ursuline nuns is taken from Rev. Arthur T. Connolly's historical sketch in the *Pilot* of March 14, 1891:—

"While the Protestant community was still agitated over the last inroad that Catholicity had made in its ranks, two young ladies arrived in Boston from the city of Limerick, Ireland. They were sisters, and the daughters of Mr. James Ryan, a respectable gentleman of Limerick, with whom the Rev. John Thayer had taken up his abode on his arrival in Ireland.

"Mary and Catherine Ryan had been educated in the Ursuline convent at Thurles, and when Father Thayer had spoken about his desire of establishing an institution for the education of Catholic young ladies at Boston, they entered warmly into his plans and offered to go to America and begin the work.

"When Father Thayer wrote to Bishop Cheverus and made known their desire, the good bishop immediately accepted their offer, and after making

arrangements with the Ursuline sisters of Three Rivers, Canada, with regard to their novitiate in that community, invited them to come to America without delay.

“The death of Father Thayer, on February 5, 1815, delayed their departure, however, for some time; but true to their vocation, they set sail from Limerick on May 4, 1817, and not long afterwards presented themselves before Bishop Cheverus. Rejoicing at the thought that he might now undertake the accomplishment of a long-cherished design, he sent them, under the care of Dr. Matignon, to the Ursuline convent at Three Rivers.

“By a will made by Father Thayer previous to his death, he bequeathed quite a sum of money to Dr. Matignon, to be held in trust by him until such time as an academy might be built or purchased.

“With this fund Bishop Cheverus now secured the house and land next to the church of the Holy Cross on Franklin place, and there the Misses Ryan, after their solemn profession in the Ursuline convent at Three Rivers, opened the first Catholic school for young ladies in Boston.

The affairs of the Boston diocese were administered for about two years by the Very Rev. William Taylor, who was made vicar-general by Bishop Cheverus. In 1825, his holiness, Pope Leo XII, was pleased to fill the vacancy in the Boston see by the appointment of Rev. Benedict Joseph Fenwick, a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus. Benedict J. Fenwick was born in Maryland in 1782. He belonged to an old and honored Maryland Catholic family, the founder of which came from England as a member of the original band of pilgrims sent out by Lord Baltimore. With his oldest brother, Enoch, he entered Georgetown College in the spring of 1792. One of his fellow-students was the good and gifted Judge Gaston, of North Carolina. Among his companions young Fenwick was distinguished for quickness of intellect and rare talents. In 1805, he began his theological studies in the seminary of St. Sulpice, Baltimore, and the following year entered the Society of Jesus. He was ordained in 1808, and some time after sent on the New York missions in company with Father Anthony Kohlmann, S. J. They took charge of St. Peter's, then the only church in the city, and labored zealously for the cause of religion and education.

One of the most interesting events in Father Fenwick's life was his visit to Tom Paine, the infidel philosopher. Father Kohlmann accompanied him. “A short time before Paine died,” wrote the young Jesuit to his brother, “I was sent for by him. He was prompted to this by a poor Catholic

woman who went to see him in his sickness, and who told him, among other things, that in his wretched condition, if anybody could do him good it would be a Roman Catholic priest." The two Jesuits went to Paine's residence, and were met at the door by the housekeeper, who informed them that he was asleep, and expressed a wish that he might not be disturbed.

"He is always in bad humor," she added, "when roused out of his sleep — 'tis better to wait a little till he be awake." They quietly sat down and resolved to wait. The woman at some length described the miseries of the famous infidel. When alone he would cry: "O Lord, help me." Or again, "God help me." Then shortly after: "But there is no God." And again, a little after: "Yet if there should be, what will become of me hereafter?" In his agony and terror he would cry for some one to come near him. "Send even a child," he would say, "to stay with me, for it is a hell to be alone!"

When Paine awoke, the priests were shown into his room. "A more wretched being in appearance," writes Father Fenwick, "I never before beheld."

Father Kohlmann, as the older and more experienced, opened the conversation. He had not proceeded far when Paine said: "I wish to hear no more from you, sir. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies, and J. C. to be nothing more than a cunning knave and impostor." Father Kohlmann attempted to speak again, but Paine sternly interrupted him. Then Father Fenwick in a mild tone commenced to reason with him. Paine now got enraged. "Begone," said he, "and trouble me no more." His mouth frothed, and he shook the bed with rage and madness. They were unable to make any impression on him, and after some moments withdrew. "I never before or since," says Father Fenwick, "beheld a more hardened wretch." A short time after Paine expired in the anguish of despair.

Some time after the death of Bishop Concanen, Father Fenwick was appointed administrator of the diocese of New York. His zeal, mildness, and ripe scholarship made him a great favorite with all classes. A Quaker lady, in the well-meant charity of her heart, undertook the task of reclaiming so good and learned a man from what she supposed to be the "errors of Popery." The courteous Jesuit received her with every sign of gentleness, patience, and respect. She became a Catholic. Hundreds of conversions were likewise wrought through his ministry. Among other distinguished converts may be mentioned the learned episcopal ministers, Rev. Mr. Kewley, Rev. Virgil Horace Barber, and Rev. Mr. Ironside. Father Fenwick

commenced the erection of St. Patrick's old cathedral on Mulberry street from designs and plans of his own.

In 1817, Father Fenwick was recalled by his superiors and appointed president of Georgetown College. The following year he was sent as vicar-general to Charlestown, S. C., to make peace between the French and English Catholic parties. His great prudence and good humor smoothed all difficulties. He was here on the arrival of Bishop England, and did not return to Georgetown College until May, 1822. Two years later he was again appointed president of the college; and in the fall of 1825 was consecrated bishop of Boston.

Dr. Fenwick bade adieu to his *Alma Mater*, and accompanied by Bishop England and Rev. Virgil Horace Barber, departed for Boston. A few facts of his episcopate may be noted. The hill on which the Ursuline convent afterwards destroyed was built, was named "Mount St. Benedict," in honor of the prelate. He purchased the property, erected the establishment, and the grateful nuns did not forget his generosity. For many years his own house was his seminary, of which he himself was the faculty. The lessons in theology were received from his own learned lips.

When the wretches who burned the convent were acquitted, Bishop Fenwick wrote in his diary of June 9, 1835: "Great rejoicings in Charlestown on Saturday among the mob in consequence of their acquittal. Fifty guns were fired on the occasion. Thus iniquity has prevailed at last."

He died as he had lived, respected by men, blessed by God, on August 11, 1846. He was buried at the noble institution of which he was the founder—his cherished college of the Holy Cross. The labors of this apostolic bishop may be judged from the fact, that while he found but four churches and three priests in New England, he left fifty churches, as many clergymen, and one of the most flourishing dioceses in the United States.

The Rt. Rev. John Bernard Fitzpatrick was the third bishop of Boston. He was consecrated coadjutor to Bishop Fenwick in 1844, and administered under the authority of his superior until the latter's death in 1846. Bishop Fitzpatrick was born in Boston, November, 1812. His parents were natives of Tullamore, Kings County, Ireland, and emigrated to this country in 1805. They were steadfast adherents to the ancient faith, and the father was one of the leading Catholics under Dr. Matignon and Bishop Cheverus, both of whom honored his house on the evening of his son's baptism.

John Bernard received his early education at the public schools. He passed through the primary and grammar, in the Adams and Boylston, and bore off two Franklin medals, of which he felt justly proud. He excelled in every branch of study, more especially in mathematics, declamation, and rhetoric. In 1826, when 14 years of age, he entered the Boston Latin School.

After graduating from the Latin school at 17 years of age, he was sent to the Montreal Seminary, it being the design of his parents and his bishop, as well as his own inclination, that he should be educated for the priesthood. He remained in Montreal eight years, and passed through Boston, on his way to Paris, where he entered the grand seminary of St. Sulpice in 1837. He completed there his course of theological studies with distinction, and was ordained priest on the eve of Trinity Sunday, December, 1840.

Father Fitzpatrick spent nearly a year abroad, and returned to his native city to begin his ministerial work. After a year of pastoral duties at the Cathedral, and as associate pastor at St. Mary's, North End, he was appointed pastor of East Cambridge, where he built the church of St. John, from which he was called to be coadjutor to Bishop Fenwick.

When Bishop Fitzpatrick took charge of the see of Boston his diocese comprised Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont; Rhode Island and Connecticut having been cut off and erected into the see of Hartford in 1844, under the government of Rt. Rev. William Tyler. Being full of vigor and zeal, Bishop Fitzpatrick carried the burden of administering the diocese alone for ten years, not having a secretary till 1855, when Rev. James A. Healy (now bishop of Portland), was selected for that office. Bishop Healy was the first and only secretary of Bishop Fitzpatrick, and he continued the trusted assistant of his superior until the latter's eyes were closed in death. No vicar-general was assigned until 1857, when the present archbishop was appointed. In these early years the good bishop overtaxed his strength, and his painful illness later was probably the result of this overwork.

The fruits of the bishop's labors were soon seen on every hand. New religious orders and communities were introduced. Religious and charitable societies were organized. New schools and academies were opened. The magnificent orphan asylum was completed. Boston College and the church of the Immaculate Conception, in charge of the Jesuit fathers, were built, and new churches and institutions multiplied in all parts of his diocese. It has been truly remarked, that during Bishop Fitzpatrick's administration, the

tone of public opinion concerning Catholicity had experienced a complete change, and that Protestant Boston had become one of the strongest Catholic cities in the Union.

The old cathedral building on Franklin street became too small and inconvenient for the wants of the congregation, and as its timbers showed signs of decay, it had to be abandoned.

In the autumn of 1862, the church on the corner of Washington and Castle streets was purchased from the Unitarians, and the cathedral parish was transferred from the center of the city to the south end. The first services in this Pro-Cathedral were held on the 10th of December, 1862, and the episcopal residence was removed to the house on the corner of the lot on Washington street, bought for the new cathedral. Bishop Fitzpatrick's health continued to fail, and he went abroad for a time in hopes of a restoration. But he returned very little improved, and after long and patient suffering, "his pure spirit returned to God who gave it. He died as he had lived, like a bishop." A few weeks before his death, the venerated bishop had the satisfaction of knowing that his beloved flock would be well cared for by his able coadjutor, Dr. Williams. Bishop Fitzpatrick died on the 13th of February, 1866. His remains are deposited in the crypt under the sanctuary of the new cathedral.

Early in his episcopacy the State showed its bigotry and injustice by causing a Catholic boy to be flogged, at the Elliot street school, for refusing to recite the Protestant form of the Lord's Prayer. Bishop Fitzpatrick, in a letter to the school board, so placed them in the wrong, that the sensible men among them took alarm, and, fearing that the Catholics might withdraw in a body from the schools, they, for the first time, admitted Catholics to the school committee. But it was too late. There was no choice except to establish parochial schools, and higher Catholic academies. Boston College was established by the Jesuit Fathers; the Sisters of Mercy began a hospital and school at Worcester; and parochial schools were established in Boston, South and East Boston, Salem, Lawrence and other centers of population in the diocese.

John J. Williams was born in Boston, April 27, 1822. When a mere child, he began his studies at a primary school on Hamilton street. He was next placed, for about five years, under the careful tuition of Rev. James Fitton, later the revered pastor of the church of the Most Holy Redeemer, East Boston.

While Father Fitton's pupil, John gave evidence of a well balanced character, and although, seemingly, not quite so quick of perception as some of his young companions, his slow and sure method of thoroughly comprehending his studies, gave him an early reputation for unusual reliability. All regarded him as a quiet, thoughtful boy, and he won the esteem of his preceptor, who saw in him the marks of bright promise.

In 1833, being then in his eleventh year, the future archbishop was sent to the seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, Canada. While in that institution his early qualities gradually developed, and on this solid foundation, which seemed to grow broader and deeper as years passed on, the grand edifice of true manhood quietly, but surely, assumed symmetrical proportions.

After eight years spent at Montreal, Mr. Williams embarked for Paris in 1841. There he entered the grand seminary of St. Sulpice, a celebrated institution, and for four years earnestly and successfully pursued the higher ecclesiastical studies. He was ordained priest in 1845.

Returning to Boston, Father Williams officiated for many years at the old Cathedral of Holy Cross, on Franklin street, and was greatly beloved by his people. With the children, especially, he was a great favorite. In 1855 he was appointed rector of the Cathedral, and two years subsequently was made vicar-general. He administered the diocese during the last years of Bishop Fitzpatrick's episcopate.

On the 9th of January, 1866, Dr. Williams was consecrated bishop of Tripoli *in partibus*, and coadjutor of the bishop of Boston, with the right of succession. But one month later Dr. Fitzpatrick died, and on the 11th of March Bishop Williams succeeded him in the see of Boston. He assisted at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, and at the ecumenical council of the Vatican.

When Dr. Williams became bishop of Boston, the diocese included about 116 churches and 120 priests. At his own express desire it was divided, and the new sees of Springfield (1870) and Providence (1872) established.

He is a man of eminent administrative ability. The costly and magnificent houses of worship erected since he began to govern prove this. He has also introduced and established the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, the Redemptorist Fathers, the Oblate Fathers, and the Little Sisters of the Poor. These and other undertakings force all to recognize in Dr. William's silent and unobtrusive administration the greatest measure of success.

Thus far, however, the great achievement of this energetic prelate's life



MOST REV. ALEXANDER CHRISTIE, D. D.,
Archbishop of Oregon.



BLESSING THE CROPS.

is the erection of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, one of the very largest and most beautiful edifices in this republic. No sooner was he elevated to the episcopal dignity than he began this great work. The first sod on the Cathedral lot was turned on April 27, 1866, Dr. Williams's forty-fourth birthday; and the corner-stone was laid on the 15th of September, 1867, the imposing ceremony calling together one of the largest gatherings ever seen in "the Athens of America."

In 1875 Boston was elevated to the rank of a metropolitan see, and Most Rev. Dr. Williams became its first archbishop. On May 2, 1875, he received the pallium from the hands of Cardinal McCloskey. It was the grandest ceremony ever seen in the capital of New England. On the same day and occasion the first high Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, by the first American cardinal. "Your venerable archbishop," said Dr. De Goesbriand in the sermon delivered on that memorable day, "is one of your own, born in your city, brought up amongst you. He knows you and you know him. You love him as your father. His new glory is your joy."

The new Cathedral of the Holy Cross was solemnly dedicated by Archbishop Williams, on December 8, 1875, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

In the whole history of the Catholic Church in New England no event has attracted more attention among the clergy and laity than the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Most Rev. John J. Williams, archbishop of Boston. The services in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on Thursday, March 12, 1891, were of the grandest and most impressive character, and were attended by the largest concourse of people ever assembled in that vast edifice. The day was one of the most beautiful of the season, and Catholics came from far and near to be present at the Jubilee Mass of their beloved archbishop.

Chapter XXXVIII.

Brilliant Bishop England.

OSTRACISM OF CATHOLICS IN THE SOUTH. — FATHER O'GALLAGHER'S MISSION. — A BISHOP FOR THE PALMETTO STATE. — CAREER OF A YOUNG CORKONIAN. — BLOSSOMS AS A PRIEST AND EDITOR. — TOO MUCH BOLDNESS OF SPEECH. — PROMOTED FOR THE AMERICAN MISSION. — A SCANT AND SCATTERED FLOCK. — THE BISHOP AMONG CHEROKEES AND PROTESTANTS. — HIS WIT, WORK, LEARNING AND SUCCESS.—OTHER PRELATES.

AS English colonization advanced southward, Catholics had no part in the settlement of Carolina and Georgia, and were expressly excluded by the charter of the latter colony. For this reason the Acadian Catholics, when sent there in 1755, were sent back in the following spring, and Carolina gave her exiled guests every facility for departing.

In 1775, two men, discovered to be Irishmen and Catholics, were tarred and feathered, and then banished; but the Revolution, though anti-Catholic in its origin, opened the South to Catholicity. As the war went on some Catholics came in, among others the learned Ædanus Burke.

In 1786, a priest arrived in Charleston, in a vessel bound to South America, and, during the stay of the vessel in the port, ministered to the Catholics, saying Mass for them. The Rev. Mr. Ryan was sent there by Bishop Carroll, in 1788, and remained for two years, till his health compelled him to retire, early in 1790. The Rev. Dr. Keating, sent by Bishop Carroll, organized the little flock; a piece of ground on Hafel street, near the city,

with a ruinous Methodist church on it, was purchased, and fitted up for worship as St. Mary's Church, apparently aided by the generosity of the king of Spain.

The Roman Catholic Church of Charleston was incorporated in 1791 by the legislature, which had the year previous removed all disability from the faithful.

This now famous city was founded in 1672, receiving from France, about 1685, a considerable influx of Protestant refugees. It was prominent for zeal and gallantry in the revolutionary war. Up to the time of the civil war, the city was remarkable for its suburban character and verdant surroundings, and its inhabitants were mainly opulent planters, distinguished for hospitality and refinement. In 1860 and 1861, the harbor was the scene of several conflicts; and in 1863 Fort Sumter was reduced to ruins. The harbor was blockaded in 1861, and several dismantled hulks of vessels were filled with stones and sunk, in order to prevent passage. In August, 1863, the city was bombarded, and in February, 1865, was occupied by the United States troops. Since then it has also suffered disastrously from pestilence and earthquake.

From 1793, for several years, the Rev. S. F. O'Gallagher, a priest of great learning and eloquence, ministered to the flock, supporting himself by acting as professor in Charleston College. When the French Revolution and the troubles in St. Domingo sent many Catholics to Charleston, a new brick church, sixty feet by forty, was erected in place of the old tottering structure. The progress of the Church was checked by dissensions and troubles, which gave great uneasiness to Archbishop Carroll. The Rev. Mr. Le Mercier and the Rev. Mr. de Clorivière were here for some years; and, in 1817, the Rev. B. J. Fenwick was sent with the Rev. Mr. Wallace.

The Catholics in the Southern states solicited the appointment of a bishop, and the Holy See, on the 11th of July, 1820, erected the See of Charleston, and appointed as its first bishop the Rev. John England, of Bandon, Ireland. The life of this noble prelate, being closely identified with the growth of Catholicity in the South will reasonably demand our attention. Bishop England, indeed, has been called "the light of the American hierarchy." Had he lived in the early days of Christianity, or in the ages of Faith, or in the times of the so-called Reformation, the world would have ranked him among the foremost men and heroes of heroic times.

John England was born in Cork, Ireland, on September 23, 1786. His

boyhood was in the days of his country's trial and persecution. The wrongs he saw and suffered made a lasting impression on his gifted mind and character. Indeed, the enthusiastic love of his faith and his native isle were ever the cherished affections which dwelt down deepest in his great heart. His first instruction was received in a Protestant school, as there was no other to which he could go. Here the soul of the brave boy was daily pained by insult. Often to expose him to the contempt of the class, the bigoted teacher would sneeringly call him "the little Papist."

Young England began his career in life by the study of law. Two years spent in the office of an eminent barrister had, no doubt, a beneficial effect in developing his precise and practical mind. His own pious inclinations, and the designs of Providence, however, led him to enter the Church—to give himself to God. His excellent parents encouraged his noble resolution, and he began his theological studies in Carlow College. Here his splendid talents were brought out in all their shining greatness. Before he was ordained, Dr. Moylan, the venerable bishop of Cork, recalled him to his own diocese, and appointed the student of theology president of the Diocesan Seminary at Cork. He was ordained in October, 1808, Dr. Moylan having obtained a dispensation, as Mr. England had not reached the canonical age of twenty-five.

His career as a fearless priest and patriot now made him a man of mark—revered and loved by the Irish people—feared and hated by the government. As the editor and proprietor of the Cork Chronicle, he hurled forth articles that fell like thunderbolts among his political and religious enemies. On one occasion he was even fined the round sum of five hundred pounds for his freedom of speech. But though rich in truth, he was poor in money; and while he continued to give out the former with a lavish hand, he took good care not to pay cash that he did not owe. Father England was on intimate terms with the illustrious O'Connell; and by his powerful pen he did much to hasten Catholic emancipation in Ireland.

In 1817 Rev. Mr. England was appointed parish priest of Bandon, a place of such bitter bigotry that over the entrance was placed the famous inscription which warmly welcomed "the Turk, the Atheist, and the Jew," but severely warned "the Papist" to keep away. The fearless priest, however, entered on his duties, undeterred even by this inscription. On several occasions his hair-breadth escapes from murder are thrilling enough to have occurred in border Indian life. But even in these dangerous adventures,

God had His designs on the future American prelate. Such training admirably fitted him for the toilsome and thorny road which he was to travel in our own republic.

During the first three years of his episcopate, Bishop England kept a diary; and from it we make some selections. It opens thus:

“On Monday, the 10th of July, 1820, I received in Bandon a letter from the Rev. Henry Hughes, dated June 17, 1820, at Rome, informing me that on the preceding Monday I had been appointed bishop of Charleston, in South Carolina, and requesting of me, for various reasons therein alleged, to accept of this appointment.

“September 21st.—I received the grace of episcopal consecration in the Catholic Church of St. Finbar, in the city of Cork, from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Murphy, bishop of the diocese, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Maram, bishop of Ossory, and Kelly, first bishop of Richmond (Va.), whose appointment was subsequent to mine, but whose consecration took place at Kilkenny, on the 24th of August. There were present the Most Rev. Dr. Everard, archbishop of Mytelene, coadjutor of the Most Rev. Dr. Bray, archbishop of Cashel, and the Rt. Rev. Drs. Coppinger, of Cloyne and Ross, Sughrue, of Ardferf and Aghadoc (Kerry), and Tuohy, of Limerick.

“October 11th.—Having many applications from priests and candidates for places on the American mission, I appointed my brother, the Rev. Thomas R. England and the Rev. Thomas O’Keefe, my vicars-general, for the purpose principally of selecting such of those as I may afterwards want, and if necessary, having them ordained.

“This day was the anniversary—twelve years—of my ordination to the priesthood. On this day I parted from my family, to go whither I thought God had called me, but whither I had no other desire to go. Should this be read by a stranger, let him pardon that weakness of our common nature which then affected me, and does now, after the lapse of three months.

“December 26th.—Found soundings in thirty-five fathoms water, and on the next day saw the Hunting Islands, on the coast of South Carolina, after a very tedious and unpleasant passage. On the evening of the 27th, came to anchor off Charleston, and on the 28th crossed it, and worked up the channel, and came to anchor in the evening.

“December 30th.—Came on shore in Charleston; saw the Rev. Benedict Fenwick, S. J., who was vicar-general of the archbishop of Baltimore, who exhibited to me his papers. I gave him my bulls and certificates, received the

resignation of his authority, and renewed his faculties of vicar-general for my diocese, as bishop of Charleston, which he accepted.

“December 31st.—Being Sunday, I had the happiness of celebrating Mass, took possession of the church, had my bulls published, and preached.”

It may be said that Bishop England began his labors in America on New Years' day, 1821. His newly-erected diocese embraced three states—North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. The Catholic Church had barely an existence in this region. The people were extremely bigoted. The difficulties of Dr. England, therefore, can be imagined, rather than portrayed; but his master-spirit pointed out the line of duty, and the success of his toils was one of the noblest triumphs of the Faith in this republic.

On making a rapid survey of the situation, he found but two churches open in his large diocese; and his clergy were as numerous as the houses of worship! The annointed herald of the cross, however, came bravely up to his work. Around him churches began to rise. He traveled, preached, taught, and confirmed. Wherever he found a few scattered Catholic families in hamlet, town, or city, he assembled them, formed an organization, and encouraged them to hold together until he could send them a pastor. As for himself, he performed all the labors and endured all the hardships of a missionary priest. He traveled hundreds of miles. His noble spirit of poverty and self-sacrifice reminds us of the illustrious De Brébeuf. Such, indeed, was this great bishop's personal poverty that he often walked the burning sands and pavements of Charleston with his bare feet on the ground. The soles of his shoes had been worn away, and the upper leather only remained decent!

The first thing Dr. England did after his arrival, was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the condition of his poor but widely-spread diocese. He found upon inquiry, that there was a congregation at Savannah, but that it had been deserted. He therefore determined, without delay, to visit Savannah, Augusta, Columbia, and other towns within his jurisdiction. Appointing Father Benedict J. Fenwick, S. J., his vicar-general, with full powers, until his return to Charleston, and requesting him to purchase ground for a second church in that city, and if possible procure a good site for a cathedral, the apostolic bishop boarded the sloop *Delight*, and sailed for Savannah on the 15th of January, 1821.

He found that there had been no priest in that city since the previous October; and to repair the evil caused by the want of a clergyman for so

long a time, he commenced a vigorous course of instruction, followed by the administration of the holy sacraments. The following entry in his diary affords an idea of Dr. England's energy, and of the attention which, in a few days, he had excited among non-Catholics.

"January 21st.—Heard confessions, celebrated the Holy Mass and administered the Holy Communion to twenty-seven persons. Gave confirmation to fifteen persons. At half-past ten o'clock, I spoke on the erection of the see, on my own authority, and publicly committed the flock of Savannah to the care of the Rev. Robert Browne until I should think proper to remove him; and after Mass I preached to a large congregation, amongst whom were the principal lawyers of Savannah, and many other strangers. In the evening I had vespers, and gave an exhortation and benediction—church crowded and surrounded."

The next entry records the same round of duty with this added: "Was asked by the mayor and others to preach in the Protestant Episcopal Church, which I declined for the present."

Appointing "John Dillon to read prayers for Mass on Sunday," until the return of Rev. Father Browne, whom he took with him on his visitation. Dr. England proceeded to Augusta, which he reached only after two days of hard traveling. After some brief but energetic work in this city, where he administered confirmation "to John McCormack, Esq., and forty-eight others," he set out for Locust Grove, whose Catholic congregation had not seen a priest for several years.

"Arrived there at nightfall," continues the diary, "and was most kindly received by old and young Mrs. Thompson, to the former of whom great merit is due before God, for preserving the Faith in this country. This was the first Catholic congregation in Georgia; it was formed in 1794 or 1795, by the settlement of Mrs. Thompson's family and a few others from Maryland. Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, sent the Rev. Mr. Le Mercier to attend them. After eighteen months he went to Savannah; and Rev. Mr. Sajet then remained seventeen months, and returned to France. There was no clergyman there until November, 1810, when the Rev. Robert Browne came to take charge of Augusta and its vicinity, and remained until 1815. This place was occasionally visited by Rev. Mr. Egan and Rev. Mr. Cooper."

It was at Locust Grove that Bishop England preached his first open-air sermon. "The church being too small," he writes, "and several persons having collected from various parts of the neighborhood, I preached from an elevation outside to about four hundred persons."

Of Warrington he says: "I met three Cherokee Indians, viz., Colonel

Dick, who speaks a little English, John Thompson, and Sampson, to whom I gave their breakfast. I showed the colonel my ring and cross, of which he took particular notice, and I told him I intended visiting his nation; he said he would know me."

On reaching Columbia, Dr. England found a flock consisting "of about two hundred and fifty persons, principally Irish laborers employed in making the canal." There was no church, and the bishop "therefore preached in the court-house that night to a very numerous congregation," mostly Protestants. He made strenuous efforts to begin a church; and on his committee of collection we see such genuine Irish Catholic names as Peter McGuire and John Heffernan.

Bishop England now returned to Charleston, and addressed himself to the great labor of his life. He began a course of lectures, which laid the foundation of a fame that ere long spread through every state in the Union. During the Lent he discussed the principal truths of religion in a way which did not fail to attract the attention of the most thoughtful and intellectual. Nor was this labor without its reward. In his diary we find the names of several converts recorded, including that of "a lawyer of eminence."

In the last week of Lent, we find this sleepless toiler in God's vineyard issuing his first book. It was a catechism, which, he says, "I had much labor in compiling from various others, and adding several parts which I considered necessary to be explicitly dwelt upon under the peculiar circumstances of my diocese."

In the spring of 1821 he established the "Book Society," and had the necessary measures taken to form a general committee, and to have the society extended throughout the whole diocese.

The following quotation from Dr. England's diary is sadly suggestive in relation to the state of the Catholics at the South. It was written of Wilmington, but might be truthfully applied to many other places:

"May 16th (1821).—Celebrated Mass at my lodgings, and gave an exhortation to those who attended. After breakfast met the Catholics, about twenty men—not a woman or child of the Catholic faith. No priest had ever been fixed here, nor in the neighborhood. A Rev. Mr. Burke had spent a fortnight here, about twenty-five years before, and a Jesuit, going to some Spanish settlement, spent two or three days in the town, about the year 1815, and baptized the children of Mr.——; but their mother being a Methodist, they were not educated in the Faith.

"The Catholics who live here, and they who occasionally come here,

were in the habit of going to other places of worship—Episcopal, Protestant, Methodist, and Presbyterian—and had nearly lost all idea of Catholicity. I spoke on the necessity of their assembling together on Sundays for prayer and instruction, and of their forming a branch of the Book Society, to both of which they readily agreed, and then recommended their entering into a subscription to procure a lot for a church, and to commence building, as I would take care they should be occasionally visited by a priest. I also exhorted them to prepare for the sacraments.

“I received an invitation from the pastor and trustees of the Presbyterian Church to use their building (the best in the town), which, upon consideration, I accepted. I was waited upon by the Protestant minister, who offered me his church also, which, of course, I declined, as having accepted of the other. In the evening I preached to a very large congregation, on the nature of the Catholic religion.”

As years went on so did the fame of Bishop England increase, until the time came when, from one end of the republic to the other, his bright name became a household word with Catholics of every nationality, who recognized in him a heroic champion, fully equipped, and equal to the good fight. The feelings of his own countrymen towards him cannot be described, so intense was their pride in his great qualities—his matchless power of tongue and pen, his resistless force as a controversialist, his wonderful capacity for public affairs—the nobleness and grandeur of his nature, which all men respected, and which made for him the fastest friends, even among those who were not of the Catholic Church.

There were, it is true, other great and good bishops who, by their holy lives and lofty characters, commanded a respectful toleration for their faith; but Dr. England extorted respect for his religion by the magic power with which he unfolded its principles to those who crowded around him wherever he went, and refuted the calumnies and misrepresentations that had been the stock-in-trade of the enemies of the ancient Faith for centuries. Like all Catholic Irishmen of that day, as also of the present, the great prelate became an American citizen as soon as the law would permit; nor did he ever cease to identify himself thoroughly with his adopted country, proud of her greatness, jealous of her honor, loving her beyond all others, save that dear old land whose recollections lay fondly cherished down deep in his heart.

The great aim of Bishop England's life in this country seems to have been to present the Catholic Church, her doctrines and practices, in all their truth and beauty and grandeur before the American people. In his efforts to do this, his labors, perhaps, have never been equalled by any other man.

It was with this object he established the *United States Catholic Miscellany*, in 1822. On his arrival in America he found the Catholic Church comparatively defenseless; but he soon rendered it a dangerous task to attack or vilify the Faith of ages. Many who ventured on this mode of warfare were glad to retreat from the field before the crushing weapons of logic, erudition, and eloquence with which he battled for his Church, his creed, and his people.

He was the real founder of Catholic journalism in this republic. He saw that our religion was regarded with contempt; and to him fell the splendid work of changing the current of public opinion, of giving the Catholic Church a certain respectability—a status in this republic. A prelate endowed with such grasp of mind at once perceived the value of the press. For twenty years the product of Dr. England's magic pen appeared in the columns of the *Catholic Miscellany*. His accomplished young sister was for a time his second self in the management of the paper; and it is said she often toned down the fierce logic of his bold and pointed articles, while by her own contributions the pages of the journal were frequently graced and enriched. But God called away this gifted and beautiful girl, and the illustrious bishop shed many a tear on her untimely grave. Under such noble auspices began our first American Catholic newspaper.

Bishop England's diocese, as we have already remarked, embraced three large states, with a poor and scattered population. It was a vast territory, and everything was to create. But the energy and zeal of this extraordinary man were equal to the difficulties of his mission. He toiled and traveled in this manner.

He possessed a little carriage and two strong ponies, which he managed to purchase, with the aid of a few moneyed friends, and, accompanied by a negro boy as driver, he would push on from place to place, preaching, instructing, and administering the sacraments; and on his return—it might be in three, six, or even nine months—he would readily and even profitably dispose of his cattle, then more valuable than at the beginning of the journey, owing to the training to which they had been subjected.

Many a strange incident, and even startling adventure, occurred to the apostolic traveler during his long journeys, at a time when the roads were little better than mere tracks. The population was thinly scattered, and even the rudest sort of accommodation was not always to be had. Often the shelter of the forest was all that could be obtained for the traveler.

Once in a town or city, he was sure of being well received. Prejudice,

it is true, kept some aloof from the "popish bishop," but American curiosity and the irrepressible desire to listen to sermons, discourses, and lectures of any description, impelled numbers to hear a man who was famous for his eloquence. Halls, court-houses, concert-rooms, churches and chapels, would be freely placed at his disposal; and, indeed, the probability is that he rarely suffered from lack of hospitality under such circumstances.

There were occasions, however, when the bishop found it difficult enough to make out a dinner, or secure the shelter of a roof against the night. Even in the Southern states, which are proverbial for the unaffected hospitality of their people, churls were to be met with—at least, in Dr. England's time.

One evening, as the bishop of Charleston was traveling along, accompanied by Father O'Neill, one of his few priests, he drew up at a house of rather moderate dimensions. The master proved to be a mixture of surliness and bad nature. Dinner was called, and given, and an exorbitant price charged. But there was to be no further accommodation. "You cannot stop to-night, no how," exclaimed the agreeable owner of the mansion; and his ugly features seemed to be as emphatic as his language.

After dinner, Dr. England took a chair on the piazza, and read his office. Father O'Neill, having no desire to enjoy the company of his unwilling entertainer, sauntered towards the carriage, a little distance off, where the boy was feeding the horses; and taking his flute from the portmanteau, he sat on a log, and began his favorite air, "The Last Rose of Summer." The toil-worn Irish priest seemed to breathe the very soul of tenderness into this exquisite melody. From one beautiful air the player wandered to another, while the negro boy grinned with delight, and even the horses seemed to enjoy their food with a keener relish. Here, indeed, was exemplified the saying that—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

As the sweet notes stole along on the soft air of a southern night, and reached the inhospitable residence, a head was eagerly thrust forth, and the projecting ears thereof appeared eagerly to drink in the flood of melody. It seemed celestial. Another lovely air began—one of those which bring pearly tear-drops to the eye, and fill the heart with the balm of happiness—and was playing with lingering sweetness, when a voice, husky with suppressed emotion, was heard uttering these words: "Strangers! don't go!—stay all night. We'll fix you somehow."

It was the voice of the surly but now charmed host! That evening the

two guests enjoyed the best seats around the hearth, Father O'Neill playing till a late hour for the family.

Next morning the master of the house would not accept of the least compensation. "No, no, bishop! No, no, Mr. O'Neill!—not a cent! you're heartily welcome to it. Come as often as you please, and stay as long as you wish; we'll be always glad to see you; but—" as he directed his words to Father O'Neill—"be sure and don't forget the flute!"

The eager desire to hear Bishop England was not confined to any particular class. It was common to all. A somewhat curious instance, illustrative of his popularity as a preacher, occurred during one of his journeys. Arriving at a kind of wayside inn, or what may be described as a carman's stage, Dr. England found himself in the midst of a large convoy of cotton-wagons, drawn by mules and horses, with a number of drivers and attendants, both white and colored.

The prelate's ponies had been fed, and he was just about to resume his journey, when a grave, elderly man, who seemed to be in command, approached him, with every mark of respect, and said: "Stranger, are you Bishop England?"

The bishop answered, "Yes."

"Well, Mr. Bishop," continued the grave personage, "we've heard tell of you much. The folks around say you are the most all-fired powerful preacher in this country. I had to leave Washington before you got there; and I can't get to Milledgeville till you're gone. Would you, Mr. Bishop, mind giving us a bit of a sermon right here? It'll obleege me and my friends much—do, Mr. Bishop."

"Do, Mr. Bishop!" was taken up in full chorus, by the rest.

The appeal so urged was irresistible, and the zealous missionary yielded a ready assent.

The bishop took his stand on the stump of a tree which had been cut down to widen the road. The branches of a huge elm flung their welcome shadow over the preacher and the attentive group that clustered around in mute expectation.

It was a scene for a painter—the dense, overhanging forest, the rude, weather-stained log-house, the open clearing, lit up by a glowing southern sun, the large, rough wagons, with their horses and mules, the hardy, bronzed countenances of the whites, and the great rolling eyes and gleaming teeth of negroes of every hue and tint. But the chief figure of all was not

unworthy of its prominence—a man in the prime of life, of well-knit and powerful frame. His face was strong, massive, dark, and full of power and passion. His eye gleamed with the fire that glowed within, and his look seemed to search the very depths of the soul. This was Dr. England, as he stood upon that stump by the wayside.

Soon the willing audience was bound by the spell of his eloquence, as he unfolded before them the solemn truths of religion, and explained to them their duties to God and to their fellow-men. He had been about twenty minutes addressing the crowd, when the leader stepped forward, and, raising his hand, said: "That will do, Mr. Bishop, that will do. We're much obleeged to you, Mr. Bishop. Its all just as the folks say—you're an all-fired powerful preacher. We'd like to hear you always, but we mustn't stop you now. Thank you, Mr. Bishop—thank you, Mr. Bishop."

"Thank you, Mr. Bishop," cried the rest in chorus. And amid a wild cheer that would have tried the nerves of horses less trained than his, Bishop England continued his journey.

The illustrious bishop's tact and fund of wit were equal to his eloquence, and more than once he had occasion to summon them into service. We have but room for an instance. He was traveling, on one occasion, in the same stage with a conceited young preacher. The young man would break a lance with the great "popish bishop;" and, perhaps, the happy result might become known even in the halls of the Vatican. Dr. England was engaged in earnest conversation with some fellow-passengers; but that did not prevent the preacher from asking questions about the "scarlet woman," "anti-Christ," the "pope," etc. Paul was continually quoted. It was nothing but Paul here, and Paul there, and how could the "Romanists" answer Paul?

At first the bishop paid no attention. But as the ill-bred preacher stuck to his points with the pertinacity of a gad-fly, the nuisance became intolerable. Confronting the uncourteous vender of texts, Dr. England directed the blaze of his great eyes, which gleamed with fun and fire, upon him, and gave utterance to this strange rebuke: "Young man! if you have not faith and piety sufficient to induce you to call the apostle, 'Saint Paul,' at least have the good manners to call him 'Mister Paul;' and do not be perpetually calling him 'Paul,' 'Paul,' as if you considered him no better than a negro."

The words, assisted by the comical gravity with which they were uttered, and enforced by the roar of laughter with which they were received by the delighted passengers, extinguished the poor preacher, who rapidly hid

himself in the town at which the stage arrived. Nor did the affair end here. The story got abroad, and the next Sunday, while the preacher was enlightening an audience, some irreverent wag interrupted him by repeating, "Mister Paul—Mister Paul." The absurdity of the affair even obliged him to leave for parts unknown!

Bishop England was the reviver of classical learning in South Carolina. With the object of providing a clergy of his own for the diocese, several candidates having applied to him, he opened at Charleston a classical school, in which these aspirants to the holy ministry were made teachers, while they pursued their theological studies under Dr. England himself. This school received numerous scholars from the best families of the city, and yielded a sufficient income to support the theological students while preparing for the priesthood.

The exercises of the school, and its public exhibitions, gave boundless satisfaction to its patrons and friends. The scholars increased to about one hundred and thirty, and the bishop, encouraged by the bright prospects before him, incurred a heavy liability in securing the services of additional teachers of the highest capacity. But, unhappily, at this juncture the pent-up bigotry of the opposing sects burst forth into a storm of opposition against the school, and, in general, against "the errors and deformities of popery."

The press and the pulpit rang loudly with the denunciations of fanaticism. Bigotry grew loud-mouthed. Protestants were told that they were taxing themselves to set up the "Romish" Church, and to educate a "Romish" clergy. The public assurances of Dr. England, that his school was exclusively classical, and that no religious exercises or instructions were used, had no effect.

Protestantism was alarmed. The Protestant schools were re-opened. The College of Charleston—which had been suspended for some time—was revived, and a new impetus given to sectarianism.

The bishop's school and seminary, though enfeebled, was not annihilated. It continued to bestow a thorough classical and mathematical education upon the students who resorted to it, and supported the ecclesiastical seminary. This seminary, under Dr. England's care, trained up an able, educated clergy for the diocese of Charleston, and prepared for the ministry some of the most honored clergymen of other dioceses.

Thus the great Catholic bishop found time amidst his pressing avocations to promote the spread of literary and scientific knowledge in the city of Charleston; and as a minister of peace, he fulfilled his vocation by the

formation of an Anti-Dueling Association, of which General Pinckney, of Revolutionary fame, was the president. Dr. England's address before this association, against the wildly stupid practice called dueling, is one of the most forcible and masterly productions ever penned in any language.

At the suggestion of some of the southern members of congress, the bishop was invited to preach in the hall of the House of Representatives, at Washington. He accepted the invitation, and was the first Catholic clergyman ever occupying that place. His discourse was a noble production, full of charity, kindness, and winning grandeur.

There was no portion of the American Church in which Dr. England's influence was not felt. He was constantly consulted by bishops, priests, and laymen from every part of the country. At Rome his influence in Church matters in this country was very great. The cardinals called him the "Steam Bishop" of America.

Wherever the Church was afflicted or wounded, he left no remedy unapplied. His gifted mind and sound judgment brought all their forces to bear on such troubles. His efforts to heal the schism in the Church at Philadelphia were untiring and generous; and although his endeavors, like so many others, proved unavailing, no one could have struggled more than he did to achieve success.

Thus we see that his zeal was not confined to his own diocese. In compliance with the invitations of the bishops and priests of other states, this extraordinary man often went to herald the truths of the Catholic Church, or to appeal in behalf of the poor and afflicted, in his own matchless style. We learn that in the summer of 1830 he lectured in Cincinnati; and, as a writer of the time says, "a new impulse was given to the enquiry for religious truth by a course of lectures preached in the Cincinnati Cathedral by the illustrious John England, bishop of Charleston."

During one of his visitations, Dr. England had been obliged with the loan of a Protestant church for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures on the Catholic religion. On Saturday evening the regular pastor came to him to "ask a favor."

"I am sure," said the bishop, "you would not ask what I would not readily grant."

"Occupy my pulpit, then, to-morrow!" continued the minister. "I have been so much engrossed by your lectures through the week that I have utterly forgotten my own pastoral charge, and I am unprepared with a sermon."

“I should be most happy to oblige you,” returned the prelate ; “but are you aware that we can have no partnerships?”

“I have thought of all that,” replied the minister. “Regulate everything as you think proper.”

“At least, I can promise you,” said Dr. England, “that nothing shall be said or done which you or any of your congregation will disapprove.”

On the morrow the novel spectacle was seen of a Catholic bishop, arrayed in his ordinary episcopal vesture, advancing to the pulpit of this Protestant congregation. He invited them to sing some hymns he had previously selected from those they were accustomed to use. He then read to them from the Douay translation of the bible, recited appropriate prayers—such as all could freely join in—from a Catholic prayer-book, preached them a sound, sensible discourse, and dismissed them with a blessing. And that congregation went away, wondering if such could be the doctrine and the worship which they had so often heard denounced as “the doctrine of devils.”

It was the custom of Bishop England to wear his ordinary episcopal robes—soutane, rochet, and short, purple cape—whenever he was preaching, whether in a public court-house or in a Protestant church. Many of these latter buildings being in his time rather primitive structures, and affording little accommodation for robing, he was frequently compelled to perform his ecclesiastical toilet behind the pulpit. This happened on one occasion, when his fame was at its height, and people of every creed, as well as class and condition, rushed to hear the famous preacher. One of the robes worn by a bishop, the rochet, is a kind of surplice, usually made of muslin or fine linen, and trimmed with lace. Dr. England remained some time hidden from the view of the audience, probably engaged in prayer ; and the expectation was somewhat increased in consequence.

At length, one, more impatient or more curious than the rest, ventured on a peep, and saw the bishop in his rochet, and before he had time to put on his cape ; and, rather forgetting the character of the place, and the nature of the occasion, he cried out, in a voice that rang throughout the building—“Boys ! the bishop’s stripped to his shirt!—he’s in earnest, I tell you ; and darn me, if he ain’t going to give us hell this time.” The bishop, who, Irishman-like, dearly loved a joke, and who frequently told the story, ever with unabated relish, mounted the steps of the pulpit, and looked upon his audience as calmly and with as grave a countenance as if these strange words had never reached his ears.

Dr. England's generous heart found in the colored population of his diocese objects of his most paternal care and tenderest solicitude. To instruct them, chiefly in relation to their moral and religious duties and obligations, was a favorite work of his zeal and charity. His own Mass on Sundays at the Cathedral was offered up for them, and the house of God, on such occasions, was reserved for their exclusive accommodation.

He instructed them himself at Mass from the same pulpit which was made famous by his eloquence. He also had a vesper service for their benefit. So wonderful, in truth, were the good effects of his ministry amongst them, especially in promoting their conscientious regard for duty and fidelity in their peculiar positions, that many Protestant planters declared their willingness to give him every facility in ministering in person, or by his clergy, on their plantations, to the exclusion of all other ministers.

It was, however, when Charleston was scourged by disease that the charity and heroism of the bishop were put to the test. "When that frightful scourge," writes W. G. Read, "the yellow fever, desolated Charleston, he was ever at his post." This is nothing new or strange to those who know the Catholic priesthood. But when the Protestants of Charleston saw this apostolic man hurrying under the fiery noons of August and September, or the deadly midnight dew, to assist and console the victim of the plague, usually of the humblest and the poorest, they could not but exclaim, in the sincerity of their wonder and admiration: "This is Christian charity!"

"A near relative of mine, speaking of him to me, said: 'I met him one forenoon, while the fever was at its highest, brushing along through, perhaps, the hottest street in the city. When I tell you he was blazing, I no not exaggerate—he was literally blazing! The fire sparkled from his cheeks, and flashed from his eyes! I shook hands with him, and as we parted, I thought to myself, my dear fellow, you will soon have enough of this!'

"But his work was not yet done. No! Season after season, amid vice, squalidity, and wretchedness, where intemperance, perhaps, kept maudlin watch by the dying and the dead; while the sob of sorrow was broken by the shriek of destitution and despair—there still stood Bishop England, the priest, the father, and the friend—to assure the penitent—to alarm the sinner—to pity and to succor—baptized again and again—unto his holy function, in that frightful black vomit—the direct symptom of the malady!"

Too soon, alas! was the life of the great heroic bishop to come to a close. Returning from Europe in a ship amongst whose steerage

passengers malignant dysentery broke out, this noble Christian minister labored incessantly in the service of the sick. He was at once priest, doctor, and nurse, and during the voyage he scarcely ever slept in his cabin; an occasional doze on a sofa was all that his zeal and humanity would allow him to enjoy.

Exhausted in mind and body, and with the seeds of the fatal disease in his constitution, Dr. England landed in Philadelphia; but instead of betaking himself to his bed, and placing himself under the care of a physician, he preached, and lectured, and transacted an amount of business suited only to the most robust health.

In Baltimore he stayed four days, and preached five times.

"When he arrived here," says Mr. Read, "his throat was raw with continued exertion. I discovered the insidious disease that was sapping his strength. I saw his constitution breaking up. He was warned, with the solicitude of the tenderest affection, against continuing these destructive efforts. The weather was dreadful. But he felt it his duty to go on. He said only, 'I hope I shall not drop at the altar—if I do, bring me home. He wished to do the work he was sent to perform.

"Exhausted by fatigue, overwhelmed with visitors, he was yet ready at the last moment to give an audience to a stranger who begged admission for the solution of a single doubt; and never did I listen to so precise, so clear, so convincing an exposition of the transubstantiated presence of our Redeemer in the Holy Eucharist. His auditor was a person of intelligence and candor, and the bishop exhausted, for his instruction, the resources of philosophical objection to the sacred tenet; to show how futile are the cavils of man in opposition to the explicit declaration of God.

His death was worthy of his grand life. Nothing could be more in keeping with the character of the Christian bishop. The dying words of this great prelate of the American Church, addressed to his clergy, who were kneeling round his bed, were noble and impressive, full of paternal solicitude for his flock, and the most complete resignation to the will of his Divine Master. He humbly solicited the forgiveness of his clergy, for whatever might at the time have seemed harsh or oppressive in his conduct; but he truly declared, that he had acted from a sense of duty, and in the manner best adapted to the end he had in view—their good.

"I confess," said the dying prelate, "it has likewise happened, owing partly to the perplexities of my position, and chiefly to my own impetuosity,

that my demeanor has not always been as meek and courteous as it ever should have been; and that you have experienced rebuffs, when you might have anticipated kindness. Forgive me! Tell my people that I love them—tell them how much I regret that circumstances have kept us at a distance from each other. My duties and my difficulties have prevented me from cultivating and strengthening those private ties which ought to bind us together; your functions require a closer and constant intercourse with them. Be with them—be of them—win them to God. Guide, govern, and instruct them, that you may do it with joy, and not with grief.”

In this, his last address, he did not forget his infant institutions, which were never so dear to his paternal heart as at that moment, when he appealed to his weeping clergy in their behalf; and to the sisters, who afterwards knelt by his bedside, he bequeathed lessons of wisdom and courage. Almost his last words were: “I had hoped to rise—but I bow to the will of God, and accept what He appoints.” He calmly expired on the 11th of April, 1842.

Bishop England was a fearless man. He quailed neither before deadly pestilence, the bloody hand of the assassin, or the blind passions of the rabble. When the anti-Catholic spirit seized on the mob of Charleston, and they threatened to burn the convent, a gallant band of Irishmen rallied to its defense; and Dr. England himself coolly and carefully examined the flints of their rifles, to be satisfied that there would be no missing fire—no failure of swift and summary justice. But the preparation was enough. It was a lesson the ruffians never forgot.

He has been justly styled “the author of our provincial councils.” His far-reaching intellect saw the imperfect organization of the American Church—its bishops far apart, and battling with poverty and countless difficulties. He wrote to his brother prelates, urging upon them the necessity of assembling and taking counsel for united action. He lived to see this cherished desire of his heart accomplished, and his solid and brilliant mind shed its rays of light and wisdom on the first councils of Baltimore.

As a bishop of vast mental capacity, as a profound scholar, eloquent preacher, and powerful writer, the Catholic Church of America has not seen the superior of Dr. England. His influence, when he could gain a candid hearing, was simply irresistible, and many who heard the surpassing thrill of his eloquence came at once to profess the ancient Faith. His controversial writings and sermons are masterpieces. Their style has been likened, by one who often heard them, “to a straight bar of polished steel, connecting his

conclusions with his premises, with the light of heaven blazing and flashing about it."

On the death of the illustrious Dr. England, the Very Rev. Richard S. Baker became administrator, till March 19, 1844, when the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Aloysius Reynolds, D.D., was consecrated. He found his large diocese, with its scattered flock, burthened with debt, which he set to work to meet, and eventually discharged almost entirely. The cathedral, seminary, and bishop's house were in a ruinous condition. After satisfying himself of the wants of his flock, he went to Europe to obtain aid, and on his return made a thorough visitation of his diocese, held a synod, and promulgated the decrees of the Baltimore councils. Convinced that religion would gain by a division of the diocese, he solicited the erection of a see at Savannah; and, in 1850, Georgia, with East Florida, was formed into a separate diocese. This left to Charleston the two Carolinas, with only about 5,000 Catholics, attended by sixteen priests. The Ursuline community had meanwhile removed to Ohio.

He proceeded to collect means for the erection of a Cathedral, and in May, 1850, began that edifice, and had the consolation of seeing it consecrated, April 6, 1854. It was a Gothic Cathedral of brown stone, 150 feet in length, with a spire 200 feet high. Another great work was the foundation of St. Mary's College, at Columbia. Bishop Reynolds was eloquent, learned, charitable, and zealous. He gave himself entirely to his duties, laboring for the good of his people. To his predecessor he erected a lasting monument by collecting and publishing his works in five large volumes.

After a long illness, he died on the 9th of March, 1855, and the Very Rev. P. N. Lynch, D.D., became administrator; and, having been appointed bishop, was consecrated March 14, 1858. He presided over the see for more than twenty years.

The Church gained slowly; the Ursulines restored their convent near Columbia, and the Catholics of South Carolina had eleven churches in various parts of the state when the sound of cannon on Charleston harbor proclaimed the opening of the great Civil War. To the diocese of Charleston it was especially disastrous. During the bombardment of the city, the Cathedral and the convent of the Sisters of Mercy were laid in ashes. The churches at Sumter and Beaufort were ruined; at Columbia, church, convent, and college disappeared. With the state in the hands of the negroes and unprincipled whites, nothing could be done to repair these disasters. Oppressive taxes and

imposts made it almost impossible to retrieve the losses, or save what was left, and the Catholic flock was scattered to the winds. In time, however, improvement came; a new emigration began to enter the state; the Church was free to offer the negro the blessings of Christianity; St. Paul's Church, for the Germans, at Charleston, and St. Peter's for colored Catholics, mark the new era. The Cathedral chapel of St. John the Baptist replaces St. Finnbar's. The Ursulines are still at Columbia; the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy at Charleston and Columbia.

As we have seen, Catholicity was excluded by law from the soil of Georgia. When the Revolution had opened the state, some Catholics, about 1793, removing from Maryland to Georgia, began a settlement near Augusta, called after their old state. Bishop Carroll was unable to give them then a pastor, but in a few years a French priest, the Abbé Le Moine was sent, and a church was soon built. This clergyman, visiting Savannah and Augusta, ministered to the little congregations of Irish Catholics there. The city of Savannah gave the Catholics a lot, on which they erected the neat little church of St. John the Baptist. The Abbé Le Moine died in 1796, just before the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Le Mercier. The people of Savannah regarded him with the greatest respect and consideration, and his funeral was attended by the officers and crews of a French and of a Spanish privateer then in the harbor.

The Rev. Mr. Mercier arrived soon after, and was distinguished for his zeal and his charity for the poor. He died at sea, and was succeeded by the Rev. Anthony Carles, who arrived from St. Domingo in 1803.

After the establishment of the see of Charleston, Bishop England gave new life to the Catholic body in Georgia, where he found but one priest, the convert, Rev. S. S. Cooper, at Augusta. By the visitations of the bishop and the efforts of the clergyman stationed by him, many were recalled to their duties who had almost lost the faith. The growth was slow, however. In 1832, Bishop England estimated the Catholic congregation of Savannah at only five hundred. That at Locust Grove, swelled by Irish settlers, had replaced the log chapel by a neat wooden church. Nearly twenty years later, in 1850, St. Patrick's Church at Washington, the church of the Assumption at Macon, and that of the Immaculate Conception, served from it, were the only marks of increase; but Savannah had its convent of Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy, and the zealous Rev. John Barry had an orphan asylum and a day school at Augusta.

Such was Catholicity in Georgia when Savannah was made a see, and the Rt. Rev. Francis X. Gartland consecrated bishop September 10, 1850. In his diocese, which embraced also East Florida, there were, he estimated, about five thousand five hundred Catholics. He visited Europe to solicit aid, and on his return enlarged the Cathedral, established an orphan asylum at Savannah, a convent of Mercy at Augusta, and free schools in various places. All these were required to meet the steady increase of the faithful.

In 1854 the yellow fever visited Savannah. Bishop Gartland labored incessantly, visiting the sick, aided by the Rt. Rev. D. Barron, who had been a missionary bishop in Africa. Both were stricken down, and, as they lay hovering between life and death, a tornado struck the house, and injured it so that they had to be removed to die—Bishop Barron, September 12th, and Bishop Gartland, September 20th; two heroic Sisters of Mercy also laid down their lives as martyrs of charity.

The Very Rev. John Barry, of Augusta, who had long been identified with the progress of Catholicity in Georgia, and who had gone through all the perils of the cholera and yellow fever, became administrator, and on the 2d of August, 1857, was consecrated bishop. Florida was at this time made a vicariate, and the diocese of Savannah embraced only Georgia. He labored as earnestly and zealously in his capacity of bishop as he had in that of priest, but his health was broken. Going to Europe to recruit it, he was prostrated at Paris, and died there, November 19, 1859, aged fifty.

The Rt. Rev. Augustine Verot, D. D., a French priest of known learning and zeal, was made bishop of Savannah, July 14, 1861, having been for three years vicar-apostolic of Florida. The Civil War had already begun, and Catholicity in Georgia suffered in the general desolation of the South. The new church at Augusta was completed amid all the din of war, and dedicated April 12, 1863; but the church at Atlanta was saved with great difficulty; St. Mary's in Camden County was destroyed; the elegant church at Dalton perished.

When the war ended the bishop went zealously to work to meet the new condition of affairs; churches were restored and a new one erected at Albany; new schools were established, and an impulse given by the devoted religious, by the Ursulines at Macon, and by the Sisters of Mercy of the Irish Rule, who, during the war, began their holy work at Columbus. The Sisters of St. Joseph also began their labors among the negro population.

The Rev. Ignatius Persico, who had been a missionary bishop in India, zealously performed the duties of a missionary in this diocese, and when, in 1870, St. Augustine was made a bishop's see, Dr. Verot returned to Florida, and Dr. Persico was made bishop of Savannah on the 11th of March, 1870. Bishop Persico's health did not permit him long to give his energies to the vast work of building up the Church in Georgia. He resigned in 1872, and the Rt. Rev. William H. Gross, of the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, was consecrated bishop in 1873. His diocese containing 20,000 Catholics had but twelve priests. He undertook with energy to meet the great wants of his flock. At his invitation the fathers of the Society of Jesus began a house of their order at Augusta, where they established the church of the Sacred Heart, and opened a school for boys under the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, and a school for girls. The fathers of the ancient order of St. Benedict began at Savannah a mission to the colored people, which was subsequently removed to the Isle of Hope, and continued till the zealous Dom Gabriel Bergier died of yellow fever, November 4, 1875. It seemed for a time to be abandoned, but Father Oswald Moosmuller revived it, established a monastery, and labored earnestly to make it a center of religion to the colored race.

Chapter XXXIX.

Career of Cardinal Gibbons.

TARDY RESULTS IN CAROLINA.—CREATION OF A VICAR APOSTOLIC.—BIRTH IN MARYLAND.—EDUCATION IN IRELAND.—SUCCESSSES AS A STUDENT.—SHINING LIGHT IN PRIESTHOOD.—WORK AS A YOUNG PRELATE.—BRILLIANT ADDRESSES AND PUBLICATIONS. — FAVORABLE IMPRESSION AMONG NON-CATHOLICS. — CALLED TO THE PRIMACY.—A MOTHER'S JOY. — RECEIVES THE RED HAT. — A FRUITFUL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LIFE.

IN North Carolina, down to the Revolution, there was neither priest nor altar of the Catholic Church. The Rev. Mr. Cleary, canon of the church of Funchal, was the first to officiate in the state. He came over in 1784 to settle the estate of a relative at New Berne, and ministered to the Catholics there till his death. He said Mass in the house of Mrs. Gaston. In 1812 the Rev. Mr. Clorivière, on his way to Charleston, said Mass for about twenty Catholics at Fayetteville. The Rev. Mr. Kearney, of Norfolk, visited New Berne in 1819. The Laity's Directory for 1822 said: "In North Carolina there is no Catholic Church;" but when Dr. England visited North Carolina he found many descendants of Irish Catholics utterly lost to the faith; many ready to join the Church if they had a church and a priest. The neat church of St. John the Evangelist, at Washington, in Beaufort County, was soon built; a church and ground were given in Fayetteville, but St. Patrick's was destroyed in a general conflagration. Steps were taken to rebuild it, and to erect a church on a fine site at New Berne, but this took many years, and only in 1840 did St. Paul's

begin to arise. Small as the Catholic body in the state was it numbered among its members the famous lawyer and judge, William H. Gaston.

In 1839 Raleigh, the capital of the state, saw its first Catholic Church; New Berne Catholics greeted St. Patrick's in 1844; and a church, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Joseph, arose in Lincoln County, the first fruits of Bishop Reynold's episcopate; Wilmington boasted of a neat Gothic church, dedicated to St. Thomas, in 1847; St. Peter's in Charlotte, and St. Joseph's in Gaston County, were the next light-houses of Christianity in a state steeped in Calvinism.

War desolated the state, but it broke up the old chill of death. Catholicity became known. Churches at Halifax, Tarboro, and Edenton appear. When the Holy See believed that a bishop on the spot might give the Church some conquests in the most un-Catholic of all states in the Union, a bull of his holiness, the revered Pius IX, dated March 3, 1868, erected North Carolina into a vicariate-apostolic, the first to assume its duties being the Rt. Rev. James Gibbons.

James Gibbons was born in Baltimore on July 23, 1834, but was taken to Ireland, the land of his forefathers, at the age of ten years. While making his juvenile studies there, he was brought under the notice of Archbishop McHale of Tuam, who was much interested by his fervor and diligence. Returning to his native country, he entered the preparatory seminary, St. Charles' College, and after his course there entered St. Mary's College, Baltimore. He was ordained on June 30, 1861, and assigned to St. Patrick's Church, but in a few months received charge of St. Bridget's Church, Canton, with the care of St. Lawrence's at Locust Point, as well as of the Catholic soldiers at Fort McHenry. The zeal of the young priest in this laborious duty showed his merit, and Archbishop Spalding made him his secretary and assistant in the Cathedral. The peculiar charm of his manner, the influence his piety exercised, made him a marked man, and at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore he was selected as the priest best fitted to organize the new vicariate-apostolic in North Carolina, a state where Catholicity had made least impression. He did not shrink from the difficult task. Everything was to be created; the scattered Catholics were fewer in the whole state than would be found in a Maryland parish. He was consecrated bishop of Adramyttum in the Cathedral of Baltimore, August 16, 1868, and proceeded to Wilmington, North Carolina, making St. Thomas' Church his residence. He found one or two priests in the state, and seven hundred Catholics

scattered in a population of a million. He drew devoted priests to him, and labored in person with the gentle zeal of a St. Francis of Sales, winning a way to hearts that the profoundest erudition or the highest eloquence failed to reach. He visited every part of the state, preaching and lecturing in court-houses, meeting-houses, any hall that could be had, and everywhere presenting the unknown truth with irresistible power. His method can be best understood by his wonderful little book, "The Faith of our Fathers," a work that has been more effective than any other since Milner published his "End of Controversy." Little communities of converts began to form, and the ministers of God began to feel courage. Churches sprang up in the larger cities, the Sisters of Mercy came to open an academy, and the ancient order of St. Benedict prepared to found a monastery. On the death of Bishop McGill, Doctor Gibbons was transferred to the see of Richmond, July 30, 1872, retaining, however, the charge of his vicariate. His labors in the larger field were even more fruitful, and the influence was gradually extending, when Archbishop Bayley, finding his health precarious, asked that he should be appointed coadjutor of Baltimore. On the 29th of May, 1877, he was made bishop of Janopolis and proceeded to Maryland. He left with reluctance the flocks in Virginia and North Carolina to assume the charge of the ancient diocese of Baltimore, of which he became archbishop on the death of Archbishop Bayley in the following October. The pallium was conferred upon him on the 10th of February, 1878. His venerable mother, who had lived to see her son enthroned in the Cathedral where he had been baptized, died soon after at the age of eighty. Raised thus to the highest position in the American hierarchy, he enjoys the respect of all, and was chosen by Pope Leo XIII to preside in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in November, 1884, having been invited to Rome with other archbishops and bishops in the previous year in order to deliberate on the most urgent matters to be considered in that assembly.

In the Consistory held by Pope Leo XIII in June, 1886, the archbishop of Baltimore was created a cardinal priest, and the insignia of his new dignity were soon after borne to him across the Atlantic. The career of this prince of the Church, has since then been written in the hearts of American Catholics. It were vain to attempt a recital of all he has accomplished for the growth and glory of the Faith. Here we shall confine ourselves to noting his attitude toward the American Republic, as the subject has been reviewed by the late Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, the founder of the Paulist Fathers and

long the editor of our ablest and most popular magazine, *The Catholic World*. Father Hecker writes:

The following was the address of Cardinal Gibbons as published in the daily papers, on his taking possession of his titular church in Rome, March 25, 1887:

“The assignment to me by the holy father of this beautiful basilica as my titular church fills me with feelings of joy and gratitude which any words of mine are wholly inadequate to express. For as here in Rome I stand within the first temple raised in honor of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary, so in my far-off home my own cathedral Church, the oldest in the United States, is also dedicated to the Mother of God.

“That never-ceasing solicitude which the sovereign pontiffs have exhibited in erecting those material temples which are the glory of this city, they have also manifested on a larger scale in rearing spiritual walls to Zion throughout Christendom in every age. Scarcely were the United States of America formed into an independent government when Pope Pius VII established therein a Catholic hierarchy and appointed the illustrious John Carroll the first bishop of Baltimore. Our Catholic community in those days numbered only a few thousand souls, and they were scattered chiefly through the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. They were served by the merest handful of priests. But now, thanks to the fructifying grace of God, the grain of mustard-seed then planted has grown a large tree, spreading its branches through the length and breadth of our fair land. Where only one bishop was found in the beginning of this century there are now seventy-five exercising spiritual jurisdiction. For this great progress we are indebted, under God and the fostering care of the Holy See, to the civil liberty we enjoy in our enlightened republic.

“Our holy father, Leo XIII, in his luminous encyclical on the constitution of Christian states, declares that the Church is not committed to any particular form of civil government. She adapts herself to all. She leavens all with the sacred leaven of the Gospel. She has lived under absolute empires, under constitutional monarchies, and in free republics, and everywhere she grows and expands. She has often, indeed, been hampered in her divine mission. She has often been forced to struggle for existence wherever despotism has cast its dark shadow, like a plant shut out from the blessed sunlight of heaven. But in the genial atmosphere of liberty she blossoms like the rose.

“For myself, as a citizen of the United States, and without closing my eyes to our shortcomings as a nation, I say with a deep sense of pride and gratitude that I belong to a country where the civil government holds over us the ægis of its protection without interfering with us in the legitimate exercise of our sublime mission as ministers of the gospel of Christ. Our country has liberty without license, and authority without despotism. She rears no wall to exclude the stranger from coming among us. She has few frowning fortifications to repel the invader, for she is at peace with all the world. She rests secure in the consciousness of her strength, and her good will toward all. Her harbors are open to welcome the honest immigrant, who comes to advance his temporal interests and find a peaceful home. But while we are acknowledged to have a free government, perhaps we do not receive the credit that belongs to us for having also a strong government. Yes, our

nation is strong and her strength lies, under the overruling guidance of Providence, in the majesty and supremacy of the law, in the loyalty of her citizens, and in the affection of her people for her free institutions.

"There are, indeed, grave social problems now engaging the earnest attention of the citizens of the United States; but I have no doubt that, with God's blessing, these problems will be solved by the calm judgment and sound sense of the American people without violence or revolution or any injury to individual right.

"As an evidence of his good-will for the great republic in the West, and as a mark of his appreciation of the venerable hierarchy of the United States, and as an expression of his kind consideration for the ancient see of Baltimore, our holy father has been graciously pleased to elevate its present incumbent, in my humble person, to the dignity of the purple. For this mark of his exalted favor I beg to tender the holy father my profound thanks in my own name and in the name of the clergy and the faithful. I venture to thank him, also, in the name of my venerable colleagues the bishops, as well as the clergy and the Catholic laity of the United States. I presume to also thank him in the name of our separated brethren in America, who, though not sharing our faith, have shown that they are not insensible—indeed, that they are deeply sensible—of the honor conferred upon our common country, and have again and again expressed their warm admiration for the enlightened statesmanship and apostolic virtues and benevolent character of the illustrious pontiff who now sits in the chair of St. Peter."

Cardinal Gibbons' office is one that outranks all others in the Church in America, and his interpretation of our American institutions is worthy of his position. The convictions he has expressed have doubtless animated his whole life as a Catholic and a citizen, and all his countrymen will rejoice that he has uttered them with so much emphasis and bravery, and that he has done it in the center of Christendom. Americans will thank him for it, and accept him as their representative there, for he is fitted by his thorough-going American spirit to interpret us to the peoples and powers of the Old World. Americans do not want the pope at the head of the most august assembly in the world, representing the whole Christian Church, to speak in favor of empires, monarchies, or republics; that we do not want. What we want is the American cardinal to do what he has done; to have the courage of his convictions there and everywhere else, as becomes our cardinal, so far as he represents the American republic.

It reminds one of Benjamin Franklin championing our cause in Europe before and during the Revolutionary era. What Franklin maintained was that we were not in rebellion; the American colonies were not guilty of that kind of revolution which is a crime. They were fighting for principles which had always been an Englishman's birthright, and, I may add, part of the inheritance of all Catholic peoples. Franklin held that the rebels and

revolutionists were the members of the British government. And the fact was that that was an intense personal conviction with him added immensely to his force as our ambassador. The Americans never intended to be rebels; they were not rebels. Nowhere in their fundamental law will you find rebellion erected into a principle. So, like Benjamin Franklin, the American cardinal holds, if not officially yet morally, a like place as representing America to those monarchists of Europe who are suspicious of us and who do not appreciate our institutions. The cardinal will be accepted as an American representative, locate him where you please—Rome, Paris, Madrid, Berlin, or London. His office constitutes him our high commissioner, and his utterances are in the serene atmosphere of the Roman Curia, itself not unknowing of liberty and equality in their true sense. St. Augustine's words have ever described the Church's view of human authority, civil or ecclesiastical:

Christians in office "rule not from a love of power, but from a sense of the duty they owe to others; not because they are proud of authority, but because they love mercy. This is prescribed by the order of nature; it is thus God created man. For 'let them,' he says, 'have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.' He did not intend that his rational creature, who was made in his image, should have dominion over anything but the irrational creation—not man over man, but man over the beasts. And hence the righteous men in primitive times were made shepherds of cattle rather than kings of men, God intending thus to teach us what the relative position of the creatures is, and what the desert of sin; for it is with justice, we believe, that the condition of slavery is the result of sin." (*City of God*, book xix. chap. 14-15.)

And how often soever the Holy See may have counseled men to respect legitimate authority, her great battles have ever been with those who have abused authority.

The Catholic Church has flourished under all forms of government. Her divine Founder has given her an organism capable of adjustment to every legitimate human institution. She tends to make the people loyal to the reasonable authority of the state, and her influence will strengthen them in the virtues necessary for the public welfare; she has always done so. But the form of government of the United States is preferable to Catholics above other forms. It is more favorable than others to the practice of those virtues which are the necessary conditions of the development of the religious life of man. This government leaves men a larger margin for liberty of action, and hence for co-operation with the guidance of the Holy Spirit, than any other government under the sun. Speaking of the affirmation of human

rights set forth in the Declaration of Independence, the present writer has said that—

“They are divine inasmuch as they declare the rights of the Creator in his creature; they are fundamental, for without the enjoyment of the natural rights which they proclaim man is not a man, but a slave or a chattel; they are practical, for man is, or ought to be, under his Creator, the master of his own destiny and free from any dominion not founded in divine right. The Creator invested man with these rights in order that he might fulfill the duties inseparably attached to them. For these rights put man in possession of himself, and leave him free to reach the end for which his Creator called him into existence. He, therefore, who denies or violates these rights offends God, acts the tyrant, and is an enemy of mankind. And if there be any superior merit in the republican polity of the United States it consists chiefly in this: that while it adds nothing, and can add nothing, to man’s natural rights, it expresses more clearly, guards more securely, and protects more effectually these rights; so that man under its popular institutions enjoys greater liberty in working out his true destiny.” (“The Catholic Church in the United States,” *the Catholic World*, July, 1879.)

The Catholic Church will, therefore, flourish all the more in this republican country in proportion as Catholics in their civil life keep to the lines of their republicanism. This proposition will still be true even should the New England mind become the prevailing type among us.

In the light of these principles it is an error, radical and gross, to say that the basis of the American character is the spirit of political and religious rebellion. The character that is formed by the institutions of our country and the Catholic character are not antagonistic. American institutions tend to develop independence, personal independence and love of liberty. Christianity rightly understood is seen to foster these qualities. For what other object did the martyrs die than to establish their personal convictions against the decrees of emperors? “You keep the laws of your sovereign,” said the martyr St. Lucy to the Roman official; “I keep the laws of my God. You fear Cæsar; I fear the one true God, whom I serve. You are desirous of pleasing men; I desire to please Jesus Christ alone. Do you pretend to deprive me of the right of acting according to the dictates of my reason and conscience?” Said Sts. Perpetua and Felicitas, as they entered the amphitheater to be martyred: “We have willingly come hither, that our freedom might suffer no interference. We gladly lay down our lives to avoid doing anything contrary to our holy religion.” And in like manner the peaceful triumphs of Catholic virtue have had no other motive than a heroic purpose to serve God alone in true liberty of spirit, whether as hermits in the wilderness, or Benedictines in the abbeys that were the centers of religious and civil

life in the destruction of the Roman Empire and the rushing down of the barbarians, or in the various orders and societies, founded since then, in which the Church has ever offered a method for souls to combine together for freedom and peace, for their own and their neighbor's sanctification.

What we need to-day is men whose spirit is that of the early martyrs. We shall get them in proportion as Catholics cultivate a spirit of independence and personal conviction. The highest development of religion in the soul is when it is assisted by free contemplation of the ultimate causes of things. Intelligence and liberty are the human environments most favorable to the deepening of personal conviction of religious truth and obedience to the interior movements of an enlightened conscience. Mr. Lilly, in one of his brilliant essays, affirms that the question of the hour is the existence of the supernatural. This is well said for agnostics; but for a well-ordered mind I should say that the question of the hour is how the soul which aspires to the supernatural life shall utilize the advantages of human liberty and intelligence.

We do not need the imperial or kingly ideas of the Old World as aids to our spiritual life as Catholics, any more than we want its anarchical ideas as helps to civil freedom as citizens. Neither do we wish to plant our American ideas in the soil of other nations. The mission of the American Catholic is not to propagate his form of government in any other country. But there is one wish he cherishes in respect to his fellow-Catholics abroad: he wants to be rightly understood, and that is a wish not easily granted. You, reader, if you had been brought up in a monarchy and sympathized with its institutions, as you naturally would have done, would not easily understand other forms of government. In such things most men are what their surroundings make them—you might say all men are, if by the word surroundings you take in the sum of influences, external and internal, to which they are subject. Where will you find a man whose most potent teachers have not been his race and country? Honest men in Europe feel about democracy as we feel about monarchy. And how do you feel about monarchy? Your truest answer must be, "I don't understand it." And, unless you made your home there, you might live in a monarchy for years and not understand it, and you would not wish to understand it. It does not belong to you. The place is not your home; your home is far away and far different, and you expect sooner or later to go back there. Therefore you are not to be blamed for not understanding them, nor are they to be blamed for not understanding us. When we are abroad, unless called upon to speak, as the cardinal was, it is

better for us to keep our mouths shut. So should foreigners act when in this country.

I do not blame Europeans for not understanding us. I only wish to call attention to the many difficulties in the way of getting into the minds of Europeans true views of American affairs. These difficulties Cardinal Gibbons has known how to cope with. He has been able to express the American idea in such terms as not to be misunderstood. And this was not the triumph of diplomatic cunning, but rather that of sincerity and frankness—the true cunning of honest souls. He has carried his point by the simplicity of his thought and the earnestness of its utterance. There is often more in the courage of saying the thing than there is in the thing itself: there is both in Cardinal Gibbons' address. For what is a commonplace in this country is striking and singular elsewhere, especially in a state of society so differently organized. It took courage to say what he did. It was needed to be said long ago, but others did not say it. Was it lack of courage on their part, or indifference to the providential lessons of the times?

In such cases courage is genius, and we now rejoice in its triumph. It was fitting that the best expression of the good of civil freedom as a favorable human environment for the development of the religious character should be left to be made by an American cardinal in the center of Christendom. And if I were asked in what the American system of government contributed most to this development, I should say that it is by declaring itself incompetent in spirituals. That is what Europeans, especially men in high station, can not or will not understand.

“Philip II of Spain,” says Baron Hubner in his *Memoir of Sixtus V*, vol. ii. chap. ii., “looked upon himself as a civil vicar of Christ. Whenever, in the fulfillment of this imaginary mission, he met with a doubt, he sometimes laid it before his ministers, but he preferred to submit it to his confessor, or to theologians, or to committees specially appointed to examine it, or to congregations composed of doctors of theology. He believed he had two missions to fulfill. He was king and also a little of a pontiff; just as the pope is first a pontiff, then king. In this groove ran all his ideas. Sixtus V indignantly rejected such pretensions. . . . The deeply-rooted conviction that he was the civil vicar of Christ on earth can be frequently traced in Philip's letters and is reproduced in the language of his agents.”

Potentates wished, and still wish, to be pontiffs. When dynasties give place to oligarchies, aristocrats wish to be on a par with cardinals. When the tide of atheistic revolution has swept them all away, and blasphemers of

the prime verities of reason and revelation are floated into power, they in turn feel under obligation as civil rulers to care for the supreme interests of religion. King Philip and Gambetta, Louis Quatorze, the two Napoleons, and Bismarck and Paul Bert, must nominate bishops; each must play *ensor deputatus* for catechisms and theologies; monarchy, aristocracy, bureaucracy, anarchical and atheistic democracy, each inherits from its predecessor the craving for ecclesiastical authority. The throne of the fisherman has not had authority enough to publish in Catholic countries its own apostolic decrees without an incessant diplomatic war over the state's placet. In Joseph II's case this meddling of the state with spirituals was carried into the very sacristy. Without wishing to go too far the other way, I affirm that this interference by government can never be imposed on the American people. We are glad to see the American cardinal of the same mind. When church and state were brought into contact in Philip's reign he posed as the Constantine of Christendom, and Louis Quatorze did worse. Here in America, when church and state come together, the state says, I am not competent in ecclesiastical affairs; I leave religion in its full liberty. That is what is meant here by separation of church and state, and that is precisely what Europeans cannot or will not understand. They want to make out that the American state claims to be indifferent to religion. They accuse us of having a theory of government which ignores the moral precepts of the natural law and of the Gospel. Such is not the case, and never has been from the beginning. That is a false interpretation of the American state. By ecclesiastical affairs we mean that organic embodiment of Christianity which the Church is in her creeds, her hierarchy, and her polity. The American state says in reference to all this, I have no manner of right to meddle with you; I have no jurisdiction. By morals, on the other hand, we mean those influences of natural and revealed religion whose sway is general among the vast popular electorate of our country, uniform and definite enough to be a quickening influence upon our public life. To disregard this has ever been deemed a crime against good government among us, and punished accordingly.

The cardinal's address, taken in connection with other events in Pope Leo's pontificate, marks an epoch in the world's history. If, as many think, democracy will soon assume control of public affairs, the question is, what kind of a democracy will it be; what influence will be powerful enough to guide it morally aright? No sectarian form of Christianity can be the guide of mighty human forces. So far as men are sectarians, so far do they deviate

from the universal truth; and only the universal principles of reason and revelation grasped and wielded by such an organic world-power as the Catholic Church can guide aright the tumultuous masses of mankind when the transition from one phase of civilization to another has begun. The power that could tame the barbarian ancestors of the civilized world exhibits in such men and such utterances as have been herein considered a force competent to guide to its proper destiny the baptized democracy of our day. And we may say in passing that it is difficult to exaggerate the majesty and power a body of men representing the whole Catholic Church, as the Council of Trent intended the cardinals to do, would possess and exert the world over; the decision of such a body, with the pope at its head, could not fail to be final.

Chapter XI.

Along the Ohio Valley.

CREATION OF BARDSTOWN DIOCESE.—FIRST FRIENDS FROM MARYLAND.—FAILURE OF FATHER WHELAN.—EARLY DAYS OF FATHER BADIN.—GLIMPSE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—ON THE MISSION IN KENTUCKY.—JOURNEYS IN THE WILDERNESS.—CHURCH IN A SHANTY.—APPOINTMENT OF BISHOP FLAGET.—DEATH OF THE PROTOPRIEST.—GOOD FATHER NERINCKX.—HUMBLE EPISCOPAL QUARTERS.—CINCINNATI RECEIVES A BISHOP.—FENWICK, PURCELL AND ELDER.



THE diocese of Bardstown, Kentucky, is a part of that vast extent of country known in our ancient geographies by the name of Louisiana. It is situated in the center of the United States, and is bounded on the north by the Ohio, on the west by the Mississippi, on the south by the state of Tennessee, and on the east by Virginia.

When, in 1792, Kentucky was admitted into the Union as a state, its population was about seventy thousand. About twenty poor Catholic families from Maryland, descendants of the English colonists, came here to reside in 1785, as then good land could be procured almost for nothing. Their number rapidly increased, and in the year 1788 Father Charles Whelan, an Irish Franciscan, was sent to them. As they were then at war with the natives, and as this was continued until 1795, this missionary, two of his successors, and the colonists were compelled to cross the hostile country to arrive at the mission, even on reaching which their lives were sometimes exposed to

imminent dangers. Besides being at a distance from a priest, they had also to struggle against poverty, heresy, and vulgar prejudices with regard to the pretended idolatry of Catholics, etc. Finally Father Whelan, at the expiration of two years and a half, abandoned a post so difficult to hold, without even the satisfaction of seeing a single chapel built. It was then impossible to find another missionary to succeed him, and the faithful "were afflicted because they had no shepherd."

Among the good and gifted men that the French Revolution cast upon our shores was Stephen Theodore Badin. He was born at Orleans, France, on the 17th of July, 1768. He received a finished classical education at the College Montagu, Paris; and pursued his theological studies in the seminary of his native city. The bishop of Orleans, however, had taken the odious constitutional oath. Young Badin decided not to receive ordination at the hands of such a man, and as the rumble of the terrible Revolution became every day more distinct, he sailed for the United States, arriving at Philadelphia in March, 1792. Bishop Carroll received him with great kindness.

Father Badin was raised to the sacred dignity of the priesthood on the 25th of May, 1793—being the first priest ordained in this republic. Prince Gallitzin, as we have already learned, was the second.

The Catholics of Kentucky had no priest. Bishop Carroll hinted to Father Badin his intention of sending him to that distant mission. It is not surprising to learn, however, that the inexperienced young priest, with a slight knowledge of English, exhibited some reluctance about plunging into the wilderness. The bishop listened to his reasons. It was proposed to commend the matter to God by making a novena. After nine days they met again.

"Well," said Bishop Carroll, "I have prayed and am still of the same mind."

"I have also prayed," replied Father Badin, smiling, "and I am likewise of the same mind. Of what use then has been our prayer for nine days?"

Bishop Carroll smiled, too, and after a pause, said, with great sweetness and dignity: "I lay no command; but I think it is the will of God that you should go." Father Badin, without a moment's hesitation, answered with great earnestness—"I will go, then."

It seems there were no large trunks to be packed, and the energetic young missionary was soon ready for the journey. He was assigned, as companion, a more aged clergyman, Father Barrières, who was made vicar-

general. Leaving Baltimore with staves in their hands, on the 6th of September, 1793, the two priests, on foot, pushed along the muddy roads to Pittsburg, where they embarked in a flat-boat with a company of emigrants for Kentucky. Their passage was full of adventure. On landing at Maysville, they again started on foot for Lexington, a distance of sixty-five miles. This journey could not be accomplished in one day. Night came on. It was passed in an open mill, lodging on the mill-bags without the slightest covering, during a cold period toward the close of November. On reaching their destination, the priests commenced their labors. Father Badin said his first Mass, in that region, at the house of Denis MacCarthy, an Irish Catholic. After four months, however, he found himself alone, as his colleague was glad to leave Kentucky.

Nothing daunted, the youthful apostle fixed his residence near the little chapel, and began his career of toil. Referring to this temple of worship in the wilderness Dr. Spalding says, "it was a temporary hut, covered with clapboards, and was unprovided with glass in the windows. A slab of wood, roughly hewed, served for an altar. Such was the first Catholic Church in Kentucky."

No pen can picture the hardships, anxieties, and privations which fell to the lot of Father Badin in the vast field committed to his care. During all seasons—and often at night—he had to travel through unbroken forests, cross flooded rivers, expose his life to the tomahawk of the Indian, and contend, single-handed, with the ignorance, prejudices, and bitter hostility of sectarians. He was alone for nearly three years; and at one period he was twenty-one months without an opportunity of going to confession.

He found about three hundred Catholic families scattered all over the state; and during his missionary career in Kentucky he must have ridden on horseback at least one hundred thousand miles. He often rode from fifty to eighty miles on a sick call. "After one of these long rides," writes Dr. Spalding, "he found the sick man sitting on a stool eating hard-boiled eggs to cure the pleurisy!"

The ignorant bigotry of the times called, once in a while, for religious controversy; and skill and learning never failed Father Badin on such occasions. Some of his flock were also excellent controversialists. One of these was Judge Twyman, who, while attending the court in Mason County, happened to be taking his dinner at a hotel where religious discussion was brought to the front. Catholics were loudly abused and laughed at

as a lot of fools. "They adore images, and worship the Virgin," remarked one of the wiseacres. The judge listened in silence. When the conversation had ceased, he arose, and said, with great slowness and deliberation: "Look at me! Do you think I am a fool? I am a Catholic. I was brought up a Protestant, but embraced the Catholic religion after a long and careful examination." This little speech created quite a sensation, and not a word more was said against Catholics.

There are many Catholic judges now on the bench, in various parts of the country, not all of whom would speak out so generously to save their faith from the insults of bigotry.

It was not until 1805 that he was joined by the holy priest, Charles Nerinckx, who in time erected ten churches, and founded the Sisterhood of Loretto, Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross. The next year the Dominican Father Edward Fenwick arrived to examine the country, and the following year he founded the convent of St. Rose, which soon became a centre of spiritual blessings. These English Dominicans had been driven from the Continent of Europe by the French Revolution. Trappists, sent by the same outbreak, came in 1805.

A minister once remarked to a lady member of Father Badin's flock, that he was "surprised to see a person of her good sense a follower of the pope who was certainly Antichrist, and the beast of the Revelations." The lady continued her knitting until he was through; and then raising her eyes, she quietly asked the infallible Bibleman: "Do you know grammar, sir?" He said, "Yes." "Well," resumed the lady, "is Antichrist singular or plural?" "Singular," he answered, feeling rather uncomfortable. "Are two hundred and fifty-six popes singular or plural?" she said. He was obliged to say, "Plural." "Therefore, the pope is not Antichrist," she remarked with emphasis; and the preacher took his way in sadness from that house.

After some years, two fellow-laborers came to the indefatigable Father Badin's assistance. One of them, Rev. Mr. Salmon, died from the effects of an unhappy accident—a fall from his horse. "The accident," writes Father Badin, "happened about noon, at a little distance from a residence. A servant, who found him half dead in the woods, went to solicit aid, which was denied him by an impious and cruel farmer, simply because the unfortunate man was a priest. It was only towards night that a good Catholic of the neighborhood was informed of the fact."

One by one, other priests came, and at length, in 1808, Bardstown, Ky., became an episcopal see; and three years later, Bishop Flaget was welcomed to Father Badin's sixteen-feet-square log cabin. The growth of the Church was remarkable in "the dark and bloody ground."

Father Badin paid a visit to his native land, and after his return, continued his missionary labors in Kentucky, Illinois, and Ohio. A vigorous constitution and active habits enabled him to get through an immense amount of work. To preach and sing Mass was his delight. His mind was highly cultivated. Roaming the woods of Kentucky did not make him forget his Homer and Virgil. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and his Latin poem in praise of Perry's victory over the English on Lake Erie was much admired. His "Principles of Catholics," printed at Bardstown in 1807, was the first Catholic work published in the West. This apostolic man died at Cincinnati on the 15th of April, 1853, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. And thus rested from his labors, after nearly sixty years' toil in the holy ministry, the first priest ordained in the United States.

Among the priests last referred to as having joined Father Badin was the holy and renowned Father Charles Nerinckx. This famous missionary was born in the province of Brabant, Belgium, on October 2, 1761. His parents were distinguished for their virtues and their strong attachment to religion. His father was a physician of some eminence, and his mother seems to have been a most estimable woman.

Having a pronounced vocation for the holy ministry Charles pursued the necessary studies and was in due time regularly ordained, his first priestly labors being at the period when the French Revolution was convulsing society and menacing the very existence of religion. In time, like numbers of his brethren, he could only escape persecution by living in a state of concealment.

Seeing the fierce storm that swept over Europe, and his own inability to do all the good he desired, Father Nerinckx turned his eyes towards the West. There, indeed, "the harvest was great and the laborers few." With some difficulty he escaped from his hiding-place, reached Amsterdam, and sailed for the United States on August 14, 1804. After a long and dangerous passage of ninety days, he reached Baltimore, and at once offered his services to Bishop Carroll.

Father Nerinckx, with his accustomed energy, began to prepare himself for his new sphere of activity. To study English—with which he was

wholly unacquainted—he retired to Georgetown College. Though in his forty-fifth year, he worked at our language with all the ardor of youth.

In the spring of 1805, he was sent among the wilds of Kentucky, which, after a painful journey, he reached only on the 5th of July. At this time the only priest in the state was Rev. Father Badin, with whom, for the first seven years, he resided.

The apostolic Nerinckx, with his whole soul and strength, now devoted himself to the sublime work of saving souls. He seemed to court labors. To him toil and suffering were luxury. Of powerful frame and herculean constitution, he did not know what it was to spare himself. His rest was brief. He generally rose several hours before day. For God and his neighbor only did he appear to live. The performance of his duty was his daily bread. In short, his missionary labors were incredible; for he became “all to all that he might gain all to Christ.”

Father Nerinckx was a man of unsurpassed courage. He feared no difficulties, nor could any dangers appall him. He penetrated the wilderness, swam rivers, slept in the woods among the wild beasts; and while undergoing all this, he was in the habit of fasting and mortifying himself in many ways. On one occasion he narrowly escaped drowning. In crossing a flood he was swept from his horse, which lost its footing and was carried away by the current. The rider barely saved himself. He reached the other shore by clinging firmly to the horse's tail.

On another occasion he was placed at the mercy of a pack of hungry wolves. Passing through a gloomy forest on horseback, the good priest lost his way. It was in mid-winter. Night came on. The famished brutes surrounded him, and made the forest resound with their unearthly howlings. He sat on his horse, made the sign of the cross, and prepared himself for death. A mysterious Providence, however, watched over him. He remained on his horse the whole night, with hundreds of glaring eyes fixed on him. The wolves disappeared with dawn, and Father Nerinckx calmly continued his journey.

In the course of his laborious life, Father Nerinckx often manifested his great bodily strength. He erected no less than ten churches in Kentucky. Nor was he content with directing the labors of others. With his own vigorous arms, he cut logs, and generally worked bare-headed under the broiling sun. In removing heavy timber, he usually lifted against two or three men. He built his residence chiefly with his own hands; and he was wont to say cheerfully, “that his palace had cost him just \$6.50 in cash.”

An anecdote, too good to be omitted, is related of this heroic priest. He was rigid in enforcing order in his churches during divine service. More than once curiosity-seekers, who forgot to be courteous in the house of God, received severe and merited rebukes from Father Nerinckx. He was little swayed by human respect, and was rather plain and frank. On one occasion a young man by the name of Hardin, of powerful frame and somewhat of a bully, took mortal offense at something said by the zealous priest. He openly declared that he would be avenged. An opportunity soon occurred. Father Nerinckx was going through the forest to St. Charles' church, when Hardin waylaid him. Springing from his hiding-place the young bully seized the reins of the priest's horse and ordered him to stop, "for that he intended to give him a sound drubbing." Cutting off one of the stirrups he commanded the priest to dismount. Father Nerinckx promptly complied; reasoned with the young man; told him that he had never meant to offend or injure him, and that his profession wholly forbade him to fight or wrangle. Hardin, however, persisted, and was in the act of striking the priest, when the latter took hold of him and quietly laid him on the ground as if he were a mere child. "I will neither strike nor injure you," smiled Father Nerinckx; "but I feel authorized in keeping you from injuring me." The young bully promised to be "a good boy," and the priest put him on his feet again. Quietly remounting his horse, the missionary proceeded on his journey. Hardin as quietly moved off in another direction. When Father Nerinckx arrived at the church, a friend inquired how the stirrup-leather had been cut. In a few words the priest related his adventure, adding with a smile, "that these young buckskins could not handle a Dutchman." After this he was never heard to speak of the affair.

Hardin, however, more than once said that "he often thought he could handle men, but that he really never had hold of one before he met Priest Nerinckx, who, he really believed, had something supernatural about him."

He had charge of six large congregations, besides many stations scattered over the whole extent of Kentucky. To visit all his flock required at least six weeks. He was unceasing in his labor to make his people devout to the most Blessed Virgin, and to her he dedicated his first church. He seldom made a missionary tour without receiving some one into the true fold. In one of these excursions, he made no fewer than thirteen converts.

When Father Nerinckx learned that Bishop Carroll had recommended him for the see of New Orleans, and that the pope had confirmed the

nomination, his humility was alarmed. He quietly, but firmly, refused the dignity.

The masterwork of Father Nerinckx's apostolic life was the establishment of a new religious society—"The Sisters of Loretto." For over half a century those pious and cultured ladies have been an inestimable blessing to Kentucky and to other states, and to-day, in this jubilee year, they continue their glorious work.

Worn out by the labors and trials of the mission, Father Nerinckx went to receive the reward of the faithful servant on the 12th of August, 1824, being in his sixty-third year. Behind him he has left the memory of shining deeds and a spotless and venerable name. His remains, deposited in a suitable monument, rest in the center of the conventual cemetery of the mother-house of his society at Loretto, in that old Kentucky, which, for nearly a quarter of a century, was blessed by his presence. As his worthy spiritual daughters daily and reverently gaze on his honored tomb, they recall to mind the sublime maxim which he was wont to repeat: "Do not forsake Providence, and He will never forsake you."

We have indicated, in these sketches, the condition of the Catholic Church in Kentucky when the see of Bardstown was established, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Flaget appointed bishop. Dr. Flaget was one of the great bishops of our early Church. He was born in France in 1763. At his birth he was named Benedict, because some one exclaimed that "he was a son of benediction." Young Flaget made his course of philosophy in the University of Clermont, after which he entered the congregation of St. Sulpice, and was ordained priest. For several years after his ordination, he filled the chair of theology in the seminary of Nantes. The terrors of the French Revolution led him to direct his eyes towards America. After making a spiritual retreat and consulting his superior, he sailed from Bordeaux in January, 1792, in company with Rev. Messrs. David and Badin. Bishop Carroll received him with joy, and appointed him to the distant mission of Vincennes, Indiana. Bearing letters of introduction from the bishop to General Anthony Wayne, he was received and entertained by that gallant soldier with the greatest friendship and consideration. He departed from Pittsburg in a flat-boat, stopped at Cincinnati, then only a fort, and pushed on to Louisville, which, at that time, contained only three or four small cabins. In December, 1792, he reached Vincennes. Here he found both church and people in a most neglectful and unhappy condition. Religion had almost died out at this old French

settlement. The whites were little removed in barbarism from the wandering Indian. On the Christmas following his arrival there were only twelve communicants. It would be impossible to detail in brief space the hardships and dangers encountered by this holy missionary. However, after two years and a half of zealous labor, he was recalled by his superiors. Upon his arrival in Maryland, he was appointed professor in Georgetown College. While in this position he formed the acquaintance of Gen. Washington, then president of the United States. The Abbé Flaget was an ardent admirer of the illustrious patriot, and fifty years after Washington's death he used to refer to him in language of unbounded praise.

In 1801, he took up his residence at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, and for the eight following years his life passed quietly away in that institution. At the suggestion of Rev. Mr. Badin, Bishop Carroll recommended the Abbé Flaget as a suitable candidate for the new see of Bardstown, Ky. The good priest's humility was alarmed, but he finally allowed himself to be consecrated in 1810.

Such was Bishop Flaget's apostolic poverty that he had not the means necessary to convey him to his diocese. Yet he utterly refused any assistance from his poor flock, declaring that he would rather walk on foot to Kentucky than commence his career by thus taxing his people. Some generous friends in Baltimore defrayed his expenses. He arrived at Louisville in June, 1811, and his welcome by the warm-hearted Catholics was truly magnificent. His diocese counted seven priests — Fathers Nerinckx, Badin, and O'Flynn, and four Dominicans at the convent of St. Rose. On the Christmas following, the bishop raised the Rev. Mr. Chabrat to the priesthood. He was the first priest ordained in the West. At this time Kentucky had about six thousand Catholics, comprising thirty congregations, with only ten churches. The bishop took up his abode with Father Badin, at Loretto, his episcopal residence being a log cabin sixteen feet square.

With a somewhat sad and heavy heart he surveyed the vast field of his labors—the Mississippi Valley. But his zeal and activity knew no bounds. He visited all the congregations of Kentucky twice before the year 1815. During one missionary trip he confirmed nearly one thousand three hundred persons. Not even the most remote French and Indian missions escaped his watchful care. One of his journeys extended over a distance of 2,000 miles. "Wherever Bishop Flaget pitched his tent," says a writer, "he laid the foundations of a new church, and each of his principal halts was destined to

become a bishopric. There is Vincennes, in Indiana; Detroit, in Michigan; Cincinnati, the principal city of Ohio; Erie and Buffalo, on the borders of the lakes; and Pittsburg, which he evangelized in returning to Louisville, after thirteen months absence — after having given missions wherever on his route there was a colony of whites, a plantation of slaves, or a village of Indians.”

The vast extent of his jurisdiction gave him great influence as a member of the American hierarchy. When attending the council of Baltimore in 1829, on being introduced for the first time to the illustrious Dr. England, Bishop Flaget exclaimed: “Allow me to kiss the hand that has written so many fine things!” Dr. England promptly replied: “Permit me to kiss the hands which have done so much good!”

During his protracted episcopate, Bishop Flaget consecrated Bishops David, Fenwick, Bruté, Kenrick, Chabrat, Spalding, and Purcell, long the venerable metropolitan of Cincinnati.

The saintly and heroic prelate died in 1850, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, during fifty-seven of which he had labored in America. The Mississippi Valley is covered with monuments of piety that mutely proclaim his praise. He left behind him a diocese so flourishing that it was once called “The Garden of the American Church.” Where, in the beginning, he could not find a priest without undertaking a week’s journey, he lived to see two archbishops and eight bishops presiding over a numerous clergy and an innumerable laity.

Bishop Flaget’s exertions, and the influence of his holy life, were of incalculable service to Kentucky and the other parts of his charge. He was the first Catholic bishop ever seen in the West. On his first visitation he traveled nearly a thousand miles, and, crossing the Mississippi, ministered to the priestless Catholics of St. Louis. He was so constantly engaged that he solicited a coadjutor; and in 1817 his old friend and associate, the Rev. J. B. M. David, was appointed coadjutor of Bardstown.

Two years later his Cathedral was completed, a fine edifice in the Roman Corinthian style, and was consecrated on the 9th of August, 1819. He was relieved of part of his heavy burthen in 1821, when the see of Cincinnati was erected, with jurisdiction over Ohio, Michigan Territory, and the Northwest. The Sisters of St. Dominic were established in 1821, adding to the institutions of the diocese.

The diocese in 1824 lost the venerable Mr. Nerinckx; but a few years

later a number of Jesuit fathers arrived from France and assumed direction of St. Mary's College.

Indiana was next formed into a diocese, and in 1837 the see of Nashville was established. The Rev. G. Chabrat was consecrated as coadjutor in 1834, in place of Bishop David, who had resigned; but, after Bishop Flaget's visit to Europe, his second coadjutor also resigned, and the Rev. Martin J. Spalding was consecrated on the 10th day of September, 1848.

Bishop Spalding, who succeeded, was a native of Kentucky, educated at Rome, where he had sustained his theses in a manner to excite general admiration. He had been pastor of the Cathedral, president of St. Joseph's College, and vicar-general. When he became bishop the diocese had a Catholic population of about thirty thousand, served by forty priests, who attended forty-three churches and ten chapels.

Bishop Spalding's first efforts were devoted to a visitation of his diocese, to the establishment of orphan asylums, and the erection of a suitable Cathedral, which was solemnly consecrated October 3, 1852, in the presence of two archbishops, eight bishops, a mitred abbot and a host of priests. He next introduced the Xaverian Brothers and Brothers of Christian Instruction, to conduct parochial schools for boys.

With Bishop Lefebvre he was one of the founders of the American College, at Louvain, to increase the number of priests for the mission in this country. His diocese embraced the state of Kentucky; but, in 1853, the see of Covington was erected, the diocese embracing the eastern part of the state.

During the Know-nothing excitement of 1855 the mob made an attack on the Catholics, killing many in the streets or burning them alive in their houses. The churches were threatened, but none destroyed, on a day still remembered in Louisville as Bloody Monday.

The Civil War made Kentucky a scene of warlike preparation and of frequent bloody engagements; colleges became hospitals; and sisters, leaving their quiet schools, became hospital nurses, dying in their charitable work. In the violence of the times a law was passed imposing an oath on any clergyman celebrating marriage; against this the bishop protested, on the ground that the state could not impose conditions on a priest in a purely spiritual act.

In the three provincial councils of Cincinnati, 1855, 1858, and 1861, Dr. Spalding bore a leading part. As a distinguished reviewer, author, controversialist, and champion of the Faith, he acquired great reputation. To his priests he was exceedingly kind—a father. In his own diocese, he introduced

a system of church government, intended to secure the rights of the inferior clergy and to preserve them from arbitrary rule.

On the death of Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, Dr. Spalding was chosen his successor, and in June, 1864, was installed as seventh archbishop of Baltimore, in the presence of forty thousand spectators. In this new and exalted office he labored arduously. He never spared himself. He gave all he had to his church, his schools, and his charitable institutions. One of his first cares was to found an industrial school for boys. It was intrusted to the care of the Xaverian Brothers, and opened in 1866. In the same year, as apostolic delegate, Dr. Spalding convened the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. He had the principal part in preparing the measures submitted to that august body, and in drawing up the acts of the council so as to render the work a standard manual of American canon law.

Dr. Spalding attended the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican at Rome, where he was distinguished by his labors and his zeal. On his return he was hailed with acclamation by his people, and received public honors both at Baltimore and Washington. His last years were as active and laborious as those of his early priesthood. For his flock he truly spent himself. After a long and painful illness he went to receive the reward of a virtuous life, on February 7, 1872.

If the United States ever produced a man who was great and good, learned and amiable, that man was Archbishop Spalding. In his character, he united the simplicity of the child with all the vigor of manhood. His affection for his people, his love of children, his devotion to his faith, to his duties, and to his country, endeared him to all. His holy and beautiful memory is one of those bright lights which illuminates the history of the Catholic Church in America.

In 1810, the Dominicans of Kentucky had borne the cross into Ohio. Father Edward Fenwick, a native of Maryland, who won his way among men of all creeds and none, pushed his way through the rising state in all directions. Near the center of Ohio, not far from Somerset, he found three Catholic families, who had not seen a priest for ten years; after ministering to them he found others; and, as twice a year he continued his missionary excursions, the number of his scattered flock increased till he, to his joy, found seven families in Cincinnati, the venerable Michael Scott being one of these pioneers of the faith.

Bishop Flaget visited Ohio in October, 1812, and said Mass at the house

of the Dittoes, near Somerset, who were already projecting a church, and for which Peter Dittoe gave three hundred and twenty acres of ground. Here the log chapel of St. Joseph, for a congregation of ten families, was blessed, December 6, 1818, by Father Fenwick and Father N. D. Young, who, outliving all his contemporary priests, died in the autumn of 1878. A stone addition was soon needed, and, in a short time, a brick church.

Pope Pius VII on the 19th of June, 1821, at the advice of Bishop Flaget, erected the see of Cincinnati, appointing as first bishop Father Edward Fenwick, who was consecrated in St. Rose's, Kentucky, January 13, 1822, by Bishop Flaget. Besides the state of Ohio, Michigan Territory, including what is now Wisconsin, was placed under his administration.

He took possession of his see, hired a house, and sent out for his first meal. He then began to see the extent of the calls upon him. He bought a lot, and erected a wooden chapel, thirty feet by fifty-five, for his Cathedral. The next year he set out for Rome to lay before the holy father the wants of his diocese. From his personal examination, he estimated the Catholics of Ohio at eight thousand, and two thousand Indians on Seneca River; in Michigan he estimated the Catholics at ten or twelve thousand.

Already Ohio had four or five wooden churches built, and as many more in progress; converts were coming in, but he had no priests, no seminary, no means.

His appeal in Europe was successful—he returned with substantial aid, vestments, a rich tabernacle given by Pope Leo XII, paintings. He then began the erection of a Cathedral, which was dedicated the first Sunday of Advent, 1826. After this he made a visitation of his diocese, preceded by some priests, who gave a kind of mission in preparation; the result was nearly a thousand communions, the reclaiming of many sinners, and the conversion of many to the faith. Sectarians took alarm. They cried out that the three Catholic families in Ohio in 1810, had increased to 14,000 souls in 1830. Bishop Fenwick extended his visitation to Michigan; then attended the provincial council at Baltimore, returning to resume his visitations. These he continued without relaxation. In the dangerous season of 1832 he was attacked by cholera, at Sault St. Mary's, and recovering kept on his duties till he was again stricken down in the stage-coach going to Wooster, where he died September 26th.

Living only for his flock, and laboring for them, he had called in to aid him the Sisters of St. Dominic, Sisters of Charity, and the Poor Clares. He

founded at Cincinnati the Athenæum, now St. Xavier's College; and, in 1831, established the "Catholic Telegraph," now the oldest of our Catholic papers.

Dr. Fenwick was succeeded by the Rt. Rev. John B. Purcell, who was consecrated October 13, 1833, and occupied the see for more than forty-five years, living to behold two other sees erected in the state, and to be himself invested with the pallium as archbishop; attend numerous provincial and plenary councils at Baltimore; hold provincial councils in his own city, and attend a general council of the Church.

John Baptist Purcell was born in the little town of Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, on the 26th of February, 1800, of a poor, but most pious and faithful Catholic family. Having completed his humanities at his birthplace, he came to America in his eighteenth year, and made his course of philosophy, and began that of theology in the seminary of Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg. He finally went to Paris, and terminated his ecclesiastical studies in the seminary of St. Sulpice. On June 4, 1826, he was ordained by Mgr. de Quelen, archbishop of Paris. Father Purcell then traveled through England and Ireland, and, on concluding a retreat at the Sulpitian Solitude at Jos, he returned to the United States in 1827. He was professor of philosophy and afterward of theology, in Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg. He also had charge of the church attached to the college. These duties he performed for seven years.

In 1836 Bishop Purcell had a second Catholic Church in Cincinnati, while others arose in other parts of the diocese; the next year he could count thirty-two churches and stations, twenty-one priests, a seminary, a college, a female academy and an asylum. Protestants took alarm at the progress of Catholicity in the West. Beecher had issued his "Plea for the West;" Morse, who was to be decorated with an order by a pope, issued his "Brutus;" and a Rev. Mr. Campbell began a controversy with Bishop Purcell. It was the occasion of a new triumph for Catholic truth; and, in the general interest the controversy caused, a society for the diffusion of religious knowledge was established. The Dominicans began to erect a fine Gothic church at St. Joseph's; the Jesuits, in November, 1840, opened St. Xavier's College; temperance societies were organized under the guidance of the Church. Then the Sisters of Notre Dame, from Namur, came to open academies and schools.

In 1844, the diocese received some fathers of the congregation of the Most Precious Blood, founded by the Ven. Gaspar di Bufalo, led by the Rev. Francis de Sales Brunner, who have now for more than thirty years labored



MOST REV HENRY MOELLER, D. D.,
Archbishop of Cincinnati, Ohio.



CHURCHES IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.

in the West. Thus increased, the diocese could, in 1846, boast seventy churches, seventy-three priests, and 70,000 people. The Ursuline nuns had also come and founded, in Brown County, a convent and academy, which to this day have been the greatest benefit.

It was deemed advisable at this period to divide the diocese, and erect a new see at Cleveland, with jurisdiction over that part of the state north of 40 degrees 41 seconds. The cities of Covington and Newport, in Kentucky, which had grown up opposite Cincinnati, and immediately under the eye of the bishop of that city, were placed under his care.

The diocese, as thus reduced, was estimated to contain about fifty churches and priests, and as many thousand Catholics.

The progress of the diocese, in which great numbers of Catholic Germans had settled, was very rapid; and the increase of population was attended by a development of schools as well as of churches. The Brothers of Mary, a community founded by the Rev. William Joseph Cheminade, canon of Bordeaux, and approved in 1839, were introduced to direct German parochial schools, and have rendered essential service. In 1850 the province of Baltimore was divided, and Cincinnati was raised to an archiepiscopal see, with the bishops of Cleveland, Detroit, Louisville, and Vincennes, as suffragans, the number having been since doubled by the division of dioceses.

In the following year, to the consolation of the archbishop, he opened the ecclesiastical seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West, which he had founded in 1848. Its organization was committed to the Rev. Michael Hallinan as president, a learned priest educated at St. Sulpice, Paris. The institution has fully justified the hopes of the venerable founder, and in its faculty, its thorough course, its extended library, ranks among the greatest theological seminaries of the country.

The Ursulines about this time founded a convent at Cincinnati, and when the Sisters of Charity, in 1852, affiliated themselves to the order of France, those in the diocese of Cincinnati clung to the dress and rule of Mother Seton, and remained as a distinct community under the archbishop. They are now in a flourishing state, with 250 members, in several dioceses, directing schools and charitable institutions.

A pastoral letter on marriage was issued in December, 1853, laying down clearly the rules of the Church, and the duties and obligations of Catholics who receive that sacrament.

On the 13th of May, 1855, the First Provincial Council of Cincinnati

convened in the Cathedral, the Most Rev. archbishop presiding; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lefevere, administrator of Detroit; Rt. Rev. A. Rappe, bishop of Cleveland; Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding, bishop of Louisville; Rt. Rev. G. A. Carrell, bishop of Covington; Rt. Rev. Frederick Baraga, bishop of Amyzonía and vicar-apostolic of Upper Michigan, taking part in the work of the council, Bishop de St. Palais alone being absent of all the suffragans. Besides the bishops, there were present the provincials of the Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits, the superior of the priests of the Holy Cross, and the vicar of the superior of the priests Pretiosissimi Sanguinis.

The pastoral letter issued after the close of the council dwelt especially upon Catholic schools, declaring their erection, in many respects, as important an object as the building of new churches. Temperance, zeal for the house of God, patience in persecution, and piety, were inculcated.

In the pastoral on the decrees of the council praise is given to the excellence of the German schools, which are cited as models. It also alluded to a recent iniquitous law, leading the way to the confiscation of Catholic Church property, which had, however, been repealed.

On the 13th of October, 1858, the Most Rev. archbishop celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his elevation to the see of Cincinnati. Addresses were made by the clergy and faithful, the venerable Very Rev. J. Ferneding leading in this, as he had done in so many good works of the diocese. The bishops of the province joined in their congratulations to their metropolitan.

About the year 1860, the Franciscan Sisters of the Poor, the Sisters of Mercy, and Sisters of the Good Shepherd began their labors in this diocese. By this time there were in Cincinnati, besides the Cathedral, more than twenty churches, and in the diocese there were a hundred and forty-eight, with one hundred and twenty-three priests, and the Catholics in the diocese were estimated at 160,000; several of the larger cities, as Chillicothe, Columbus, Dayton, Fayetteville, Hamilton, Piqua, Portsmouth, and Zanesville had each two churches.

On the Feast of the Annunciation, in the year 1862, the Rev. Sylvester H. Rosecrans, an American who had, as priest and professor in the seminary, been laboring in the diocese since his ordination, was consecrated bishop of Pompeiopolis, and bishop auxiliar of Cincinnati. With the aid thus given to the venerable archbishop, religion continued to progress, although six years later his auxiliary was removed and made bishop of Columbus.

On the 23d of May, 1876, the Golden Jubilee of the archbishop was

celebrated by his flock with solemn services in the Cathedral, attended by societies in processions, and crowds of priests and laymen, Catholic and Protestant, who came to offer their congratulations. It was the bright and brilliant prelude of a sad and terrible affliction.

Early in 1879 financial affairs which had been managed by the Very Rev. Edward Purcell ended in bankruptcy. How it all came about must ever remain a mystery. The venerable archbishop, as ignorant as a child of the system and its extent, at once came forward and assumed the whole responsibility of his brother's operations. This only complicated matters and raised a host of legal questions as to his ability, in character of trustee for the Catholic Church in his diocese, to assume an individual indebtedness contracted by another; and if he could, it became necessary to decide what property became liable for it, that owned by the diocese or the property of every Catholic Church and institution in the diocese. If the debt became a just charge on the whole diocese and all its churches and institutions, it was a debt on every Catholic, which he was bound in conscience to pay. This extreme view no theologian or canonist was found to take.

The debts were at first supposed not to exceed a quarter of a million of dollars, and attempts were made to meet or reduce it materially by subscriptions; but when it was found that the indebtedness reached nearly four millions of dollars the attempt was abandoned as hopeless. The Very Rev. Edward Purcell died broken-hearted. The archbishop made an assignment of all property in his name, and long litigations began. The court ultimately decided that the individual congregations were not liable except for moneys actually advanced to them.

The venerable archbishop asked to be permitted to resign the see which he had so long occupied, but when this was refused he obtained the appointment of a coadjutor. The choice fell upon the Rt. Rev. William H. Elder, then bishop of Natchez, who in May, 1880, assumed the administration of the diocese.

Archbishop Purcell then retired to a house near the Ursuline convent in Brown County. Here early in 1881 he was struck with paralysis and lingered till July 4, 1883, when he expired calmly and full of hope. His career had been humble, zealous, and active. In the great trial of his life all acknowledged that no money had been spent for his own purposes or extravagantly. He had been a prelate of great influence, forming many of the best bishops and clergy in the country, consecrating in his long administration

eighteen bishops and ordaining hundreds of priests. His successor, in 1880, was the Most Rev. William Henry Elder, former bishop of Natchez.

A few words may here be added about the important diocese of Cleveland, cut off from Cincinnati in 1847, and of which the first shepherd was Rt. Rev. Amadeus Rappe. This handsome city is now, next to Cincinnati the most commercial city in Ohio, and stands on the south shore of Lake Erie, at the mouth of the Cuyahoga. The harbor is one of the best on the coast; and has been rendered still more available by extending a pier on either side into deep water. By means of this secure and commodious haven, it has navigation communications with the Atlantic Ocean on the one hand, and with the head of Lake Superior on the other; while to the south it connects itself with the basin of the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico through a canal which enters the Ohio at Portsmouth, about 200 miles below Pittsburg, Cleveland is also the terminus of railways converging from almost every quarter. With so many advantages in its favor, it could hardly fail to grow and prosper. It is celebrated for its ship-building, and is becoming rapidly more and more important for its manufactures. Bishop Rappe devoted himself to develop the resources of his diocese to meet the wants of an increasing flock. He established St. Mary's Ecclesiastical Seminary, and St. John's College at Cleveland, and introduced the Ursuline Nuns, who founded an academy in the same city; the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary took charge of the orphan asylum; and the Augustinian Sisters of a charity hospital, which is to this day the greatest and almost the only institution of the kind in the city.

The bishop was a man of singular eloquence, speaking several languages with fluency; but he devoted himself especially to the poor, and to the education of children.

Many of the churches in Northern Ohio had already been erected by his exertions. At Cleveland he found only one church, St. Mary's of the Flats. He soon commenced the erection of a suitable cathedral, and gave an impulse to the building of a church and school wherever, stimulated by his zeal and eloquence, the people could maintain them. He visited every church and station in his diocese at least once a year, and was assiduous in the confessional and in preaching, generally delivering two sermons every Sunday.

Under such a bishop religion could not but prosper. After an administration of twenty-three years he saw 100,000 Catholics under his care; he had one hundred and sixty churches, a hundred and seven priests; a school

wherever there was a resident pastor, with an average attendance ranging from fifty to a thousand pupils. Religious orders, the Sons of St. Francis and St. Ignatius, Brothers of Mary, Gray Nuns, Sisters of the Humility of Mary, Franciscan Sisters, Hospital Sisters of the Third Order, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and Little Sisters of the Poor, were all pursuing their especial work for the glory of God.

Yet trouble arose: malice did not spare even so excellent a bishop; and Dr. Rappe, finding that his presence might prejudice instead of benefiting the cause of religion, resigned his see, August 2, 1870, with no repining and no rancor. He retired to the diocese of his old friend and fellow-laborer in Ohio, Bishop De Geosbriand, of Burlington, where he labored as a zealous missionary and apostle of temperance, till his death, September 8, 1877.

The Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, already known as an active and zealous priest, devoted to the cause of education, was consecrated as bishop of Cleveland, April 14, 1872. In his struggle to save Catholic youth, and in establishing a Catholic paper—*The Universe*—to maintain Catholic interests, Bishop Gilmour aroused some of the dormant fanaticism to lay aside its ordinary mask of hypocrisy; but the progress of the faith was all the more solid. The old church of St. Mary's on the Flats, has twenty other churches besides it in the city of Cleveland; and the diocese, in 1878, had no less than two hundred and three churches, a hundred and fifty-eight priests, seven asylums with nearly five hundred orphans rescued from ruin, a hundred and ten parish schools, with twenty-two thousand pupils, out of a Catholic population of 150,000. Bishop Gilmour likewise aided the cause of education by the preparation of an excellent series of school books. To the great grief of his flock, he died in 1891, and has been followed in the charge by Rt. Rev. Dr. Horstmann, late an eminent priest of the diocese of Philadelphia.

Chapter XLI.

The Indiana Field.

VINCENNES AS A MILITARY POST.—FATHER GIBULT AN EARLY LABORER.—IN THE BARDSTOWN JURISDICTION.—BISHOP BRUTE' FIRST SHEPHERD.—LIFE OF A SAINTLY FRENCHMAN.—GOOD STOCK AND KINDLY GROWTH.—AT MT. ST. MARY'S.—MOTHER SETON'S DIRECTOR. — THE BISHOP PAID IN CORN. — CHARITY AND TOIL TO THE END.—NOTRE DAME AND ST. MARY'S.—LATER BISHOPS.—DIVISION OF THE DIOCESE.

ABOUT the year 1730, a French post was established on the Wabash by Bissot, Sieur de Vincennes, which, after his death in the Chickasaw War, assumed his name and has since retained it. Here, in 1749, Father Sebastian Louis Meurin, of the Society of Jesus, founded the church and mission of St. Francis Xavier, reviving, as some suppose, a temporary mission of Father Mermet about 1710.

Father Meurin was succeeded by others of his holy order, who continued to minister to the French and Indians there till the fall of Canada, and the almost simultaneous suppression of the Jesuits.

At Fort Ouiatenon, near the present Lafayette, was, it is inferred, another Jesuit mission under Father Pierre du Jaunay. This shared the fate of that of Vincennes, which was without a priest for six years till, in 1769, the Rev. Peter Gibault, sent by the bishop of Quebec to look after that remote part of his flock, wintered there, and commenced his arduous labors in the West, extending his visits beyond the Mississippi. When the colonies declared their independence, Father Gibault induced the French in the West to join General Clark, and thus secured that part of the country to the United States. He resided sometimes at Vincennes and occasionally at other

missions. He was assisted for a time by a Father Paget, and finally withdrew on the 11th of October, 1789.

The famous Father Flaget was sent to revive the faith of these scattered Catholics in 1792. This first mission of the future bishop of Bardstown extended to April, 1795. The Rev. Mr. Rivet then ministered to the French and Indians and occasional Irish Catholics, till his death in 1804, and in 1799 opened the first school. His services in restraining the Indians were highly esteemed by the government and the people. The Rev. Mr. Oliver, then stationed near the Mississippi, visited Vincennes occasionally.

Indiana had meanwhile fallen under the jurisdiction of Bishop Flaget, and in 1812, his old flock earnestly implored him to give them a resident priest. He visited them in 1814, and remained several weeks, instructing, hearing confessions, baptizing, marrying, and on the 5th of June for the first time administered the sacrament of confirmation. He made a second visit on his way back from the Mississippi, for the benefit of the hundred and twenty Catholic families there.

Visits were now frequently made to Vincennes by priests from Ohio and Kentucky; but on the 6th day of May, 1834, Pope Gregory XVI erected Vincennes into an episcopal see, and the Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté was appointed bishop. He was consecrated at Bardstown, October 26, 1834. The diocese embraced the state of Indiana and Western Illinois, and as its first prelate was one of the most remarkable men in the history of the American Church we deem well to notice his career at some length.

Just one hundred and thirty-five years after the illustrious Father Jogues, S. J., had visited Rennes—the capital of the ancient province of Brittany—bearing on his person cruel marks of Mohawk barbarity, there was born in the same city a child who was destined one day to make his name forever famous in the annals of the Catholic Church in the United States. It was Simon Gabriel Bruté. His birthday was the 20th of March, 1779. He belonged to an ancient and very respectable family. His father, Simon Gabriel Bruté, was superintendent of the royal domains in Brittany; and there is every evidence that his mother was a lady of great piety, intelligence, and force of character.

Simon Gabriel was but seven years of age when his father died, leaving his business affairs in an embarrassed condition. It was a great misfortune. The family prospects were blasted, and a hard, weighty responsibility fell on Madame Bruté. But she was not unequal to the burden. She seems to have

been a wise woman, whose tact and common sense made her equal to the duties of this world, without ever leading her to forget the things of heaven. Such was the good educator who had the first hand in molding the tender character of the future bishop.

Nor was he less fortunate in his first confessor. "My first confessor," he wrote, many years after, "was Father Carron, vicar of the parish of St. Germain, then a very young priest, but already so remarkable for his exemplary life and most fervent piety, that he was called the 'Abbé Térèse,' in allusion to St. Teresa.

"This was soon after the death of my father, when I was about eight years old. I remember well that the first time I went to confession to him, he gave me—as I left his confessional, which stood in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin—a little book in French entitled 'The Death of Abel.' As I was retiring, he came out of the confessional and gave me the book. I remember his face as it appeared at that moment, with such an expression of amiability and piety upon it.

"I was his penitent for several years, until 1791, the last year of the free exercise of religion in France, during which year I had the happiness of making my first Communion. I went regular to confession, but up to that time, thanks be to God, my excellent mother, and I must add excellent teachers, I had little to confess. Although I had attended the public schools for four or five years, I was an entire stranger to all improper notions; and my chief matter of reproach, at the time of making my general confession for first Communion, was the having taken an apple from the stand of an old fruit woman.

"During the same interval, I learned my catechism at school, though at times I attended the public catechism at the parish church, to recite portions of the Holy Scripture, which we learned by heart. I remember that on one occasion, having repeated the history of the sacrifice of Abraham, I obtained, as a reward, quite a large print of the Annunciation, pasted on a board with a margin of gilt paper around it. It hung for long years by the side of my bed, and I can still call to mind the strange, vivid association of the Blessed Virgin, and good Father Carron, in my childish impressions of piety and holiness of life.

"My first prayer-book also made a great impression on my mind. It was a *Paroissien*, bound in green morocco, with gilt edges, and was given to me on the very day of my father's funeral, February 28, 1786. I had

long desired to have one, and I presume there was not a little vanity mixed up with the devotion with which I followed the Mass and office in my beautiful prayer-book, at the college and the parish church. I had it in my possession twenty years afterwards, with its broken covers, defaced binding and some torn leaves; but I lost it somehow or other in my many journeyings.

“I made my first Communion, as I have said, in 1791. There were about 200 of us of the first or second Communion—for it was the excellent custom of those times to make the second Communion with the same preparation as the first, after a short spiritual retreat. I thank Thee, O my God! for the state of innocence and piety I was in the day I performed this most important act.”

Young Bruté was a hard, earnest student. His ways were kind and winning. An astonishing memory and a lively imagination made him appear unusually bright. He pursued his studies under private teachers when the troubles and terrors of the Revolution closed the college of Rennes.

“He acquired in boyhood and youth,” says the venerable Dr. McCaffrey, “habits of study, of close and patient mental application, which he retained through life. In spite of that modesty which prevented him from ever speaking in his own praise, I could learn from a long and intimate acquaintance with him, and from the testimony of others, that, in the public schools of his native city, he was distinguished, and eminently successful.

“His after life proved it. His mind was too rich in treasures of classic lore, too amply furnished from the armories of science, for him to have been a dull or careless student. Whether he conversed with a friend, or lectured to a class, or heralded the message of salvation from a pulpit, the evidences of profound knowledge, as well as of remarkable genius, incessantly flashed before you.

“Whatever he once read or studied he remembered. Even in the last years of his life, when his attention seemed to be absorbed in theology, and other branches of ecclesiastical learning, he recited with ease all the fables of La Fontaine, entire scenes of Racine, Corneille, and the finest passages of the other French writers, or of the Latin poets. Though less familiar with the Greek classics, he had read them with advantage as well as pleasure, and turned to good account his knowledge of the language, in the study of the Greek Fathers of the Church.

“At one time he had in view to enter the French Polytechnic School, and for this reason he pursued a very extensive course of mathematical

science. Subsequently he had the best opportunities, in the medical schools of Paris, of penetrating deeply into the mysteries of chemistry and natural philosophy. He improved them with his usual diligence.

“While he devoted himself to severer studies, he gave some share of attention to music and drawing; and in the latter of these accomplishments he attained a proficiency which in after years was a source of pleasure and advantage to himself and a means which he often happily employed for the purpose of interesting and instructing others.

“His studies were interrupted by the Revolutionary troubles, and he spent about two years in his mother’s printing establishment, during which he learned and practiced the business of a compositor. It would appear that he was led to this much less by inclination than by the reverses which his family had sustained, and the dangers of the times.”

In the spring of 1796, the young student, at the age of seventeen, began the study of medicine under Duval, an eminent surgeon of Rennes. Two years later we find him at Paris, attending the schools of medicine, and listening to the lectures of Pinel, Bichât and other distinguished professors. It was, however, a dangerous period. Infidelity ran wild. Religion was held in scorn and contempt; but the firm, pious, well-balanced mind of Mr. Bruté received no injury. He kept the precious pearl of faith unharmed. He even did his best to stem the savage tide of infidelity. In 1803 he graduated doctor in medicine with the highest honors. Eleven hundred students were following the course; and of these one hundred and twenty of the best were chosen to compete for the first prize. It was gained by Dr. Bruté, after a severe examination.

The young physician was offered a good position in the capital of France; but the times had changed, and he decided to dedicate his brilliant talents to the Church. It was not, however, from any feelings of dislike that he abandoned the profession of medicine. No. “He always honored it,” says the Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, “as one of the noblest to which a highly gifted and philanthropic man can devote himself. Delightful as his conversation was to all, and to men of science in particular, it was peculiarly so to the student, or to the practitioner and professor of medicine.

“They often expressed their astonishment that, after a lapse of twenty or thirty years, engrossed by pursuits of a very different order, he retained so perfect and minute a knowledge of all that he had studied in his youth, under the great masters of the French capital.” The only occasion, however, on

which we have heard of his attempting the practice was at Mount St. Mary's College, when one of the students broke his arm, and the regular physician could not be had at once. Father Bruté set the arm so skillfully as to leave nothing for the doctor to do when he came.

The horrors of the French Revolution had now passed, and Christianity once more took possession of her profaned and ruined temples. Zealous laborers were needed for the divine work of reconstruction. This determined young Dr. Bruté to enter the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. He began his new labors in 1803. With eagerness, his orderly, well-trained mind pursued the study of theology, canon law, church history, and the other sacred sciences. He was a model to all in the seminary. It need hardly be said that he was a ripe scholar and finished theologian when he was raised to the sacred dignity of the priesthood, at the age of twenty-nine, in the year 1808.

Father Bruté was offered a canonicate in the Cathedral of Rennes, and the bishop of Nantes pressed him to become assistant chaplain to the Emperor Napoleon. But he refused both positions, and became a member of the priests of St. Sulpice. He was appointed professor of theology in the seminary of his native city, and was thus devoting his time and talents when the venerable Bishop Flaget, of Kentucky, visited France. This suggested a fresh train of reflections—the New World, with its vast spiritual wants and few laborers. The apostolic Bruté decided to go to America. He bade a tender adieu to his good mother, his family friends, and his library, and sailed from Bordeaux in the summer of 1810.

Father Bruté, in company with Bishop Flaget, landed at Baltimore on the 18th of August, 1810. For nearly two years after his arrival he filled the chair of philosophy at the seminary of St. Sulpice. He was then appointed to aid Father Dubois in the management of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland.

It was during the vacation of 1812, while spending his time in hard missionary labors, that Father Bruté dropped a note to Bishop Flaget. Archbishop Bayley considered it "one of his first attempts to write in English."

"I am trying," he says, "to learn practically my English. I have said Mass and preached—bad preaching as it may be—in six different places. This must force this dreadful English into my backward head, or I must renounce forever to know it."

For some years Mount St. Mary's now became the chief theater of his zeal, learning and holy influence. He taught in the college, and he was the

spiritual director of the saintly Mother Seton and her Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's.

Mother Seton derived the greatest benefit from his excellent counsels. She and Father Bruté were such congenial spirits that their minds would seem to have been cast in the same mold. A vivid fancy and ardent temperament, with an entire yielding of himself to the impulses of faith, caused this apostolic priest to feel most powerfully the truths of religion, and with a corresponding fervor to announce them in word or writing.

His ideas flowed so rapidly that at times he would not stop to give them full expression in language; but he poured forth his subjects, as it were, in flashes of word and sentiment, leaving much to be supplied and felt by those to whom he addressed himself.

He found in Mother Seton a soul who could follow him in his lofty and beautiful flights on the wings of faith, who could catch the fire of his thoughts and commune with him in the enjoyment of that elevating power. From him, in a great measure, did this gifted lady learn the secret of how to preserve her soul in peace amid the trials of her position, and, abandoning herself to the will of God in all things, to look forward in hope and joy to the term of all earthly sorrow and suffering.

In 1818 Father Bruté made a visit to France for the purpose of bringing over his library and interesting the French clergy in the American missions. On his arrival at Baltimore he was appointed president of St. Mary's College, where he remained until 1818, when he again returned to Emmitsburg.

Mount St. Mary's College was now placed on a good footing. A theological school was opened, and Father Bruté became professor of theology and superior of the school. Here, for many years he molded the future priests, bishops, and archbishops, of the country, and proved his greatness as a learned and saintly teacher.

"His duties," says Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, "were multiplied and various, and required to discharge them no ordinary share of zeal, industry, and versatility of powers. He was confessor to the Sisters of Charity, and for many years pastor of the congregation at Emmitsburg, while he frequently exercised in this congregation some of the most arduous functions of the holy ministry.

"In the ecclesiastical seminary he lectured on sacred scripture, and was professor of theology and moral philosophy. In the college he taught at different times natural philosophy and various other branches. True greatness

dignifies whatever sphere it moves in. His genius and learning were conspicuous, when they expatiated through the palace-halls of the queen of sciences, Divinity; they were not less admirable when they descended to the humble task of teaching youth geography, or explaining the little catechism to children.

“His cheerful piety, amiable manners, and lively interest in the welfare of his pupils, were sure to win their hearts; and his eminent holiness of life secured not only respect but veneration. His exhortations to virtue and piety could scarcely fail of effect, because he recommended only what he practiced himself. No standard of Christian or priestly excellence to which he pointed could appear too high—since he was himself a living instance of its attainment. If forgetful of this earth, he always pointed and allured to heaven, he also led the way. . . .

“His hours of sleep were few, and long before the morning’s dawn he arose to converse with God, and to give Him the first fruits of the day. During these early meditations his soul, absorbed in heavenly contemplation and intimate union with its Creator, was largely visited with the refreshing dews of divine grace, and when he approached the altar and offered up the Holy Sacrifice, his heart, already full to overflowing, was always overpowered by mingled emotions of reverential awe and gratitude and love, and often found relief in copious tears.

“He descended to the discharge of his ordinary duties; but, like Moses, he bore the marks of converse with his God, and, as words of heavenly wisdom fell from his tongue, you could readily fancy that his lips, like those of Isaias, had been touched by the seraph with living coals of fire from the altar.

“His time was all divided between prayer and labor. He loved so well the beauty of the house of the Lord, and the place where his glory dwells, that he spent whole hours kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament; and eventually he made it a rule whenever it was practicable, to recite the divine office in His holy presence. Thither he would repair on returning from a long journey during the rigors of winter, and, until he had satisfied his devotions, no persuasions could induce him to attend to his personal comfort.

“At other times, unless he was engaged in active duties, you would find him in the midst of his splendid library, surrounded by the writings of the fathers and doctors of the Church, and whatever besides is most rare and valuable in science and literature, pursuing his devoted studies wit’

intense application and wonderful activity of mind, or committing to paper, for the benefit of others, the results of his profound investigations.

"His recreation was but variety of labor. When his wearied mind demanded its turn of relaxation, the most arduous bodily toil succeeded, and this round of exertions, mental and corporeal, was kept up with an elasticity of spirits and activity of mind truly surprising. After a journey of fifty miles, performed on foot, in a single day, book in hand, praying and reading by turns, and scarcely stopping to take the simple refection that nature required, he would meet his friends in the evening with a freshness of spirits and gayety of conversation that could not be surpassed.

"As professor of theology he chiefly excelled in two things—a vast erudition, which left nothing unexplored, and a singular power of generalizing, which enabled him to grasp his whole subject and handle it with ease, by bringing all its details under a few general principles. In exhibiting and supporting these principles he put forth all his strength. After adducing all the evidence which his extensive reading readily furnished, elucidating it by his luminous explanations, and applying the logical tests with cautious judgment and impartial rigor, his excursive mind brought in a rich and almost gorgeous profusion of analogies and illustrations from every part of the wide domain of human knowledge."

Among Father Bruté's students at this time might be seen a bright, noble-looking young fellow, who had manfully brushed a host of difficulties aside, and pushed his way into the class-rooms of Mount St. Mary's College. Many a day he listened to his illustrious teacher, storing up the treasures of knowledge that flowed from his lips. At length he was raised to the priesthood in 1826. It was John Hughes, afterwards archbishop of New York.

Young Father Hughes began his labors in a new and thorny field; but the kind master did not forget his promising pupil. "My dear brother," writes Rev. Professor Bruté, "may God bless such wise and prudent beginnings of your holy ministry amidst such difficult and perplexing circumstances as it has pleased Him to try them by. May He bless such worthy sentiments as expressed in your letter."

In all his perplexities the future archbishop had recourse to Father Bruté. He asks his opinion, now upon a point of theology, again upon some anti-quarian subject; now he applies to him to find a passage in one of the fathers; now consults him upon a question of philosophy, or asks from him a summary of the principles of canon law, which bear upon the existing Church

difficulties at Philadelphia. Upon all points this extraordinary man was ready to satisfy him.

When Father Hughes erected St. John's Church at Philadelphia, and was about to have it dedicated in 1832, he wrote to his dear old professor: "Could you not be here on that day? It would add to the solemnity of the occasion and be a subject of joy to all your friends—who are all that know or ever heard of you."

"I have heard," replies Father Bruté, "from all quarters of the great success that God grants to your noble undertaking. The details you give me are of the most pleasing nature. The invitation you add for the day of consecration I acknowledge with all my heart; but, be sure that my good obscure corner here is my true place, and a couple of miles of radius, just to St. Joseph's, the true space of my usefulness; for the rest, *nesciri et pro nihilo reputari.*"

One day in the month of May, 1834, while Father Bruté was giving a retreat to the Sisters of Charity, he was handed some documents which had come all the way from Rome. He went into the chapel, and on his knees opened them—the bulls appointing him bishop of the newly erected see of Vincennes, Indiana.

His humility was alarmed. He made a retreat to know the will of Heaven, and only after long and careful reflection would he accept the great responsibility. "I have been unusually engaged since I received the news of your elevation to the episcopacy," wrote his old pupil, Father John Hughes, in August, 1834. "My congratulations are on this account later, but not less sincere. The place which you have hitherto occupied seemed to me so important for the Church, that I confess it is with regret I see it vacant. But when I think of the ways by which Almighty God accomplishes His designs, especially in reference to the Church, I have no doubt but it will be found according to His will." The new prelate was consecrated in the fall of the same year, and at once set out for Vincennes. He arrived there in company with Bishop Flaget and Bishop Purcell, on the 5th of November.

"Some miles before reaching the city," writes Bishop Bruté, "we were met by a number of citizens, Catholics and Protestants, on horseback, who had accompanied the pastor, Rev. Mr. Lalumière, a native of the state, and the first priest ordained for Vincennes. He was, of course, filled with joy in seeing a bishop granted to his Indiana, and all the inhabitants seemed to share in it.

“The ceremony of installation took place the same evening. Bishop Flaget, who forty-three years before had been the missionary priest here when it was a simple trading and military post, in the midst of the surrounding wilderness, proceeded to address the people with his usual fervor. Venerated and beloved by all, himself in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he introduced to them their new bishop, no longer young, being in his fifty-fourth year, and urged them to make good use of the privileges which God in His mercy had bestowed upon them. Other instructions were given during those days. On Sunday I officiated pontifically, and on Monday my venerable colleagues took their leave, amid the blessings of the whole population, to return to their respective dioceses.

“They literally left me alone. Father Petit was obliged soon to return to his college in Kentucky. Mr. Lalumière took charge of the missions in the vicinity of Vincennes, but still twenty-five or thirty miles distant, and in the whole diocese there were but two other priests, one Mr. Ferneding, in charge of the German missions, 150 miles distant, and Mr. St. Cyr, whom Bishop Rosati had permitted to assist me for one year, and who was stationed at Chicago—225 miles off.

“The cathedral Church is a plain brick building, 115 feet long, and 60 feet broad, consisting of the four walls and the roof, unplastered, and not even white-washed—no sanctuary—not even a place for preserving the vestments and sacred vessels. It has only a simple altar of wood, with a neatly gilded tabernacle, and a cross and six beautiful candlesticks—a gift from France—which were much in contrast with the poverty and utter destitution of the place. The house built for the missionary—and now the episcopal residence—consists of a small comfortable room and closet, 25 feet by 12, without, however, a cellar under, or a garret above; a small plot in a garden lies between it and the church, on the other side of which is the Catholic cemetery. Some years since, the town had a common burying ground prepared, beyond its limits, and insisted for a while that the Catholics should bury their dead in it like the rest, but they resisted so resolutely that they were at last permitted to bury in their own cemetery. An old wooden building, a short distance from the palace, is occupied by the servant, and near it is a stable ready for the bishop’s horse—when he is able to get one.

“The people are mostly of French descent, poor, illiterate, but of that open, lively disposition which bespeaks their origin. They retain their Faith, love their priest, but are negligent in attending to their religious duties. They

are very remiss also in teaching their children their prayers and the catechism, and this causes them to forget it themselves. Many also are in the habit of using profane language. It is true, and should be mentioned, that of late years they have been much neglected, and much of their former piety seems now to be rekindling in their hearts.

“The kind reception I met with on my arrival was followed up by generous gifts of provisions and other necessary things. Of money they have little, and consequently can give but little. A subscription list which was handed around some months after I came, with the intention of providing a yearly income for my support, did not reach two hundred dollars, and most of this was to be paid in grain, if they had not money at the time.”

It will thus be seen that when Bishop Bruté began his labors at Vincennes, nearly everything was to create—a seminary, schools, churches, and all these with an income of less than \$20 a month. He was both bishop and parish priest, and his round of toil was ceaseless. Every Sunday he gave two instructions—one in French, another in English. He left no corner of his wild and widely scattered diocese unvisited. He wrote continually for the Catholic press. His food and clothing were of the very plainest. As to money, if he had any, he knew only how to give it away. “If he had five dollars,” said one of his priests, “it went to the first person that asked him for money.” He often gave away his garments, and he was known to bestow his linen and underclothes to poor negroes whom he visited and solaced.

The first church he blessed was placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and called St. Mary's, an event which, he says, gave him “great happiness.” Of his first visit to Chicago, he writes: “I gave only a few confirmations, and three instructions, one on Saturday, and two on Sunday, to encourage the rising Catholic congregation of that most important point. It is now composed of about 400 souls of all countries, French, Canadians, Americans, Irish, and a good number of Germans.”

When he visited the Indians and their good missionary, Father De Saille, he was received with delight. One of the chiefs made the bishop a present of 320 acres of land, saying that “God, when He would return from heaven to visit our earth, would see that ground which the Indians gave, and that it would prove to Him their sincere devotion to His holy religion and the messengers He had sent to secure its blessings to them.” He confirmed sixteen Indians on this occasion. “One was an old chief,” writes the bishop, “who since his baptism had led such an innocent life that he had not been observed

to commit any fault, or give way to impatience, or any other imperfection."

As he passed by the pretty, peaceful site now adorned by the university of Notre Dame, the keen eye of the apostolic man noted its advantages, and he remarked that it was "a most desirable spot, and one soon I hope to be occupied by some prosperous institution."

But we have not room to follow Dr. Bruté in his tireless labors as a missionary bishop. Several times he crossed the ocean at the call of duty; and it was while on his way to attend the council of Baltimore, in 1837, that he caught a severe cold, which finally grew into consumption. His health declined, but not his activity. To the last he was up and doing. On one occasion he began a journey of four hundred miles in a state of such bodily suffering that he could not sit upright on his horse, but he manfully pushed along. Only six hours before his death he wrote with his own hand, and not without much pain and difficulty, several moving letters to persons who had unfortunately abandoned the practice of their faith, and to whom he wished to make this dying appeal in behalf of their souls, while the portals of eternity were closing upon him. "I am going home," said this simple, saintly and heroic man, this varied and profound scholar, as he calmly and sweetly surrendered his soul to God on the 26th of June, 1839.

At the end of his five short years of administration, Bishop Bruté left to "the Church of Indiana, twenty-four priests, twenty-three churches, besides six church buildings and twenty-eight stations occasionally visited; two religious communities, one theological seminary, one college for young men, one female academy, and two free schools. With such achievements the reader will be surprised to learn that he was opposed to going in debt, and would never sign a mortgage on church property."

His vicar-general, Celestine de la Hailandière, selected by the pope to succeed him, was consecrated at Paris, August 18, 1839, by Dr. Forbin Janson, bishop of Nancy. The new bishop endowed the diocese with two important communities. One was the Fathers of the Holy Cross, with the Brothers of St. Joseph, to whom he confided Ste. Marie des Laes, a log chapel erected by Rev. S. T. Badin, on property purchased by him, and where the Rev. Messrs. Deseille and Petit labored among the Indians. The Rev. E. Sorin had, in 1841, brought over from Mans some brothers, and founded St. Peter's, an establishment near Vincennes. He proceeded to Ste. Marie in November, 1842, and there founded Notre Dame, on the right bank of the

St. Joseph's River. A church, college, and manual-labor school were soon erected. A community of Sisters, under the same rule, soon arrived from France, and established a convent and academy. These various bodies have been blessed with a wonderful increase. The university is one of the most flourishing in the country. Besides its Classic and Scientific departments courses of Law and Civil Engineering are in active operation, and there is a preparatory course of medicine under the care of an eminent and experienced practitioner. A commercial school here has always borne a good reputation among business men, so that its graduates find no difficulty in obtaining employment, which is probably the best test of worth. Non-Catholics have always availed themselves, in large numbers, of the educational advantages here offered. Our Blessed Mother, who gives her name to the university, smiles a welcome to all from her exalted position on the dome, and although no undue efforts are made to proselytize, yet the truths of the most ancient form of Christianity sink deep into many an ingenuous heart. The sense of honor is sedulously cultivated by the officers of the institution, as a ground of moral restraint and self-command on which all may meet on a common footing.

The other community was that of the Sisters of Providence, who, in 1840, founded a convent at St. Mary's in the Woods, near Terre Haute, and which has also had a glorious fruition.

The year 1844 was a sad one. Catholicity had to endure a new and terrible trial. In the east the mob, led by designing men, had destroyed Catholic churches and institutions openly; and misguided individuals had by stealth applied the incendiary torch, almost unrebuked by popular judgment; and nowhere had the voice of the Protestant ministry been raised to impress on their ignorant followers that such acts of violence against their fellow-citizens were grievous sins. In the west the persecution took a new form. An exemplary priest, Romain Weinzapflein, of Evansville, Indiana, was arrested and tried for an outrage on a married woman named Schmoll. The statements of the complaint were unsupported and self-contradictory; but the judge and jury, if they did not investigate the whole charge, went into the case with the clear intent of convicting the priest, and they did convict him. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. Before many months proof accumulated that the accuser was a woman notorious for her infamous life; some of those foremost in compassing the wicked verdict were filled with compunction, and united in petitioning the government to release, in the

only way he could—by pardon—the victim of their bigotry. Thoroughly convinced of his innocence the governor opened his prison doors.

The diocese, in 1844, was restricted to the state of Indiana, the Illinois portion being assigned to the new see of Chicago. Bishop de la Hailandière resigned his see in 1847, having nearly doubled the number of his priests and churches.

At the request of the fathers of the Sixth Provincial Council of Baltimore, the Rev. John S. Bazin was then appointed, and consecrated at Vincennes, October 24, 1847. As a missionary priest, at Mobile, he had evinced most remarkable qualities, and great hopes were entertained of his success in his new position; but he died after a few days' illness, April 23, 1848.

The diocese was then administered by the Very Rev. James Mary Maurice de Saint Palais, who was consecrated bishop on the 14th of January, 1849. He was born near Tours, in 1811, and had been educated at St. Sulpice, Paris, but, after his ordination, came to Vincennes to labor in the American mission. He was fully acquainted with the diocese and its wants, and exerted himself to do all in his power for his flock. The Benedictine fathers, from Einsiedeln, encouraged by him, founded their monastery at St. Meinrad's, which has now grown to be one of our great abbeys. He also introduced the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, and the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, who established a convent at Oldenburg. The increase of the faithful was such that, in 1856, he solicited a division of the diocese, and a new see was erected at Fort Wayne, in January of the following year. The diocese of Vincennes has since included the part of Indiana lying south of Fountain, Montgomery, Boone, Hamilton, Madison, Delaware, Randolph, and Warren counties. It contained an ecclesiastical seminary, a Benedictine monastery, a community of Brothers, a convent of Sisters of Providence, directing eleven academies and schools; Tertiary Sisters of St. Francis, with a convent at Oldenburg, and three dependent schools, seventy-eight churches, and forty-two priests. He lived to see great progress. The Franciscan fathers founded thriving convents at Oldenburg and Indianapolis; the Capuchins opened a lyceum at Terre Haute; the Brothers of the Sacred Heart began to direct schools for boys, establishing a novitiate to provide for future wants; the Sisters of Providence and of St. Francis extended their fields of labor; Benedictine and Ursuline nuns came to direct academies and free schools; the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and Little Sisters of the Poor, at Indianapolis, pursued their wonderful works of mercy; Evansville had a

hospital under the Sisters of Charity; and the priests and churches had more than doubled in number, when the good bishop, while at St. Mary's in the Woods, June 28, 1877, was suddenly stricken down by disease, and died among the priests and religious who, like him, had labored for the glory of God. The Very Rev. Auguste Bessonies became administrator of the diocese.

The holy father Pope Leo XIII appointed, as fifth bishop of Vincennes, Dr. Francis Silas Chatard, a native of Baltimore, who had for several years been rector of the American College at Rome. He was consecrated May 12, 1878, and, on proceeding to his diocese, took up his residence at Indianapolis, the capital of the state, where there were already five churches and as many chapels.

When the see of Fort Wayne was erected, the Rev. John Henry Luers was appointed the first bishop. He was born at Mtinster, Germany, September 29, 1819, and came to this country in his fourteenth year. He was educated by the Lazarists, and ordained November 11, 1846. From that time he had been a laborious missionary in the diocese of Cincinnati till his promotion. He was consecrated January 10, 1858.

Fort Wayne had, in the last century, under the name of Kiskakon, been a French post at the junction of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's rivers. A priest was there in 1749, and the very names of the streams indicate an earlier presence. Bishop Luers found on the spot a small frame church in poor condition, with a suitable residence; but in the whole diocese there were only twenty churches, most of them very poor, eleven secular priests, and three Fathers of the Holy Cross. To begin a cathedral, to stimulate his flock to erect suitable churches, to obtain more priests, were the great tasks before him. In 1859 the corner-stone of a fine Gothic cathedral was laid by Archbishop Purcell, and, by the energy of the bishop, the building was completed before the close of the year. This aroused the zeal of Catholics in other parts, who at once began to erect churches worthy of them. The bishop was unwearied in his visitations, convened his clergy biennially, and was ever ready to encourage them. In 1864 he visited Rome, and was commissioned by the Holy See to draw up a constitution and rules for the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who were detached from the order in France.

The Fathers of the Holy Cross meanwhile increased in number; the Sisters of Providence opened a house at Fort Wayne; the Sisters of Precious Blood in Jay County. Bishop Luers was untiring in his exertions for the good of his diocese; and, overcome by his apostolic labors, he died June 28,

1871, from a stroke received while in the street, after having conferred holy orders in the morning.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, appointed by Pope Pius IX to the see of Fort Wayne, was consecrated April 14, 1872, and governed the diocese with wisdom for twenty-one years, until his death in 1893. Its growth during that period and since has been remarkable and the Fort Wayne diocese contains now about 80,000 Catholics, with a hundred and eighty-six churches, exclusive of those still in course of erection; there are one hundred and nine secular priests, sixty-eight regulars; a university which long since celebrated its Silver Jubilee, five seminaries, thirteen academies, seventy-seven parish schools, with hospitals, orphan asylums, and retreats for the aged.

Chapter XLII.

In the Western Metropolis.

FATHER MARQUETTE ON THE SITE OF CHICAGO. — ARRIVAL OF FIRST SETTLERS. — WORK OF FATHER ST. CVR.—VISIT FROM BISHOP BRUTE.—CREATION OF THE SER. —BIOGRAPHY OF FIRST BISHOP. — PIOUS MOTHER AND HOLY YOUTH. — MT. ST. MARY'S AND THE PRIESTHOOD. — PLAGUE AND CONFLAGRATION. — GOOD WORKS AND DEATH.—SUCCEEDING BISHOPS.—CHICAGO A METROPOLITAN SEE.—THE FIRST ARCHBISHOP.—CITY OF THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

IF the sainted Jesuit missionary, Father Marquette, during his enforced stay on a bed of sickness in a log cabin at the mouth of the estuary now known as the Chicago River, had a vision of the triumphant pageants of the Church he loved so dearly and served so faithfully, that took place on that very site two centuries after, his anxieties and pains must have been assuaged and heavenly joy filled his soul. At that time—the winter of 1674-75—there was nothing inviting in the surroundings to offer him any kind of relief in those days of hard trial. To the north there was an unbroken, impenetrable forest; to the west, vast, bleak, prairie lands; to the south, low marsh and sickness-breeding swamps, shunned by the red man in the summer, and absolutely desolate and forbidding in the winter months of the year.

When the season was well advanced in 1674, Father Marquette had left St. Mary's mission, at Sault Ste. Marie, accompanied by his two Indian guides, and set out for the country of the Illinois, bringing with him a supply of church articles necessary for a mission establishment. Changing the route,

he boldly crossed Lake Michigan from the Straits of Mackinaw, and sailed down the western shore to the inlet that served as an output for the overflow of the waters of the Desplaines valley, in certain seasons of the year. The journey came near ending in a calamity. Father Marquette had not completely recovered from the hardships and exposures encountered on his previous voyages, and during this trip he met with so many difficulties that he fell an easy prey to exhaustion, so that when the little party arrived at the mouth of the "Chicagou," he was carried to the adjacent land in such a complete state of prostration that his faithful companions thought that his death would soon follow. They hurriedly built a log cabin, arranged the interior with articles brought from their canoe, then one of them set out with all haste to convey the sad intelligence to the expectant tribes of the Illinois valley. As soon as his returning strength permitted, the Illini carried their beloved black-gown over to the Desplaines, and sailing southward to the Illinois, they soon reached their villages, where Father Marquette was enthusiastically welcomed and treated with tender care.

One hundred and fifty years elapse before the "Chicagou" and its surroundings come again under the Catholic historian's notice. First it is known as a trader's point, afterwards a government reservation and frontier outpost, where a fort was built—Fort Dearborn—and an agency for the supply of goods and payments of money to the Indians who had surrendered to the government their rights to the lands of the Illinois. Jesuit missionaries visited the trading settlement from time to time, coming from Michilimackinac. Father Badin and priests from Bardstown, Ky., and Vincennes, Ind., made periodical trips to the frontier outpost, for the purpose, especially, of hearing the confessions of the Catholic soldiers and baptizing the few Catholic traders' children.

April 17, 1833, Father St. Cyr was sent by Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis, to the mission of Chicagou, Ill. In conferring the appointment Bishop Rosati acted with the permission and under the authority of the bishop of Bardstown, under whose jurisdiction the territory of the Illinois was included. John Mary Irenaeus St. Cyr was born January 2, 1804, near Lyons, France. Called to a holy vocation, he studied for the priesthood. On December 18, 1830, he received minor orders, and, hearing that missionaries were needed in Western America, he volunteered, and set out for the vicariate of St. Louis, where he was gladly received by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati. He was ordained in the Cathedral of St. Louis, April 6, 1833. After a tedious journey

of two weeks, Father St. Cyr arrived in Chicago in the first week of May, 1833. He found the Catholic population numbered about 200 souls, consisting chiefly of French-Canadians, a few Americans, one German, and several Irish families. Land had been donated for a church, situated on the corner of Lake and State streets. Father St. Cyr immediately commenced the erection of a church—a frame building, which was dedicated the following September under the title of “St. Mary of the Lake.” His labors were not confined alone to the mission of Chicago, but embraced a large portion of the state, hence he was kept busy during the years he remained in charge—1833-1837. It is a curious fact, and wonderfully prophetic, that Father St. Cyr, in the letter of appointment, is enjoined to give an account of his administration to the bishop of Chicago “as soon as Chicago should have a bishop of its own, and then return to St. Louis.”

Bishop Bruté, the first bishop of the diocese of Vincennes, in a letter to the Leopoldine Association of Vienna, gives an interesting account of his first and only visitation to the mission of Chicago, which took place at this time. An extract is inserted here among the interesting contributions to the early history of the Church in Chicago.

“After Easter, in company with an honest and pious man of Vincennes, I went through Illinois, visiting again Edgar County for the Paschal duty, and then proceeding north as far as Chicago on Lake Michigan. Mr. St. Cyr had arrived there from St. Louis and enabled the Catholics to make their Easter Communion, so I gave only a few confirmations and three instructions, one on Saturday and two on Sunday, to encourage the rising Catholic congregation of that most important point. It is now composed of about 400 souls of all countries—French, Canadians, Americans, Irish, and a good number of Germans. The garrison of the fort, the commandant, and part of the staff and band of musicians attended. In general, it may be said that the military are always friendly to the Catholics and their services, which they are free to attend if they choose. From Chicago we went round the end of Lake Michigan to the river St. Joseph and the mission of the Rev. Mr. De Seille, at the Indian village of Pokegan, situated just outside our diocese and in that of Detroit.”

In 1835 a bill that had been pending in the state legislature became a law, and appropriations were made for the digging from Chicago of a channel to be called the Illinois and Michigan Canal. This vast improvement was undertaken for the purpose of connecting Lake Michigan with the Illinois

River, as a waterway to the south by the Mississippi, and to open up the resources of the Garden State. The contractors, who had the work in hand, sent circulars to all the seaports of the United States and the Canadas, which were distributed among the emigrants, who at this time were coming in multitudes to America. Thousands started westward to find ready work, and, it is a noticeable fact, that the majority were from Ireland, as the tide of emigration from the Green Isle to America set in at this time. The state legislature, also, by offering lands at a nominal value, which had its effects in a healthy speculation of land in and adjacent to the young city, brought purchasers from the East, with an abundance of capital, men of enterprise, who came determined to make this part of the West their future home—pioneers armed with the arms of peace and prepared to subjugate the great western wilderness.

The rush of people to Chicago was amazing; they sailed the lakes, they came by land, they traveled by the rivers from the south, and the western village became a scene of wonderful activity, while the hundred miles from Chicago to LaSalle, along the great highway in course of construction, were dotted with the camps of laborers, and the lands westward to the Mississippi were taken up by pushing sons of toil. Before the march of thousands of immigrants the Indian retired toward the setting sun, the great forests were laid low, and the prairies were quickly turned into harvest fields. As a very large number of the laborers on the canal were Catholics, Father St. Cyr found he could not possibly attend to the spiritual needs of his increased flock, and he wrote to Bishop Rosati urging him to send more priests, who referred the matter to the bishop of Vincennes, beseeching him to see to the growing necessities of the Church in the northern part of Illinois. On his return from Europe, Bishop Bruté brought twenty priests and seminarians with him; the pressing needs of the Chicago mission were represented to him and he immediately sent four priests to take charge. They were Rev. Maurice de St. Palais, Fathers Fischer, Schaefer, and Dupontavice. The latter was assigned to Joliet. In 1837, at the earnest request of Bishop Rosati, Father Timon, superior of the congregation of the Missions, sent two priests to take charge of the LaSalle missions. Sickness, arising from the undrained condition of the city, and all along the route of the canal, was extremely prevalent among the thousands of laborers; then the cholera scourge, known as that of 1837, visited the entire locality, increasing the labors and exposing to greater dangers the already overworked priests. They would have to start on sick calls, twenty-

five, fifty, sometimes one hundred miles distant, regardless of the inclemency of the weather that added to their hardships, often losing their way on the prairies and compelled to pass the night sleeping on the ground without shelter of any kind, in order to give a laborer on the canal or a settler every spiritual help. They would stop at the different camps, say Mass, hear confessions, attend the sick, partake of the humble fare offered them, and sleep in the stone huts or log cabins, among the sick and dying.

Once the tide of emigration was started, it continued with increasing vigor, and the Garden City received additions to its number of inhabitants every year. The national financial crash of 1837 was a heavy blow to the young city, but the persistency with which the canal project was sustained, kept the laboring population at work, though canal scrip, the money they received in payment, was poor remuneration, and the Church's progress suffered correspondingly. The names of the priests on record, who labored during that period for the spiritual welfare of these people—besides the above mentioned—were: Fathers Plunkett, O'Meara, John Gueguen, and Father Badin. In 1844 the population of the city was swelled to 12,000 souls, small towns had sprung up in the vicinity, and the Galena lead mines attracted a large number of laborers. Two years before this, work had been stopped on the canal; it was then that the canal laborers scattered over the state, and, taking up lands, engaged in farming. The splendid realities as well as possibilities of the Church not only in Chicago but the whole of Illinois, had made themselves so apparent that the fathers assembled in the plenary council in Baltimore, in May, 1843, passed a decree recommending the formation of the new see of Chicago, which was acted upon without delay by the Holy See. In 1844 the Rev. William Quarter, pastor of St. Mary's Church, New York, was appointed bishop, and shortly after the apostolic letters for his consecration arrived.

William Quarter, first bishop of Chicago, was born in Kings County, Ireland, on the 21st of January, 1806. Mrs. Quarter, his mother, looking upon the pledges that God had given as merely entrusted to her guardianship upon earth, and to be required from her hereafter, devoted herself to their early training in the path in which they should walk, so that "in age they might not depart from it." As soon as they could enunciate properly, they were taught their morning and evening prayers; and that good custom of gathering the little flock to the morning and evening devotions was never omitted in her house; nor did the family ever retire at night without having

first said the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary. From this practice sprung that devotion to the Mother of God, which so remarkably distinguished the bishop through life.

The example thus set him by his mother; her earnest efforts to instill into his young heart the love of virtue and the horror of sin, made a deep impression upon his pliant mind. In after life he would often say: "I never saw but one, and that one was Bishop Bruté, who exhibited so tender a piety as my mother;" and the recollections of the scenes of his childhood's years, when he knelt beside that mother's knee while she placed her hand upon his little head and taught him to lisp his prayers, could never be blotted from his memory.

Immediately after having made his first Communion he left home for Tullamore, where he commenced his classical and mathematical studies and completed his course of study preparatory to entering the college of Maynooth. With this purpose, in his sixteenth year he stood and passed in a most satisfactory manner his public examination. But Providence had marked out for him another destiny.

During the years that he thus spent preparing himself for his collegiate course, he was distinguished for the same tender and exemplary piety that characterized him when under the watchful care of his good mother; and so remarkable was his demeanor that his companions styled him the "little bishop." Little thought they that the day would come when the title of his boyhood would be the distinction of his manhood. The qualities of his heart so endeared him to all his schoolmates that his power of doing good among them was almost unbounded, and he used it to the utmost, exhorting to virtue and reproofing vice. His charity, even thus early in life, was ever in search of objects, and whenever his parents furnished him with pocket money, it was not hoarded up, nor spent in youthful indulgences, but distributed to the last farthing among the suffering and the needy poor. He realized often how sweet it is to give alms for God's sake.

About the time that his preparations to enter the college of Maynooth were completed, the Rev. Mr. McAuley, brother of Count McAuley, of Frankford, Kings County, returned to Ireland from the United States. This gentleman spent much of his time at the house of the father of young Quarter; and often, as he spoke of the condition of the Catholic missions in America—of the thousands of Catholic children that were growing up far away from the teachers of their holy faith, and in a land where Mammon was the

worshipped deity—of the wandering away from the one sheepfold of so many that were sealed at the baptismal font as members of the one holy Church, and who were thus lost for want of instructors and example—of the extent of the harvest and the scarcity of the gleaners; as he spoke of all these, the young aspirant to the ministry would listen to him till the tears trembled on his eyelids, and with the hope that God would call him to so important a field. And to it He did call him.

So great became his desire to forsake all things for Christ, that the abandonment of home and friends, even of his dearly-loved mother, of the shamrock-dotted hills and green fields of his native island, and the thousand memories that so strongly influence the heart of youth, ere the stern realities of life have petrified it, seemed as nothing to him, in comparison with the happiness of having saved one soul from eternal perdition. Influenced by the zeal that burned in his bosom, he went to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle, his bishop, and requested his *exeat* that he might go whither the voice of his Father in heaven called him; and he did this, even before he had communicated to his parents his purpose. The good Bishop Doyle was sorry to part with one whom he looked upon as peculiarly his own, and likely soon to be a very valuable laborer in his vineyard, an ornament to his diocese; still he could not but admire the courage of the youth and his truly Christian spirit, and he gave him his *exeat* and his blessing.

What were the feelings of the family of young Quarter, when he announced to them that he was about to start immediately for America, is more easily imagined than described. And it is only he who has knelt to his parents and received their parting blessing, ere he has bidden adieu to the land of his birth, about to go forth into the land of the stranger for a home and a grave, that can tell what must have been the thoughts of the young exile. Still the remonstrances of friends and relatives, and the strong ties of filial affection, knocking at the chambers of his heart, received no response: he had formed his resolution. His parents felt that they had no right to stand between him and the service of his divine Master; and when he knelt by his mother's knee, where he had first learned to lisp his infant prayers, to receive her parting blessing, she kissed his fair young brow as she said to him: "My son, I have given you to God; go whithersoever He calls you, and may His and your mother's benediction ever attend you!"—O how often, amid the checkered scenes of his life, did the remembrance of his mother's voice and blessing, as she bade him go; of her kindness and her care, rise before and

hover around him, even as guardian angels, to shield and to comfort him in the hours of trial and of tribulation!

On the 10th day of April, 1822, in the sixteenth year of his age, William Quarter left his native land for North America. It is a singular coincidence, that, on the very same day of the same month, twenty-six years later, the period of his earthly exile terminated.

The vessel in which he sailed landed at Quebec. He presented himself to the bishop of that city, and asked to be received as an ecclesiastical student; but his youth was urged as an objection, and this objection he could not remove. He applied next to the bishop of Montreal, where the same objection as to his youth was urged against him. He then went to Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., where he applied to Rev. Mr. Dubois, the president of the college, afterwards the bishop of New York. Here the reason that had caused his rejection in Canada operated in his favor, and with Rev. Mr. Dubois his youth was his first and best recommendation. That good clergyman, an exile himself, received young Quarter even as a father would a son; and ever afterwards through life there existed between them the reciprocal tenderness and regard of a father for a son, and of a son for a father.

Rev. Mr. Dubois examined his young pupil in the studies which he had been pursuing, and finding that he was master of them, placed him at once in the seminary, which he entered on the 8th day of September. He chose this day as the one on which to commence his preparation for the ecclesiastical state, because it was a festival of her whom in his childhood he had chosen as his patroness.

So thorough had been his course of mathematical and classical studies, and so completely was he master of these branches, that he was at once placed in charge of the classes of Greek and Latin and algebra; and in the second year of his residence at Mount St. Mary's he was appointed professor of the Greek and Latin languages.

On the 29th day of October, in the year 1826, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dubois was consecrated bishop of New York. At his departure from the institution which he had founded, he took with him the *exeat* and other papers committed to his keeping by Mr. Quarter when he was received into the seminary. It was the intention of Bishop Dubois to call him to his own diocese as soon as the termination of his course of theological studies had been reached. He did call him; and though the then archbishop of Baltimore exerted himself to detain him, and though the faculty of the college made him splendid offers in

order to prevent his departure, and to secure the continuance of his services to that institution, he felt himself bound by the ties of a stronger gratitude to his first friend, and he cheerfully resigned the honors that awaited his college life for the labors and privations of a mission under his benefactor. Father Quarter, in 1829, was appointed the assistant pastor of St. Peter's, New York, receiving his clerical jurisdiction from the Very Rev. Dr. Power.

On Wednesday, the 9th day of November, 1831, the church of St. Mary, in Sheriff street, was burned to the ground. The loss was a heavy one, "but steps were immediately taken (under the direction of Rev. Luke Berry, the pastor of old St. Mary's), by some active members of the congregation, to secure a handsome site for a new church." The lots selected and purchased are those on the corner of Grand and Ridge streets, upon which the present church of St. Mary's stands.

The congregation had many and (to a less devoted and enterprising people) almost insurmountable difficulties to overcome, before they could again assemble under the roof of a church they might call their own. In one month and five days (Dec. 14th) after the conflagration of St. Mary's, and before they had recovered from that shock, a new calamity befell the congregation in the death of their beloved pastor. Thus the church and the pastor, in the space of a few short weeks, existed only in remembrance. Still, though the shepherd was smitten, the sheep were not scattered. They labored earnestly in the erection of their new church, and successfully, until that terrible scourge, the cholera, broke out amongst them; entering their habitations, their store-houses and their workshops—striking them down in the thronged marts of business, or upon the highway—passing onward with its car of destruction, and crushing beneath its wheels the rich and the poor, the just and the unjust—desolating cities, and making charnel houses of the populous habitations of men. The building advanced slowly during these days of affliction, of woe, of misery, and of death; for as the city was comparatively desolated, no means could be collected. At length, however, a brighter day dawned; the dark cloud that hovered so long over the devoted city was dispelled, and the energies of the congregation were again aroused to complete the work.

During this period of time when the cholera was in New York, Rev. William Quarter was still assistant pastor of St. Peter's, and here it was that the generous self-devotion of this truly Christian missionary shone conspicuous, and left for him a name and a fame that will not be forgotten in that

city while the visitation of the cholera is remembered. From the time of its commencement until its termination he was always at his post. Day and night he labored constantly and unceasingly, well satisfied if he could snatch but three hours' repose from the twenty-four. If you sought for him, you would find him now in the humble habitation of poverty, again in the mansions of wealth—every place where duty called him. Yes, there he was, amid pestilence and death, holding the cup of refreshment to the parched lips of the sufferer, when the nearest and the dearest had forsaken him; "wiping away the clammy sweat from his sunken brow, fixing the dimmed eye on the sign of salvation, and turning its expiring glance to heaven;" or fortifying the departing spirit for its gloomy passage through the gates of death, with the last sacraments of that Church whose faith fortified his heart and strengthened him, encouraging him onward in the path of his hard duty, inspiring him with a bravery far greater than was ever exhibited by warrior on any battle-field.

Rev. Mr. Quarter resided, during this period of his missionary career, in the house of Mr. Snowden, the publisher of the *Courier and Enquirer*. The great attention of this young ecclesiastic to the people of his flock, the heroic self-devotion, and the sacrifices he underwent during those days "that tried men's souls," produced so great an impression upon the minds of the lady and family of this gentleman, that she with her three daughters and two sons embraced the faith that taught such heroism for God's sake. Often, during the period of that fearful visitation, did she herself sit and watch while the worn-out priest was resting his exhausted frame, so that she might give him notice of the calls upon him.

The storm that had paralyzed the energies of the congregation of St. Mary's had passed by, and their church was completed. It was dedicated on the 9th of June, in the year 1833, by the Rt. Rev. Dubois. At the close of the service, the bishop announced to the people that Rev. William Quarter was appointed by him pastor of the new church of St. Mary's, a post at which he continued until his consecration to the see of Chicago.

This event took place on March 10, 1844, in the Cathedral of New York City, and hard must have been the struggle to the sensitive Bishop Quarter, when obliged to tear himself away from his faithful flock of St. Mary's, who had woven themselves around his heart, by whom he was so tenderly beloved, and among whom he had labored so long and so successfully. Though his

good father, Bishop Dubois, was gone to the bosom of his God, yet from his successor in the episcopal chair of New York, Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes (a scion from that noble tree that Bishop Dubois planted at the foot of the Blue Ridge)—it cost his heart a pang to separate. Still duty, and the honor and glory of God, bade him forsake all things for Christ's sake, and go again among the strangers for his resting-place.

He was anxious to enter without delay upon the field of his labors, where the harvest was fast ripening, and lest one ear might drop, or be lost from neglect. Accordingly, on the 18th of April, accompanied by his brother, Very Rev. Walter J. Quarter, he departed from New York for Chicago, where he arrived on Sunday morning, May the 5th. Though fatigued and weary from his long and very tedious journey, like a general on the field of battle, he was at once at his post, and no personal considerations could induce this faithful servant of God to neglect for a moment his duty. On the day of his arrival, he said Mass in the old church and preached in the new one.

On reaching Chicago he found one church—a long, low frame building—with a modest steeple and bell; a new brick church, unplastered, with a temporary altar, rough board doors, and a debt of five thousand dollars. With his own and his brother's means the debt was paid off, and steps taken to arouse the zeal of the faithful to complete the church. He at once projected the opening of a college and seminary; but he was met by a terrible want of priests. Prior to his arrival twenty-three priests had been laboring in Illinois; eight of these belonging to the diocese of Vincennes were at once recalled, and the new bishop in vain appealed for their continuance until he could find substitutes. The convents had removed from Illinois, and the condition of the diocese was sad indeed.

He obtained from the legislature a charter for the university of St. Mary's of the Lake; and one enabling the bishop of Chicago and his successors to hold property in trust for the Catholic Church. He soon after visited New York to collect means and secure priests.

He completed his Cathedral, established his college and seminary, and, on the 10th of March, 1846, erected St. Patrick's Church, Chicago; two German churches, St. Peter's and St. Joseph's, were also added. In September, 1846, he received a colony of Sisters of Mercy, whom he installed in the house which he had till then occupied. Here they remained till he completed an edifice suitable for an academy. The increase of emigration required every exertion, and Bishop Quarter erected thirty schools, ten of

them substantial structures of brick or stone. Anxious to supply priests to the destitute flocks, he obtained many from various parts, and ordained twenty-nine. But his episcopate was short; in the midst of his labors for his diocese he died, almost suddenly, April 10, 1848.

His successor, the Rt. Rev. James Oliver Vandevelde, was a father of the Society of Jesus, who reluctantly accepted the miter, and was consecrated February 11, 1849, in the church of St. Francis Xavier, St. Louis. He was a native of Belgium, and one of the band of young men whom the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx had brought over, and who ultimately became the nucleus of the Missouri vice-province of the Society of Jesus. He had been eminent as a missionary, as a professor, and as president of the university of St. Louis. The diocese of Chicago had not yet taken a form and life of its own. The clergy had been hastily gathered, and Bishop Vandevelde soon found that his endeavors in the cause of religion would be thwarted by a want of harmony. His health failed, and he earnestly besought the Holy See to allow him to return to the order in which he had spent so many years. His request was not immediately granted, and he continued active visitations of his diocese, in which, during the four years of his stay in Illinois, he saw many churches begun, with other institutions greatly needed by the faithful.

In 1852, the plenary council of Baltimore recommended the erection of a new see at Quincy; but when his holiness Pope Pius IX established the see, the Very Rev. Joseph Melcher, appointed as bishop, declined to accept it, with the administration of Chicago. Bishop Vandevelde accordingly continued his labors till his appointment to the see at Natchez, in 1853. Notwithstanding all contrarieties, Bishop Vandevelde left, in the diocese of Chicago, seventy churches built or in progress, forty-four priests, two convents and academies of the Sisters of Mercy, one college, one hospital, three asylums, several free schools; and, in the diocese of Quincy, fifty-one churches, twenty-four priests, a convent at Cahokia, the Sisters of St. Joseph having, at his entreaty, returned. The whole Catholic population of the state was estimated at about 92,000.

During the vacancy of the sees the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni, of Milwaukee, was administrator of Chicago, and the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, administrator of Quincy.

The Very Rev. Anthony O'Regan, superior of the seminary at Carondelet, Missouri, was appointed bishop of Chicago, and consecrated

July 25, 1854, the diocese of Quincy being confided to him as administrator till the installation of a bishop into that see.

Bishop O'Regan began by appointing new pastors to nearly all the city churches in Chicago, and placing an entirely new faculty in the university of Our Lady of the Lake, which was soon after confided to the priests of the Holy Cross, while the brothers and sisters of the same rule took charge of parochial schools.

The fathers of the Society of Jesus, led by Rev. Arnold Damen, also came to Chicago to give a mission at St. Mary's, and announced their intention of settling in a deserted, scarcely respectable wild on the skirts of the city. A small building was secured; a magnificent church of the Holy Family followed. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart opened an academy not far off and these institutions were soon the center of well built-houses.

The Sisters of Mercy had, meanwhile, opened the Chicago Mercy Hospital; and, though the Sisters of St. Joseph had again forsaken Cahokia, Sisters of Charity began an establishment in the diocese of Quincy.

Bishop O'Regan, however, found his position one of difficulty, and soon after resigned the see and was transferred to Dora. In 1857, the Rt. Rev. Clement Smyth, then coadjutor of Dubuque, was appointed administrator of the diocese of Chicago, which was now somewhat reduced in extent, the see of Quincy having been transferred to Alton and the diocese enlarged, so that the diocese of Chicago embraced only the portion of the state lying north of Adams, Brown, Cass, Menard, Sangamon, Macon, Moultrie, Coles, and Edgar counties.

Soon after this the Rt. Rev. James Duggan, D. D., who had, in May, 1857, been consecrated bishop of Antigone, *in partibus infidelium*, and coadjutor to the archbishop of St. Louis, was appointed administrator, and, under his care, the affairs of this sorely-tried diocese began to wear a more hopeful aspect. When, on the 21st of January, 1859, Bishop Duggan was transferred to the see of Chicago, the great work to be done for the already large Catholic population seemed about to be inaugurated by a bishop, supported in all good works by a zealous body of priests.

By the year 1870, the Catholics subject to the bishop of Chicago were estimated at 400,000. The diocese contained one hundred and forty-two priests, thirty of whom belonged to religious orders. Besides the Cathedral of the Holy Name, the city of Chicago contained twenty-five churches; the church of the Holy Family, a fine edifice, attended by a number of fathers

of the Society of Jesus; St Michael's for the Germans, directed by the Redemptorist Fathers; St. Joseph's by the Benedictine Monks; the churches in the country parts numbered one hundred and seventy-five; some of the larger towns, like Joliet and Peoria, having three, and many others two Catholic churches. The Jesuits were about to open a college in Chicago; the Fathers of St. Viateur already had one in operation at Bourbonnais Grove; the Brothers of the Christian Schools, not inaptly, had made La Salle the seat of their La Salle academy, with an academy also at Chicago. The Alexian Brothers, a community devoted to the care of the sick and the Christian burial of the dead, had established a fine hospital in Chicago. The teaching communities in the diocese had received able auxiliaries in the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who had now a flourishing seminary in the city; by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, from the Ven. Margaret Bourgeois' community at Montreal, who had a thriving academy at Bourbonnais Grove; and by the Sisters of Loretto, Sisters of St. Dominic, Sisters of St. Francis, and Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The parochial schools had attained an extraordinary development, more than fifty being in operation, all largely attended, and well conducted. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd had opened a Magdalen Asylum; the Sisters of Mercy had just completed a new hospital at Chicago, at a cost of seventy thousand dollars; the Sisters of Charity had a hospital also; and there were besides orphan asylums, and an industrial and reform school.

Bishop Duggan was compelled to retire on account of infirm health, and the Rt. Rev. Thomas Foley, a clergyman of Baltimore, was appointed Bishop of Pergamus, *in partibus infidelium*, and coadjutor to the bishop of Chicago. He was consecrated February 27, 1870.

The great fire of October 9, 1871, belongs to history, and the facts and incidents accompanying it are recorded on many pages. Suffice it to say that on October 10th the human race never witnessed so stupendous a spectacle of commercial, social, and architectural chaos. The situation was appalling, as the heart of the city was burned up—194 acres on the West Side a blackened waste, the entire South Side business district a lava-bed, and the whole North Side like a Michigan pinery that has been swept by the flames. The destruction of the Catholic Church property was enormous.

Churches, convents, asylums, and schools—the labor of years—were devoured by the fire monster in a few hours. On the West Side, St. Paul's Church, parsonage, and school were the first church property burned; then,

on the South Side, St. Louis, Church and priests' residence, on Sherman street; the Christian Brothers' Academy, on Van Buren street; the convent and schools of the Sisters of Mercy, on Wabash avenue, followed by St. Mary's Cathedral, with the old frame church in the rear of it, which had so far withstood the hand of time. The flames soon reached the bishop's house, which was quickly burned with its precious contents. Bishop Foley was absent, engaged in administering the sacrament of Confirmation in Campaign, Ill.

Early on the morning of the 10th the Holy Name caught fire, the House of Providence, the Academy of the Sisters of Charity, St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, formerly the university of St. Mary of the Lake, the Christian Brothers' Parochial School, the convent and schools of St. Benedict, on the northwest corner of Chicago avenue and Cass street, St. Joseph's magnificent church and the Benedictine Fathers' monastery. Thence northward the relentless flames advanced, hunting before them the stricken thousands of homeless people, sparing nothing or nobody, for to stand still was to die a horrible death. Then the Magdalen Asylum, the church of the Immaculate Conception, St. Michael's Church, with the convents and schools attached to these churches, and by six o'clock on Monday evening there was a bleak, blackened waste, where not many hours before a God-worshiping people were in peace and at rest. The total estimated loss of the Church was about \$1,000,000. The district burned over was bounded on the north by Fullerton avenue, on the west by Halsted street to Chicago avenue and from that point south on Clinton street, on the south by Twelfth street and on the east by Lake Michigan. The total area burned over was nearly three and a third square miles; number of buildings destroyed, 17,450; persons rendered homeless, 98,500; persons killed, about 200; loss, not including the depreciation of real estate or loss of business, etimated at \$190,000,000; recovered by insurance, \$44,000,000. One year after the fire many of the best business blocks in the city were rebuilt; five years after the fire the city was handsomer and more prosperous than ever; ten years after the fire nearly all traces of the calamity had disappeared.

Bishop Foley met the disaster with indomitable courage, immediately addressing himself to the task of restoration. He erected a temporary structure to be used as a church until he could rebuild, and the splendid edifice now occupying the site of the first frame church of the Holy Name is a monument

of his zeal and glory. He made it his Cathedral, as St. Mary's was among the churches burned. The corner-stone was laid July 19, 1874, and the preacher on the occasion was the eloquent Jesuit, Rev. Arnold Damen. Bishop Foley dedicated his Cathedral on All Saints' day of the following year, 1875, and the sermon was delivered by Rt. Rev. Patrick Ryan, now the metropolitan of Philadelphia, but then coadjutor bishop of St. Louis. The site of the new church is the same as that on which the first wooden Holy Name was built in 1849, and stands on the corner of North State and Superior streets, is of solid stone, cruciform in shape, Gothic in style, and is surmounted by one of the highest spires to be seen in the city. He purchased a diocesan orphan asylum at a cost of \$40,000, he erected buildings for the Sisters and Magdalens of the House of the Good Shepherd, and eagerly assisted the priests and religious societies in the reconstruction of their churches, institutions, and schools. He was a warm admirer of the religious orders and encouraged their coming to his diocese. During his administration he introduced the Franciscans, the Servites, Lazarists, and Fathers of St. Viateur, the Resurrectionists (Polish), and the various religious, educational, and charitable institutions multiplied with wonderful rapidity.

In 1872, Bishop Foley, finding that his diocese was constantly increasing, and that he could not attend to its vast interests alone, applied to his metropolitan and the bishops of the province for a division of the diocese of Chicago to be erected into a new see. The bishops recommended his request, which was granted by the Holy See, and the diocese of Peoria created and the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding was appointed bishop of the new see.

The great fire was considered calamitous to the interests of the young city, but it brought about the most stupendous achievements in the history of the human family. Forty thousand people left Chicago after the fire, but scarcely a year had passed before 100,000 workmen came, obtained employment, and helped to bring Chicago forth from its ashes. During this time Bishop Foley lived in a rented house, putting off the building of a residence until all the others had been provided for, and, as he said, "I will live with my priests until I am able to build." He did so, and when not engaged in his visitations through the diocese it can be truly said that he lived with his priests.

At a meeting of the priests, after the diocesan retreat at Bourbonnais Grove in 1877, Bishop Foley, after making a well remembered, soul-stirring address to his clergy, gave out the announcement of his future regulations in

the management of the diocèse, prefacing it by saying that he appointed the Rev. Dr. McMullen as his vicar-general. When the bishop's words were heard, announcing the fact of Dr. McMullen's selection as vicar-general, they were welcomed by priests and people with undisguised satisfaction. Dr. McMullen assumed his new dignity with unfeigned calmness, giving as answer to the congratulations of his friends "I hope I will prove worthy of it." Bishop Foley also announced to his clergy that a diocesan synod would be held very soon, and that he contemplated a pilgrimage to Rome, his first, as bishop, to the Holy See. The synod was held, former statutes were confirmed, rural deaneries created, the judges in ecclesiastical cases appointed, conferences proposed, and the good ship set sailing on placid waters, with its experienced navigator at the helm. Alas! the plans and hopes of bishop, priests, and laity for a prosperous career in years to come were completely destroyed.

In the latter end of January, 1879, Bishop Foley was called to Baltimore by important family interests. During the winter days of December, 1878, he had contracted a severe cold. Since his residence was burned in the great fire, he lived in rented houses, letting his own comfort pass by until all others were provided for. While in his native city he had felt so unwell that he did not go outside his mother's residence but once, and then it was to attend a funeral at the old cemetery where his relatives had a family lot and his father and others of his family were buried. That visit was fatal; his cold was increased by it, and symptoms of an approaching dangerous sickness became quite apparent. He was warned by his physician to guard against any exertion or unnecessary exposure, as serious consequences would ensue, and he was urged to seek instant remedies. The bishop had promised, before his departure for Baltimore, that he would return in time to assist at the dedication of St. Anthony's Church, Chicago. He arrived back, therefore, on Saturday, February 5th, and, not having suffered seriously during the journey, stated to his chancellor, Rev. Daniel J. Riordan, that he would be ready to go to St. Anthony's on the following morning. On attempting to arise Sunday morning he found himself so completely prostrated that he said to his attendant, "I can not go out to-day, or it will be my death." A physician was summoned without delay, who, after a careful examination, decided that the bishop was suffering from a severe cold, which was greatly increased by his journey home. On a subsequent visit, the physician discovered symptoms of pneumonic inflammation, which, in a person of the bishop's age and tempera-

ment, was necessarily a grave and serious complication. Additional medical counsel was called in, when it was found that typhoid fever, which in the first days of the bishop's sickness had been held in check by the pneumonic inflammation, had declared itself, and the bishop's condition became most alarming. The Rev. Dr. Foley and Mr. Daniel Foley, of Baltimore, were then sent for, who remained at their brother's bedside almost constantly.

On Monday, February 17th, the bishop realized his danger, and, knowing the importance of a good preparation in time, sent for his vicar-general, Dr. McMullen, whom he requested to administer the last rites of the Church. He received the viaticum with a holy calmness, then the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and said, "The Lord's will be done." The only expression of regret he was heard to utter was in reference to his aged mother, to whom he felt his death would be a severe affliction. At three o'clock, on the morning of the 19th day of February, 1879, the Rt. Rev. Thomas Foley, D. D., peacefully slept in death, in the fifty-seventh year of his age and the ninth of his episcopate. Around his bedside at the time were the bishop's two brothers, Bishop Spalding, Very Rev. Dr. McMullen and Rev. D. J. Riordan. During the night, when his last moments were fast approaching, the bishop turned to Dr. McMullen and said, "Father, I appoint you as administrator of the diocese." This was the last official act of Bishop Foley; in it he showed his confidence in his vicar-general and a friendship which was to continue to the hour of his death. Priests and people were fairly stunned at the unexpected news of Bishop Foley's demise. Like Bishop Quarter, he suddenly was stricken down in the prime of life, in the midst of usefulness, in a time when it did seem that he could not be spared. The diocese of Chicago sustained again a serious blow in the death of such a prelate of exalted virtue, of pure and noble character.

From a recent work by Rev. J. J. McGovern, D. D., of Lockport, Ill., we glean the following particulars of the life of his successor, the present illustrious archbishop of Chicago:

Patrick Augustine Feehan was born at Killinnall, Tipperary, Ireland, August 29, 1829, the year of the Catholic Emancipation. His father, Patrick Feehan, was a man who would be remarkable among a thousand, a man of distinguished bearing, noble appearance, classical features, with an education and address that would fit him to rank among the first in the land. His devotion to the old faith was as remarkable as his charity. An instance of the latter was often told by those who were eye-witnesses to this admirable

trait of character. When remonstrated with for giving to the poor more than seemed prudent, he said: "It is related in Scripture, 'If a man has two coats he should give one to him who has none.'" His adviser said, "You ought to be more prudent for your children's sake." The man full of faith answered, "Divine Providence will take care of them." Mr. Feehan was a man of liberal education, and was well versed in literature; he possessed a vast amount of information on all subjects, and spoke French fluently, although his youth was cast in the penal days. Mrs. Feehan was a singularly modest woman, gentle, mild and refined, qualities so noticeable in her distinguished son. Into such hands was the subject of this sketch committed by divine Providence, and in his early years trained in the way the child should go. It is not surprising then, that he was conspicuous in his early youth for endearing qualities of soul, sweetly blended with a gentleness of character, a humility and dignified repose that drew the attention and delighted every one who came in contact with him. Reared under holy influences, under the shadow of the rock of Cashel and amidst the inspiring scenes of the battle-fields where his forefathers fought and died in defense of their faith and their native land, he became imbued with a deep Catholic piety, and a deep-rooted devotion for his oppressed country.

He inherited from his father a studious character and a great love for books. Thus he was irresistibly carried toward a life of retirement, even in his youthful years, and quickly showed every sign of a future vocation to the priesthood. His first lessons were received under his father's roof, which were followed by a solid training in the classics and sciences, in which he made such a remarkable progress that at the age of sixteen he was entered as an ecclesiastical student in the Castle Knock College. He remained in this institution two years, earning the highest honors for his scholarship and exalted virtues. It was then decided to send him to the great college of Maynooth, which he entered in his eighteenth year. He spent five years in this ecclesiastical seminary, studying under great masters of philosophy and theology, in which he gained such proficiency that he was appointed to the Dunboyne establishment. Archbishop Kenrick, ever alive to the interests and needs of the great archdiocese of St. Louis, sought to surround himself with a talented and zealous clergy, and he, therefore, made frequent applications to the renowned seminaries of Ireland for distinguished ecclesiastical students who were willing to leave their native land for western America. A bright galaxy of names, eminent in the hierarchy of the Church, testifies

to the wonderful foresight and good judgment of the worthy archbishop. When the proposition was made to the distinguished young ecclesiastic, P. A. Feehan, he accepted the call with unreserved joy. Some objection was made by his superiors in the college, who had singled him out for a professorship, but he overruled all, feeling a divine impulse to give himself to the life of a missionary in the far West. In 1852 he set sail for America, and on his arrival continued his journey to St. Louis, where he was sent to the ecclesiastical seminary at Carondelet, to prepare for his ordination, being in the 23d year of his age. He was ordained priest November 1, 1852, and from that time until the following July he taught in the diocesan seminary.

July, 1853, he was appointed assistant at St. John's Church, St. Louis. About this time a terrible cholera epidemic raged in the city, which called forth all the self-sacrifice of the devoted young priest. Days and nights were spent in administering the sacraments and consoling the poor sufferers; sometimes even preparing them for burial when kindred and friends deserted them.

During young Father Feehan's sojourn at St. John's he was exceedingly beloved, and although his stay there was brief, deep regret was felt by the parishioners, to whom he had endeared himself.

In the summer of 1854, Father Feehan was sent to the theological seminary in Carondelet to succeed Rev. Anthony O'Regan. He was president for three years. In the summer of 1857 he was appointed pastor of St. Michael's, St. Louis. While in the seminary he taught in the most acceptable manner, and for about two years of that time preached once a month in the Cathedral, St. Louis. "He was then as now," says Bishop Hennessy, who was a professor in the seminary at the time, "kind, gentle, amiable, and a great favorite with students and professors. He was loved by all who knew him well enough to appreciate his rare qualities."

He made a record for zeal and tireless labor; besides presiding over the seminary and professing, he attended to the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, situated near the college. To this day the sisters speak of "Father Feehan" with affectionate and grateful remembrance.

In July, 1858, he was appointed pastor of St. Michael's Church, St. Louis. Here he entered zealously on his new duties, gaining at once the confidence and love of his congregation. The July following he was transferred to the pastoral charge of the church of the Immaculate Conception, situated at that time on Eighth and Chestnut streets.

Ever devoted to duty, the poor were special objects of his tender care;

where sorrow and suffering prevailed his presence was near to lighten the gloom; the sick were comforted, and the last moments of the dying consoled with the promise that their children would be cared for, and well they knew that the faithful priest would keep his word. "How often," said one of his brother priests, "have I heard the expression: 'When I first spoke to him a heavy load was taken off my heart,' or 'his presence brings light and joy to my poor home.'" It was well known that his visits were mostly confined to the sick, the suffering, and the afflicted. He at once established the St. Vincent de Paul Society in the parish, and secured a room where stores were kept for the poor. Many are still living who were recipients of his kindness and fatherly care.

His whole career was marked by a strict attention to duty. He was an indefatigable worker, and to the exclusion of every thought of self he continued his arduous and holy life. During the Civil War a hospital for wounded soldiers was established in his parish; here many an hour was spent, day and night, comforting the poor sufferers. The inmates of the jail and city detention house also claimed much of his time.

It is such men, with the quiet-like grandeur of character, who possess the material which makes heroes. His sweetness of disposition and loftiness of soul inspired every one who knew him with the greatest love and admiration, and few ever left such affectionate memories as did the gentle, dignified priest.

The see of Nashville having become vacant in 1864 by the resignation of Bishop Whelan, Father Feehan was nominated to fill the position. With characteristic humility, and impelled by duties of a filial nature, he hastened to decline the office, and his appointment was for a time held in abeyance. The elevation of Father Feehan to the exalted dignity of a bishop of holy Church was looked upon as a certainty and only a question of time, and no one was more fixed in the determination of bringing this about than his ecclesiastical superior, the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick.

In July, 1865, his much loved mother died. She had been an invalid for years, and, except on Saturday evening, when he was detained in the confessional, he never failed to make her a visit. It was on her account that the appointment to the see of Nashville was at first declined. After her death the offer of the see was again made and accepted. The day for the consecration was fixed for November 1, 1856, when it took place before a vast concourse in the Cathedral of St. Louis, Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick imposing hands on his young friend.

On the evening of the 9th of November, Bishop Feehan arrived in Nashville, accompanied by Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick, of St. Louis; Bishop Duggan, of Chicago; Father Kelly, O. P., administrator of the diocese of Nashville, and Rev. Fathers Riordan and Walsh, of St. Louis; the two latter coming to the diocese with the new bishop and who died of yellow fever in 1878. Bishop Feehan's characteristic dislike for unnecessary display caused the withdrawal of any public demonstration of welcome. His entry, therefore, into his new see was not of a triumphal character; in fact, the elements seemed to have conspired in making everything disagreeable and disheartening.

"It had been raining several days," wrote one of the clergymen who accompanied the bishop from St. Louis, "the fences around the old Cathedral were broken and dilapidated; everything looked gloomy—it was rain, rain, rain, for days. 'John,' said one of the prelates to the sexton on the morning of the 10th, 'does the sun ever shine here?' 'O yes, my Lord,' answered John, in dead earnest, 'it shines sometimes; it shines in summer, my Lord.'"

The second day after Bishop Feehan's arrival in his diocese, Sunday, witnessed the grand reception in the Cathedral that would have taken place on the morning of the 10th had he not entered the city unexpectedly. At nine o'clock the societies in regalia were in their appointed place in the Cathedral—the St. Joseph's Total Abstinence Society, the St. Aloysius Young Men's Society, and the members of St. Mary's Orphan Association. All these societies made addresses in turn, to each of which the bishop responded in the kindest tones of appreciation.

A melancholy scene was presented to Bishop Feehan on his arrival in Nashville, and it can be hardly overdrawn. His diocese had been the highway of both armies, and the theater of some of the bloodiest battles of the late war. Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, Fort Henry on the Tennessee, Shiloh, Franklin, Stone River, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Chattanooga, and Nashville, all historic ground—turning points in the destinies of the contending armies, who spread ruin and desolation through the whole state, which meant the diocese of Nashville. The war had just closed, the clouds of smoke, that denoted its presence as well as its violence, had scarcely cleared away before the sunshine of returning peace, and the diocese "unreconstructed," when the bishop arrived in Nashville. The city was in a most deplorable condition, morally and financially, and the Church's

interests had suffered from so many causes that their recovery demanded almost superhuman efforts. Every mission in the diocese had the same sad story and presented the same picture that Nashville did—debts and demoralization.

The bishop set himself to the work with his resolute gentleness and patience to clear away the debris and rebuild more solidly on the old site. He threw himself into the work with a vigor that deserved the signal success with which it was crowned.

There were only three secular priests in the whole state of Tennessee, and many students for the priesthood were received into the diocese, and soon a large number of zealous young priests were earnest in the work of gaining and saving souls.

No one heard Bishop Feehan complain or bemoan his appointment to a diocese that offered such an unfavorable field. He did what was possible for each mission, and was silent—he invited and attracted to the diocese a number of priests who were drawn thither by its wants and the personal character of its bishop.

Not many months passed before it was observed that the bishop seemed to have stamped and sealed with his own character the priests of his jurisdiction. This was proven afterwards by the number who died of yellow fever in the plague times in Memphis and elsewhere in the diocese.

By his untiring efforts and constant attendance to duty, he brought the people to the sacraments; he instructed and prepared the children for first Communion and confirmation, and by his business talent won the confidence of the community.

He improved the Cathedral and the surroundings. He found St. Cecilia's heavily involved in debt, but so excellent was his management that he soon had it entirely free from financial embarrassment of any kind, with a magnificent addition erected side by side with the old building, and overshadowing it in importance, with an excellent reputation established throughout the South, and with money in its coffers.

It was at this time that the Sisters of Mercy came to Nashville and opened St. Bernard's Academy. They first taught in the building opposite the Cathedral, now occupied by the Standard Club, but in 1869 purchased the spacious residence of ex-Governor Brown, fronting the Capitol. They have now here one of the finest educational establishments in the South, and from it many of the most talented and fairest women of the "Athens of the South" have graduated.

Before the purchase of the present convent by the Sisters the palatial mansion was occupied by the governors of the state of Tennessee. In it Andrew Johnson lived in his halcyon days, and thousands of associations are around it. Yet, it is remarkable that it is now in the possession of the Catholic Church, while over the main entrance the word "Mercy," in golden letters, faces the figure of Justice that adorns the great doorway of the Capitol building opposite. St. Bernard's is a credit to the bishop's foresight.

In August, 1866, the cholera made its appearance in Nashville. During the ravages of this epidemic, Bishop Feehan labored unceasingly to console the sick and the dying.

The yellow fever visited the diocese three times in rapid succession, and spread death and desolation in every quarter along the Mississippi. The brave priests stood at their posts until stricken down. Their places were quickly taken by others equally as ready to sacrifice their lives. Thirty-three fell martyrs to their sacred calling during this terrible epidemic. The loss of so many noble sons was indeed a crushing blow to the good bishop, but with his usual fortitude and zeal he hastened to fill up the vacancies.

The most notable services of Bishop Feehan in rebuilding was not confined to Nashville. What he did for this city is only an earnest of the work performed in every town in the state. He had arrived at the point where he could realize his office as bishop of Tennessee. He visited every point where Catholicism had found a foothold, or there might likely be a welcome accorded it, and he devoted his energies to counseling, encouraging and organizing the work. Chattanooga, Memphis, Knoxville bear testimony of his indefatigable labors for the congregations of those cities.

"He carried to his labors," said one of his devoted priests, "not only an indefatigable ability to work, but a brilliancy of thought, a modesty of demeanor, a ripeness of experience, and an abounding piety that won him friends on every hand, and inspired all with whom he came in contact with a devotion and love for God, such as it is seldom given to earthly ministers to accomplish. And when he assumed his priestly robes and appeared before the congregation at the altar, he was so transfigured by his consciousness of the sacred office that they who saw could not help but worship. The effect of such a character was seen on every hand. A reviving and strengthening spirit pervaded the state, and it may be truly said of Bishop Feehan, he gave dignity and prestige to Catholicism in Tennessee." As an instance of his equanimity under all circumstances, the following fact is told

by the present vicar-general of the diocese of Nashville: "Years ago he accompanied me to the Bear Spring furnace settlement, in Stewart County. We left the train at Erin on the L. & N. R. R., and traveled in a buggy about eighteen miles to the furnace ground. Next morning the bishop, after hearing confessions, said Mass and gave confirmation. The house in which services were held was one of those box houses of one room and part of the upstairs 'boarded.' The other part had no flooring, so that the bishop's tall figure, as he extended his arms and moved about while preaching, sent the miter literally between the joists, putting it in anything but a dignified position on his head and adding to the growing wonder of the gaping natives, who felt puzzled to understand a priest's vestments, but a bishop with such a hat simply took their breath away. When everything was over, the bishop and myself went to get something to eat in the little alcove or elbow that held the stove. There was literally not even a morsel of bread on the table. The lady of the house looked puzzled and mortified. She was the non-Catholic wife of a good Irishman. On a later visit I learned the cause. The good lady was accustomed to get breakfast early for the furnace hands, so on this occasion she got everything ready and prepared enough for the bishop and me. That part of the crowd who could not get near enough to see the ceremonies did not feel like being idle, so it devoured all the eatables in the house. We rode back eighteen miles without a morsel, and reached the station about 6 p. m. There, as we alighted, the bishop was accosted in terms of friendly welcome by a Nashville politician who had been electioneering among the people in that section of the state. To look on, you would imagine Bishop Feehan had just risen from dinner in spite of the hunger and heat of the day. 'Now, my young man,' he said, turning to me, as the gentleman went away, 'you see what that man will submit to in his efforts to gain votes that will insure him office, at most, but a few years; what a lesson for ourselves.' I was too hungry and weak to talk in 'moralizing' just then, but I could not help being impressed by the bishop's undisturbed equanimity."

The order of the Catholic Knights of America owe their origin to Bishop Feehan. Nashville Catholics asked the bishop's opinion about a society that many were proposing to organize in Nashville and other cities of the South, and the propriety of Catholics undertaking to form a society of the kind that was contemplated. The bishop, after looking over the constitution and by-laws of the proposed society, which was to be composed of Catholic laymen, said: "I most cordially approve your object. You have

the material; go ahead, and I assure you that I will give you all my support." The bishop's encouragement, like seed cast into fertile ground, took root. The society was organized; it grew, it flourished, and now the Catholic Knights of America is one of the most successful organizations among the Catholic laity in the United States.

In 1866 Bishop Feehan attended and participated in the proceedings of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, and he took an active part in the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican.

At this time the diocese of Chicago contained one hundred and ninety-two churches, although that of Peoria was set off in 1877. Even thus reduced it had a hundred and ninety-nine priests; a population of two hundred and thirty thousand; more than twenty-five thousand children in the parochial schools; two colleges; fourteen academies for young ladies; three hospitals; two orphan asylums, one under the German order of Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ; a Reform School for Boys, under the Christian Brothers, and chartered by the Legislature; Industrial Schools for Girls, one under the Servite Sisters of Mary; a House of Providence for Young Women; a Magdalen Asylum; a Home for the Aged, directed by the Little Sisters of the Poor.

The contrast of these figures with those of the present day affords one of the most striking examples of the quick and marvelous progress of the Church in this land.

The diocese of Chicago by a decree of the Holy See, September 10, 1880, was elevated to the rank of an archdiocese, and Bishop Feehan, of Nashville, was appointed the first archbishop. When the news reached Chicago, there was a universal expression of satisfaction among the clergy and laity of the new metropolitan see, and though all mourned the death of Bishop Foley, they rejoiced at seeing one chosen to fill the vacancy who was no stranger to the clergy, many of whom knew him personally while he lived in St. Louis, and were filled with admiration at his successful administration of the diocese of Nashville. His deeds of heroism during the plague periods, and his eminent services in behalf of the orphans had caused his name to be known throughout the country, and earned for him the esteem of civilized nations. The Catholic people rejoiced at having Bishop Feehan come to govern them, as he was an honor to the Church in America, and adorned the episcopacy by his learning, experience, piety and zeal.

November 25th was the day designated for the arrival of the archbishop



MT. REV. JAMES EDWARD QUIGLEY, D. D.
Archbishop of Chicago.



CHURCHES IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF CHICAGO.

in Chicago, and it was the occasion of a grand outpouring of popular manifestations of welcome to his Grace. Committees of the clergy and deputations of the laity met him on the approach to his archiepiscopal see, and extended such cordial greetings that he was deeply touched by their evidences of loyalty and respect. Thousands of Catholics of the many nationalities that go to make the Church so cosmopolitan in Chicago, received him with tokens of delight, and lined the streets of the city, from the depot to his residence on the North Side—the same in which Bishop Foley lived and died.

On Sunday, November 28th, Archbishop Feehan was installed in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, in the presence of an immense congregation, with elaborate and impressive ceremonies. At 10 o'clock A. M. the procession of the clergy of the new archdiocese, which had formed in the sacristy, passed out at the Superior street entrance, and was received at the main door of the Cathedral by the Very Rev. Dr. McMullen, who, as administrator since the death of Bishop Foley, delivered the Cathedral and the diocese to the archbishop. When the clergy had taken their places inside the sanctuary, the papal brief was read, appointing the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan archbishop of Chicago, after which the clergy approached and kissed the archiepiscopal ring in token of their allegiance, affection, and obedience to their new superior. Pontifical High Mass was then celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of the diocese of Fort Wayne. After the gospel Archbishop Feehan ascended the pulpit and read as his text the following versicles: Matthew xiii, 31, 32—"Another parable he proposed unto them, saying, the kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which is the least indeed of all seeds; but when it is grown up, it is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof."

The discourse that followed was simple and earnest, full of deep conviction and characterized by a straightforwardness of faith that visibly impressed the large audience. Archbishop Feehan's first official acts were to appoint Very Rev. Dr. McMullen vicar-general of the archdiocese, and Father D. J. Riordan his chancellor and secretary. He found that although Bishop Foley had made herculean efforts to replace the loss to the Church in Chicago occasioned by the great fire of 1871, still there was much to be done, and the extraordinary growth of the city required additional church-room, charitable institutions, more schools and educational establishments of a higher order. He received the pallium, the insignia of his archiepiscopal office January, 1881.

Archbishop Feehan's great knowledge of church discipline, the details of its management and value, and easy command of ecclesiastical power were the means by which he commenced the administration of his new charge. He found that the archdiocese comprised eighteen counties in the northern part of the state, in which there were 194 churches, attended by 204 priests. To continue the good work was his aim, and his experienced hand was immediately felt in directing the several interests of the archdiocese, and priests and people were made to understand that his administration would be conservative, tempered with wisdom, clarity, and the maintenance of the Church's discipline in all its vigor and entirety. In May, 1881, Archbishop Feehan experienced the first parting of those faithful priests of the diocese of Chicago, who for many years rendered eminent services to the Church, and whose names are numbered among the pioneer priests of the Church in Chicago. On Sunday, May 8, 1881, the holy father, Leo XIII, ratified the creation of the new diocese of Davenport, Iowa, and confirmed the nomination of Very Rev. John McMullen, D. D., its first bishop. The ceremony of consecration took place in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, July 25th, his grace, Archbishop Feehan, being the celebrant of the Mass and consecrator. In 1881, Archbishop Feehan appointed the Rev. P. J. Conway vicar-general of the diocese, and rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Name. February 21, 1883, Father St. Cyr, who for many years had been chaplain of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Carondelet, passed away, crowned with merits. On September 16, 1883, Rev. Patrick W. Riordan was consecrated bishop coadjutor with the title of succession of the Most Rev. Archbishop Allemany, of San Francisco.

In 1883 Archbishop Feehan was summoned to Rome with the other archbishops of the United States to formulate the scheme of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Before his departure the priests of the archdiocese presented him with a purse of \$10,000, and on his return to the city, February, 1884, one of the greatest ovations ever offered to a devoted shepherd awaited him. Upon his arrival in Chicago, all the clergy of the archdiocese, the mayor and common council, the principal Catholic citizens, and over 30,000 men, forming a procession over five miles in length, met him on his entry into the city, and escorted him to his residence amid the cheers and blessings of 100,000 people who lined the streets along which the procession marched. The great financial interests of the archdiocese received Archbishop Feehan's indefatigable attention. All the elemosy-

nary institutions have received his generous support and are still his most anxious care.

Homes for the aged, hospitals for the sick, houses of providence for young women, orphan asylums and foundlings' homes attest this, and his wise transfer of the Catholic Industrial School for boys to a farm on the Desplaines River, twenty miles away from the city, has been universally commended. In 1864 Archbishop Feehan attended the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, accompanied by Very Rev. P. J. Conway, V. G., and Rev. John Waldron, pastor of St. John's Church. On July 1, 1887, another worthy priest, whose name for a quarter of a century had been a household word on account of his zeal and Christian charity among the Catholics of Chicago, Rev. John Waldron, passed to his reward.

The first synod of the archdiocese of Chicago was held Tuesday, December 13, 1887, in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, and was attended by all the pastors of the archdiocese. The chief purpose of the synod was the promulgation of the decrees of the Third Plenary Council.

In 1887 Archbishop Feehan purchased property for a Catholic cemetery for the Catholic parishes of the South Side, and dedicated it under the title of Mount Olivet Cemetery.

September 27, 1887, his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, visited Chicago and received an enthusiastic welcome from Archbishop Feehan and his clergy.

October 28, 1887, he consecrated the Rt. Rev. Maurice Burke, of St. Mary's, Joliet, Ill., bishop, who had been appointed to the new see of Cheyenne by the Holy See.

July 1, 1888, Archbishop Feehan closed the eyes in death of his beloved and faithful vicar-general, Father Conway; and on September 25, 1889, Rev. Joseph P. Roles, pastor of St. Mary's Church, was called to his eternal account after twenty-five years of successful labors in the diocese of Chicago.

In 1890 Archbishop Feehan appointed Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor of St. Bridget's Church, vicar-general of the archdiocese. In November of the same year the Silver Jubilee of the archbishop was celebrated with much splendor and enthusiasm.

The evidences of Archbishop Feehan's enthusiastic zeal in the cause of religious education are seen in the educational institutions established during his administration: St. Patrick's Academy, the Josephinum, the De La

Salle Institute; the large number of parochial schools in the city; St. Viateur's College, at Bourbonnais; the Loretto Academy, Joliet; St. Francis' Academy, Joliet, and numerous other institutions.

Archbishop Feehan has been unceasing in his good work since his arrival in Chicago. In nine years, from January 1, 1881, to December 31, 1890, he has regularly visited his archdiocese, traveled by railroads and wagon-roads wherever his services were needed, and thus it was that at the close of a decade and the tenth anniversary of his arrival in Chicago, he had confirmed over 100,000 persons; had ordained 175 priests, and had laid the corner-stones of sixty churches, dedicated seventy-two, and invariably seconded the labors of his priests in all their undertakings.

His prudent, conservative policy in the management of his diocese, his gentle but firm impress of character, his goodness of heart, endears him to his priests, and has gained for him the love of his people of the archdiocese, and the esteem of all good citizens. As metropolitan, Archbishop Feehan has the whole state of Illinois, with its million Catholics, under his supervision.

Of this jurisdiction the diocese of Quincy was established in 1852, and enlarged and the see transferred to Alton in 1857. Twenty years later was established the diocese of Peoria, in the central part of the state, its first bishop consecrated, and still happily ruling, being the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D. D.

John Lancaster Spalding was born at Lebanon, Ky., on the 2d of June, 1840, "coming," as Bishop Rosecrans well said on the day of his consecration, "from a family of priests who have supported the fabric of our religion in this country, and will maintain its honor, not only among Catholics, but will defend it also among those who are not Catholics." After brilliant studies in America and Europe he was ordained by dispensation on the 19th of December, 1863, and was recognized as a priest of great intellectual ability and high culture, in general literature as well as in the lore of the theologian.

Returning to his native state he was appointed one of the clergy of the Cathedral at Louisville, where he remained till 1870, when he took charge of St. Augustine's Church, which had been opened for colored Catholics. He also acted as secretary and chancellor of the diocese till 1873, when he removed to New York and became one of the priests laboring in the large and important parish of St. Michael. His eloquence and ability led to frequent applications for his services in the pulpit on important occasions, while

his zeal and prudence showed his fitness for more responsible duties than had hitherto been assigned to him.

When the diocese of Peoria was formed in Illinois, in 1877, the Rev. Dr. Spalding was selected for the new see, and was consecrated on the 1st of May, in the Cathedral of New York, by his eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, Bishop Rosecrans, of Columbus, preaching on the occasion.

The diocese confided to his care comprised the central portion of the state of Illinois, between the dioceses of Chicago and Alton. There were already seventy-five churches, attended by fifty-one priests, and a Catholic population estimated at forty-five thousand. Fathers of the order of St. Francis, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of St. Benedict, St. Dominic, and of St. Francis, were in charge of academies or charitable institutions.

Bishop Spalding has co-operated actively in the movement for Catholic colonization, and his own diocese, as well as others farther West, show the benefit resulting from the effort to aid immigrants in taking up lands for their new homes where they can enjoy the consolations of their religion.

The project of the Catholic university of America was also one for which Bishop Spalding labored assiduously, being encouraged by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, which adopted his plans in 1884, a noble-hearted young Catholic lady, Miss Caldwell, having given \$300,000 to begin the great undertaking. Bishop Spalding also devoted himself, as president of the committee in charge, to the organization and furtherance of the Catholic educational exhibit made at the World's Fair in Chicago during 1893.

Chapter XLIII.

In the Great Northwest.

ANCIENT FORT AT DETROIT.—FIRST CHURCH LAID IN ASHES.—FIRST PASTOR SLAIN.
—PRIEST WHO BECAME CONGRESSMAN.—FIRST PRINTER IN THE WEST.—A CON-
VERT WHO FELL AWAY.—BISHOP CASPAR BORGESS.—COPPER MINES BRING A RUSH.
—MISSIONS ON THE UPPER PENINSULA.—BARAGA THE SAINTLY.—GROWTH OF SEE
AND LATER BISHOPS.

PASSING now into the great region of the Northwest, we find that in 1688, Fort St. Joseph, at Detroit, formed the nucleus of the post established by La Motte Cadillac, in 1700. He brought a number of Canadian families, and was accompanied by the Jesuit Father Vaillant and a Recollect. A chapel was at once erected, superior in architecture to the cabins of upright puncheon raised by the settlers. The Recollect father, Constantine de Chasle, was soon sent out to act as chaplain for the fort and colonists. But, in 1704, some discontented Indians set fire to a barn, and the first church perished in the conflagration. Two years later the Ottawas, who had come from Michilimackinac, made a sudden attack on the Miamis near the fort and killed Father Constantine as he was walking outside saying his breviary.

The church, once rebuilt, was destroyed by the commandant at the time of the attack on Detroit by the Foxes in 1712. The third church of St. Anne was erected within the palisades, opposite a large military garden. This continued to be the church of the settlement for many years, during all the stirring scenes of the last struggle of the French, during Pontiac's war,

during our Revolution, while it was held by the English government down to the year 1805. Of the clergy during the French period mention is made of Father Bonaventure, Recollect, a cultivated man, whose library was well chosen, who acted as instructor to the young, and learning Indian languages, ministered to the red men near him. Besides him, Fathers Anthony, Delinas, and Daniel were here.

On the 11th of June, 1805, the city, many of the buildings being old and affording an easy prey to the flames, was laid in ashes, only two buildings escaping. St. Anne's Church perished. An act of congress authorized the laying out of a new town, assigning certain lots to each inhabitant of the old town.

The site of St. Anne's was on the new plan taken by Jefferson avenue; and a lot in the center of the little military square, near the burying-ground, two hundred feet square and fronting on four streets, was assigned for it in 1806; and soon after a lot was assigned for an academy under the care of Sisters, and another site for an academy for boys.

As the Catholic Church of the United States acquired form after the close of the Revolution, the attention of the first bishops was drawn to the French and Indians of the West. To meet their wants was, however, a matter of great difficulty, and it was only when the French Revolution made the clergy of France wanderers in foreign lands, that any hope existed for them. Soon after the outbreak of that terrible war on religion, the active and laborious Sulpitian, Father Gabriel Richard, was stationed at Detroit. A man of great activity and zeal, he was eminently fitted for the difficult post.

The Rev. Gabriel Richard was indeed a remarkable priest, who, when superior of the Sulpitian Seminary, at Issy, little dreamed that he would one day sit in the congress of the United States, as delegate from one of the territories. He came to the United States, and was, in 1798, sent to Detroit, where the Rev. Fathers Frechette and Levadoux had directed the parish. The Abbé Richard became not only pastor of his flock, but one of the leading minds in the development of the West. He gave an impulse to education, and established the first printing-press in Michigan, issuing several useful works, and the first portion of Scripture printed beyond the Alleghany Mountains.

Not only does this priest bear the distinction of being the only Catholic clergyman ever elected to congress, but the only one who had the strange

fortune of coming directly from a prison cell to the house of representatives; not, however, with the full powers of a representative, but as a delegate from a then far western territory.

Rev. Gabriel Richard was a delegate in congress from the territory of Michigan in 1823. Lannan's Directory of the United States Congress says of him: "He was a Roman Catholic priest, and a man of learning. Born at Saintes, France, October 15, 1764, educated at Angiers, and received orders at a Catholic seminary in Paris in 1790. Came to America in 1798, and was for a time professor of mathematics in St. Mary's College, Maryland. He labored as a missionary in Illinois, and went to Detroit, Mich., in 1799. During his pastorate of St. Ann's Church in Detroit it became his duty, according to the Roman Catholic religion, to excommunicate one of his parishioners who had been divorced from his wife. For this he was prosecuted for defamation of character, which resulted in a verdict being given against him for one thousand dollars. This money the priest could not pay, and as his parishioners were poor French settlers they could not pay it for him, and he was thrown into prison. While confined in the common jail, with little hope of ever being liberated, he was elected a delegate to congress, and went from his prison cell in the wilds of Michigan to his seat on the floor of congress."

The career in congress of Father Richard was a remarkable one. He delivered several speeches on matters pertaining to his territory which marked him as an able speaker. He was not only a thorough French and English scholar, but was conversant with the Spanish, German, and Italian languages, and had learned the Indian language of the tribes in Michigan. In 1809 he took the first printing-press to the West, and became the first Catholic publisher in the North, printing and publishing the *Essai du Michigan*, a paper that gave mortal offense to the English colony at Detroit. The English authorities at last laid hands on the good man and dragged him into imprisonment. After the surrender of General Hull, in 1812, he was released, and soon afterward published the laws of the new territory in French. At this time there was great suffering among the settlers, their crops having been taken by the soldiers, and Father Richard purchased wheat and gave it to the destitute people.

A Catholic gentleman, residing in Washington a few years ago, gave a pen picture of Father Richard, as he remembered seeing him nearly fifty years before, the sketch appearing in a volume of Catholic biography published by Lawrence Kehoe in 1869. He said: "In 1824 I was wending my

way to the Capitol, in the city of Washington, and when crossing the street with a friend I was attracted to a singularly odd-looking personage. He was of middle size, with sharp features and wiry frame. His low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat was thrown back on the crown of his head, and a pair of large goggles sat enthroned on top of an expansive, bulging forehead. He had on nicely fitting, highly polished shoes, with silver buckles, but wore no stockings. He was tapping a fine gold snuff-box, and appeared to be offering a pinch to a friend whom he had just met. Upon inquiry of my companion, I was informed that he was Very Rev. Gabriel Richard, M. C., vicar-general of Detroit. This was the first impression I had of this remarkable man, a Catholic priest and an 'M. C.' I was a mere stripling then, but I have a love for all that belongs to my Church, and the reader may well imagine my feelings when my companion soon introduced me to this wonderful man, as he appeared to me. The acquaintance soon after ripened into friendship, and much did I enjoy the good man's conversation that winter, and it is one of the sweetest reminiscences of my life that I served his Mass at old St. Patrick's. On Christmas Day, good Father Matthews bestowed on me the distinguished honor of dining with the Hon. and Rev. Gabriel Richard, M. C. Oh, for those days of real Catholic fervor and American simplicity!"

In 1821 Father Richard made a pilgrimage to the grave of Father Marquette, the great missionary priest of the Northwest, and planted a cross over it, on which he cut with a pen-knife: "Father Marquette died here May 9, 1675." If the writer mistakes not, the state of Michigan has since erected a large monument to mark the last resting-place of Father Marquette. The State Historical Society Library at Lansing is rich in manuscripts left by Father Marquette, and later by Father Richard.

As Michigan was made subject to Bishop Flaget at his appointment, he visited it in 1817, and, about the same time, in a treaty made with the United States, the Catholic Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottawatomies, stipulated that a tract of a square mile on Raisin River should be set apart for St. Ann's Church and the college or academy for boys.

When, five years later, the see of Cincinnati was erected, Michigan fell under the administration of Bishop Fenwick. That zealous missionary at once sought to have a bishop appointed at Detroit; the Indians of Arbre Croche having in 1823 appealed to the president for priests. As the new see was not immediately erected, Bishop Fenwick visited the Catholic congregations in Michigan in 1827, confirming at Detroit, Arbre Croche, and Mackinac.

Two young Indian boys, whose piety and aptitude seemed to justify the step, were sent to Rome to study for the priesthood, but the experiment failed: one died and the other did not persevere.

The Very Rev. Frederick Rezé, as vicar-general, next visited Michigan, and founded an Indian church at St. Joseph's River. The bishop himself, in a visitation in 1832, was struck down by cholera, at Sault Ste. Marie, but, recovering, proceeded to Mackinaw and Arbre Croche, where he had placed the Rev. Frederick Baraga in charge of seven hundred Catholic Indians. At Detroit the dying bishop found the Rev. Gabriel Richard on his death-bed.

In 1833 the diocese of Detroit was created, embracing Michigan and Northwest Territories, and the Very Rev. Frederick Rezé, a native of Hanover, already familiar with the actual condition and wants of the Catholics in that district, was appointed bishop. His diocese contained St. Anne's Church, Detroit; St. Anthony's, at Monroe; St. Mary's, at Maurice Bay; St. Francis', on Huron River; St. Patrick's, at Ann Arbor; St. Joseph's, on the river of the same name, attended by the Rev. Stephen T. Badin; St. Ignatius', at Mackinaw; St. Felicitas', on Lake St. Clair, and the Ottawa Mission at Arbre Croche.

Bishop Rezé, the first of our German bishops, appealed to Catholic Germany for aid. The Redemptorists came in 1832 to commence at Arbre Croche, Sault Ste. Marie, and Green Bay, the labors which have since been so fruitful of good in all parts of the country. Two Poor Clares founded a convent at Detroit, and two others proceeded, in 1833, to Green Bay to open a school there. Missions were renewed among the Menomonees and Winnebagoes.

Under the impulse of the bishop, St. Patrick's Church was erected in Detroit, and priests stationed at Monroe, Grand River and other points. There were drawbacks, indeed. The priest at Monroe, the Rev. Samuel B. Smith, a convert, apostatized, and became one of the most vile traducers of the Church, editing a paper called the "Downfall of Babylon," and pandering to a depraved taste by licentious books, in which obscenity was covered up by attacks on Catholicity.

Still there was progress. In the cholera of 1834, when one-tenth of the population of Detroit was swept away, the Rev. Mr. Kundig, aided by the Catholic ladies, opened a hospital and cared for the sick of all creeds. In 1840 there were in Michigan at least twenty churches; eleven priests were employed on the mission in instruction; St. Philip's University, and Trinity

Church Academy, in Detroit, gave hopes of useful existence; there were parochial schools at several points; an orphan asylum at Detroit; and the Ladies of Providence, a community devoted to works of mercy.

Bishop Rezé had gone to Baltimore in 1837, and, in a letter to the fathers assembled in provincial council, expressed a wish to resign the see or transfer the administration to a coadjutor. The Holy See invited him to Rome, and, in 1841, appointed as coadjutor, the Rev. Peter Paul Lefebvre, a Belgian priest, born at Roulers, in 1804, ordained in the United States in 1831, from which year he was a laborious missionary in the diocese of Cincinnati. At the time of his appointment he was in Europe, but returning, was consecrated at Philadelphia, in 1841.

Proceeding to his diocese he regulated the tenure of St. Ann's Church, began the new Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, and, visiting his diocese, established many stations for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice till a church could be erected and a priest supported. He was careful and judicious in his selection of new priests, and secured zealous and laborious workers. He recalled the Redemptorists, whose convent still subsists at Detroit; invited the Ladies of the Sacred Heart to establish an academy for the superior education of young Catholic ladies. To his grief, St. Philip's College, his chief seminary for higher education, was destroyed by fire in January, 1842. For the common school education, finding the legislature leavened with the usual bigoted axiom, that all must be taxed for public schools, and Protestantism inculcated in them, he began to develop in his diocese that system of Catholic schools which are the great hope of the American future. At his call the Brothers of the Christian Schools came to direct parochial schools for boys; and Sisters of Notre Dame and Sisters of Charity, but especially Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to direct the parochial schools for girls. This community, with the blessing of God, thrived, and soon spread to all parts of the diocese.

The influx of settlers had so increased the Catholic body in Michigan and Wisconsin that, in 1843, a new see was established at Milwaukee, and the Rt. Rev. John M. Henni consecrated as bishop of the diocese, embracing the state of Wisconsin. Delivered from the care of that state, Bishop Lefebvre could devote himself to the expansion of the Church in Michigan. Churches sprang up. The mission to the Indians in his jurisdiction took new life; while the veteran Rev. Mr. Baraga labored at Keweenaw; the zealous Father Pierz, in eight years, baptized nine hundred and fifty-six, mostly

converts, at Arbre Croche; the Rev. Francis Baraux ministered to three hundred Pottawatomies at Pokaga, Sisters of the Holy Cross aiding him by their schools; the Jesuit fathers, Point and Ménétry, were reviving the labors of their predecessors at Sault St. Mary's; the Rev. Ignatius Mrak had charge of the missions and churches at Lacroix, Middletown, Castor Island, and Manistee, and Rev. Mr. Visozsky, at Grand River Rapids, had a flock of many races and tongues.

Bishop Lefebvre drew many of his faithful auxiliaries from Belgium; and when Bishop Spalding, after visiting that eminently Catholic country, projected an American college there, Bishop Lefebvre entered warmly into the project, though no other bishop in the country joined them. The object of this institution was to gain, in a country where vocations were so numerous, zealous young men who would pursue their studies in the American college, and then give their talents to the mission in the United States. Bishop Spalding and Bishop Lefebvre conferred a lasting boon on the Church in this country. In sixteen years this college, with slender resources, unaided by any of our wealthy Catholics, had sent to the United States a hundred and fifty-four well-trained zealous priests.

With singular forecast Bishop Lefebvre secured, in advance, sites for future churches, and carefully guarded the property owned by the diocese. Finding that increase of Catholics made the direct supervision of a bishop desirable in the Upper Peninsula and its Indian missions, he induced the erection of the see of Sault Ste. Marie in 1857. The Lower Peninsula, from that date, alone constituted the diocese of Detroit, and contained fifty-six churches, in which forty-three priests officiated. When he died, twelve years later, the churches had increased to seventy-five, and the priests had nearly doubled in number. The old Catholic city of Detroit could boast of a cathedral, seven other churches, a chapel for Hollanders and Flemings, and another chapel set apart for colored people; a Redemptorist convent, a community of Ladies of the Sacred Heart directing select schools, free schools, and an orphan asylum; Sisters of Charity had charge of an hospital, insane and orphan asylums, select and free schools. The whole number of the faithful in the diocese was estimated at 150,000.

In his sixty-fifth year erysipelas set in at a spot injured in his mission labors years before. Bishop Lefebvre retired to an hospital founded for the poor, and died there March 4, 1869.

The Very Rev. Peter Hennaert, V. G., was administrator of the diocese

until the Rt. Rev. Casper H. Borges was consecrated bishop of Calydon, April 24, 1870, and made coadjutor to the bishop of Detroit, and administrator of the diocese.

He acted in this capacity till the death of Bishop Resé, December 27, 1871. The prelate remained at Rome till the Revolution of 1848, when he returned to his native country—Hanover. Dr. Borgess, in December, 1871, became by succession second bishop of Detroit. Under his able management the Jesuit Fathers established a college at Detroit, and the Franciscans a central house and scholasticate; the Little Sisters of the Poor and nuns of the Good Shepherd arrived. Bishop Borgess had at the commencement of the year 1885, seventy-nine churches, one hundred and four priests, a college, three academics, forty-five parochial schools under Brothers of the Christian Schools, Franciscan Brothers, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Sisters of Notre Dame, of St. Dominic, of Christian Charity, Sisters of Providence, Sisters of St. Agnes, Polish Franciscan Sisters, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, with more than 10,000 pupils, and a Catholic population of 102,655—the annual baptisms being 5,346. He resigned the see in 1887 and was succeeded the following year by Rt. Rev. John S. Foley, the present able and zealous shepherd.

The following figures of its present condition will show the growth of the diocese: Secular priests, 163; priests of religious orders, 41; churches with resident priests, 125; missions with churches, 70; stations, 27; chapels, 15; academics for boys, 3; academics for young ladies, 6; orphan asylums, 5; hospitals, 4; other charitable institutions, 5; Catholic population, 186,000.

The growth indicated by these figures will seem the more wonderful when we take into account the narrowed limits of the diocese, the jurisdiction of this see now embracing only that portion of the lower peninsula south of the counties of Ottawa, Kent, Montcalm, Gratiot and Saginaw and east of the counties of Saginaw and Bay, a territory of 18,558 square miles.

When, for the second time, it was found necessary to divide the diocese of Detroit, the upper peninsula of Michigan, bathed by the waters of Lake Superior, rich in mineral wealth, was erected into a vicariate-apostolic, July 29, 1853, and the Rev. Frederick Baraga, a missionary who had labored on the Michigan mission for more than twenty years, was consecrated bishop of Amyzonias, in partibus, and appointed vicar-apostolic of Upper Michigan.

The vicariate embraced the site of the first labors of Jogues and Raymbault, of Menard and Marquette.

Bishop Flaget, while the western territory was under his control, had done all in his power to revive religion; and Bishop Fenwick of Cincinnati was stricken down by cholera at Sault Ste. Marie. When Detroit received a bishop still greater efforts were made, especially for the Indians; and the Redemptorist fathers began their American labors in this field. But the real life of the Church in this century in Upper Michigan begins with the labors of the Rev. Frederick Baraga, a priest of Carniola, who came to this country in 1831 to devote himself to the Indians. He set out from Detroit with Bishop Fenwick, and fixed his mission center at Arbre Croche. Studying their language until he became an authority in it, he revived religion among the Ottawas, printing catechisms, prayer and hymn books, in their own tongue. In 1835 he raised anew the cross of Father Allouez at Lapointe; and, in a short time, reared a conspicuous chapel. Aided by the Leopoldine Society he advanced to Fond du Lac. In 1843 he left Lapointe to the Rev. Otto Skolla, and began a new mission at the Ance, and in a few years all the Indians were converted.

Soon after his settlement at the Ance the opening of the copper mines drew emigrants, many of whom were Catholics. To provide for these, as well as the Indians, Canadians, and half-breeds, was beyond the powers of a simple missionary. The council of Baltimore, in 1852, requested the pope to erect Upper Michigan into a vicariate-apostolic; the reasons given were so convincing that the Rev. Mr. Baraga was appointed, and consecrated November 1st, 1853. The district assigned to him contained St. Mary's at the Sault, directed by the Jesuit fathers; St. Ann's at Mackinaw; and St. Ignatius at Point St. Ignace; St. Leopold's at Beaver Island; and St. Joseph's at Manistee. The bishop, who shrank from no hardship, traversed his diocese, seeking to gather all his flock. When, on the 9th of January, 1857, he was made bishop of Sault Ste. Marie's, he had established an Ursuline convent at the Sault, churches at Marquette, Eagle Harbor, Ontonagon Village, Minnesota and Norwich mines, priests visiting from these centers the scattered Catholics in the copper district. Societies revived the fervor of the people, and schools insured the proper training of the young. His laborious mission life continued, with hardships and a denial of all comforts. In the winter of 1861 his health was materially injured by a journey in snow-shoes and open sleighs to reach a point from which he could set out to attend a provincial council. The see was removed to Marquette in 1865, but the old title was retained, though the little city that bore the name of the

holy founder of the Mackinaw mission and discoverer of the Mississippi, became his residence.

While attending the plenary council of Baltimore, in 1866, he was stricken down with apoplexy on the steps of Archbishop Spalding's residence. He recovered sufficiently to be able to reach his own humble home where he died, January 6, 1868, after having, in the previous year, resigned his bishopric.

The diocese, including part of Southern Michigan and Wisconsin placed under his jurisdiction, then contained thirty-two churches and sixteen priests, with convent schools at Marquette, Hancock, Sault Ste. Marie, and L'Ance. The number of the faithful had increased to twenty thousand.

The Very Rev. Edward Jacker became the administrator of the diocese of Marquette proper till the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Mrak, who had for many years labored in the missions, was consecrated bishop of Marquette, February 7, 1869. In the diocese he had twenty-four churches, and twelve priests; but, from the depression in the mining business, the Catholic population fell off rather than gained, and, down to 1878, it did not exceed twenty thousand. Yet the bishop, by zealous and unremitting effort, erected three needed churches, and obtained the services of several more priests. The Catholic body, however, were unable to give the necessary patronage to the higher academies. The Ursulines retired from Marquette, where the Sisters of St. Joseph resumed their labors, but closed their school at L'Ance. The Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, however, opened an academy and school at Sault St. Mary's, as the Sisters of St. Agnes did at Menomonee.

In 1877 the bishop visited Point St. Ignace, where the Rev. Edward Jacker had just made a most consoling discovery. The ruins of the old chapel of Father Marquette, which had long been lost sight of, were discovered; and investigation led to the discovery of the vault where his remains had been deposited. They had evidently been rifled by some Indian medicine-man, as fragments of the bark box, and a few bones of the holy explorer alone remained.

Ill health, about this time, made the Rt. Rev. Dr. Mrak anxious to retire, and, in the summer of 1878, he resigned the see, and his holiness, Pope Leo XIII, accepting his reasons, the Very Rev. Edward Jacker became again administrator of the diocese. In the following year the present illustrious bishop, Rt. Rev. John Vertin, was consecrated to the see of Marquette and Sault Ste. Marie.

In 1844 the Holy See made the adjoining territory of Wisconsin a diocese, fixing the see at Milwaukee. The Very Rev. John Martin Henni, vicar-general of Cincinnati, was appointed first bishop, and consecrated on the 19th of March, 1844. He was born in Germany, June 16, 1805, and arrived in this country at the age of twenty-four, after having pursued his studies at St. Gall and Luzerne. He was ordained priest by Bishop Fenwick, and had exercised the ministry at Cincinnati and Canton. His energy had been shown in establishing the "Warheits Freund," a German Catholic newspaper, and in founding the St. Aloysius' Asylum.

When he reached Milwaukee, May 3, 1844, St. Peter's Church, a small wooden structure on Martin street near Jackson, was the only house of worship for the two thousand Catholics in the village and its neighborhood. St. Gabriel's, a stone church, had been begun at Prairie du Chien; all the other churches in the diocese were mere block-houses; and for the faithful, estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand, he had five priests. He at once made a visitation of his diocese to familiarize himself with the work before him, began academies at Milwaukee, and prepared to meet the immense wants. The next year he opened St. Francis de Sales' Theological Seminary, under the direction of the learned Rev. Michael Heiss; the Dominican Father Mazzuchelli began a convent of his order at Sinsinawa Mound; the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin opened an academy at Potosi, where the Rev. James Causse ministered in a log church; the Indian missions were developed; and the diocese, when but two years old, could show twenty-three churches built, eleven building, and eighteen priests.

The next year Milwaukee could boast a second church, St. Mary's; the Premonstratensian Father Inama prepared to establish a regular convent of his order in Dane County; the Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg founded an academy, and having, in the fall of 1847, laid the corner-stone of an hospital, opened it in 1848.

The great increase of the Catholics, and the prospect of a glorious future for religion in the state, induced the bishop to lay the corner-stone of a new cathedral in honor of St. John—a fine edifice of brick, trimmed with stone; but he suspended the work to establish an orphan asylum under the care of the Sisters of Charity. The Dominicans opened a college at Sinsinawa, which the legislature chartered March 11, 1848. A cemetery was laid out near Milwaukee, and a chapel erected for funeral services.

The diocese soon received a most important accession in a colony of the

School Sisters of Notre Dame, an institute founded in France by the blessed Peter Fourrier, and introduced into the United States from Bavaria, in 1847. This community, from its special training, gave excellent teachers, and spread rapidly; Brothers of the Third Order of St. Francis, and sisters of the same rule settled at Nojoshing; Sisters of St. Bridget at Kenosha; Dominican nuns at Benton; in 1850, Canons of the Holy Cross founded a house of their ancient rule in Brown County.

The Catholic Menomonees suffered by removal from the Oconto River to the Wolf, and finally from the state, and the Chippewa missions were injured in the same way.

Rapid as the growth of the Church has been in this country, there is scarcely a parallel to that in Wisconsin. At the end of the first decade of his administration, Bishop Henni found under his pastoral care a flock of a hundred thousand souls; and so well had his energy kept pace with the influx and growth, that he had a hundred and twenty-eight churches and chapels, thirty-three churches building, and seventy-three priests on the mission.

The Capuchin Order, a branch of the great Franciscan family who had done missionary service in earlier days in Maine and Louisiana, was also established in the diocese by the Rev. Bonaventure Frey and the Rev. F. Haas. It not only rendered great service in Wisconsin, where, about 1864, they established the ecclesiastical seminary of St. Lawrence of Brundisium, but sent fathers eastward as far as New York, full of zeal and energy. The fathers of the Society of Jesus also revived their old mission in 1857.

As soon as the pressing want of churches and stations was met, all energy was turned to the maintenance of Catholic schools.

By the year 1868, before Bishop Henni celebrated his Silver Jubilee, the faithful in the state of Wisconsin numbered three hundred thousand, who could meet to take part in the awful Sacrifice offered on the altars by a hundred and seventy-seven priests. Pius IX, on the 3d of March, 1868, erected the diocese of Green Bay, embracing the state from Lake Michigan to the Wisconsin, and north of the Fox and Manitowoc rivers. The Rt. Rev. Joseph Melcher, D. D., was consecrated the first bishop. The district north and west of the Wisconsin River became the diocese of La Crosse, of which the Rt. Rev. Michael Heiss was consecrated bishop, September 6, 1868. Even as thus reduced the diocese of Milwaukee had two hundred and forty-three churches and chapels, and one hundred and fifty-three priests.

Hitherto the diocese of Milwaukee, and those formed from it, constituted

part of the ecclesiastical province of St. Louis, but, in 1875 the venerable pontiff Pope Pius IX made Milwaukee an archiepiscopal see, the suffragans being the bishops of Green Bay and La Crosse in Wisconsin, Marquette in Upper Michigan, and St. Paul in Minnesota, and the vicariate-apostolic of Northern Minnesota naturally connects itself with the province.

On the 14th of March, 1880, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Heiss was made coadjutor, and relieved Archbishop Henni of much of the care of the administration. The aged archbishop soon became too weak to perform any official act, though he retained all his faculties. He died on the 7th of September, 1881, having received the sacraments in full possession of his senses, and Dr. Heiss became second archbishop of the see.

As theologian Dr. Heiss took an active part in the councils of St. Louis and the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. He attended the Vatican Council in 1869-70, and was appointed by Pope Pius IX a member of one of the four great commissions, each being composed of twelve bishops representing all parts of the world.

The pallium was conferred on Archbishop Heiss, in his Cathedral, on the 23d of April, 1883. He attended the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in November, 1884.

He died at St. Francis' Hospital, La Crosse, Wis., on the 26th day of May, 1890, after a long and active life devoted to the Church. He was succeeded by the Rt. Rev. F. X. Katzer, D. D., previously of Green Bay.

The archdiocese of Milwaukee now contains: Priests, 289; churches with resident priest, 185; missions with churches, 96; seminaries for secular clergy, 1; seminaries of religious orders, 3; colleges and academies for boys, 5; parochial schools, 148; pupils, 29,210; other charitable institutions, 12; Catholic population about, 245,000.

The institutions of learning include the Provincial seminary of St. Francis de Sales—the well-known Salesienum—the Marquette College of the Jesuit fathers, Pio Nono College and an ecclesiastical college attached to the Capuchin monastery in Fond du Lac county.

When the tide of emigration, filling up the territory to the banks of the Mississippi, began to cross it in the northwest, there were priests ever in advance to minister to the Catholics. Dubuque was begun in 1833. The Catholics there were visited, in 1831, by the Rev. James McMahon, and, in 1835, by the Rev. P. Fitzmaurice. The white robe of St. Dominic has the

glory of establishing the first churches in the state. In 1836, Father Samuel Mazzuchelli, of the Order of Preachers, commenced the erection of St. Raphael's Church, acting as missionary, architect, and collector, giving all his own means, and rejoicing when, in September, he had it covered in and ready for divine service; the cost, when complete—some five thousand dollars—being all contributed in the immediate vicinity.

When the Catholic, Anthony Leclaire, founded Davenport in 1836, the same missionary, aided by him, in April of the following year, laid the cornerstone of St. Anthony's Church, a modest structure, twenty-five feet by forty, built of the first bricks made in the place.

The evidently rapid increase of the Catholic body made it more than the few priests at the command of the bishop of St. Louis could attend, and, in the council of Baltimore, May, 1837, he proposed the erection of a new see at Dubuque. The Rt. Rev. Matthew Loras, a native of Lyons, who had labored for years in the diocese of Mobile, was consecrated bishop, December 10, 1837, and, appointing Father Mazzuchelli as his vicar-general, went to Europe to obtain aid. Thus, in four years from the erection of the first log hut in Iowa, it had two churches and a bishop.

Bishop Loras took possession of his Cathedral April 21, 1839, attended by Father Mazzuchelli, and the Rev. Messrs. Pelamourgues and Cretin, who had accompanied him from France. Under the impulse given by the bishop, churches soon rose at Burlington, Makoqueta, Prairie du Chien, Fort Madison, Iowa City, and Bloomington; academies were opened; the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, founded in Philadelphia, removed to Dubuque, where a mother-house soon sent out colonies in all directions. In 1851 the Brothers of Christian Instruction established a house at Dubuque.

With great foresight the bishop secured lands in various parts for the needed Catholic institutions.

Keokuk soon had a church and a convent of Visitation nuns; and, in 1849, Bishop Loras gave several hundred acres of land to a community of Trappist monks who were seeking a spot to labor and pray. A new Melleray arose, with a church for the neighboring Catholics, and, ere long, a free school.

The growth of his flock made the life of Bishop Loras one of active zeal. When the condition of affairs justified the step he began the erection of a new cathedral, Dubuque having already a second church. The cornerstone was laid November 14, 1848, and he lived to complete and dedicate it:

In 1856, his failing health warned him to seek a coadjutor, and the Very Rev. Clement Smyth, founder and prior of the Trappist Monastery, was appointed by the Holy See, and consecrated May 3, 1857, bishop of Thanasis, *in partibus infidelium*. The venerable bishop died of paralysis, February 18, 1858, mourned by his flock of fifty-five thousand Catholics, a hundred and seven priests in his diocese offering up the Holy Sacrifice.

Bishop Smyth, called from the seclusion of the strictest Cistercian rule, labored earnestly to carry on the good work. His sole aim was to give all his flock pastors and churches, however humble, where they could hear Mass and approach the sacraments. He was zealous in his endeavors to relieve the poor, give shelter to the orphan, and provide schools for the young. When he died piously, on the 33d of September, 1865, he left seventy-nine churches, five built within a year, and twelve more in progress. Including the fathers at his old home, now become the abbey of Our Lady of La Trappe, with the Rt. Rev. Ephraim McDonnell as abbot, there were fifty-eight priests in the diocese; there were fourteen communities of religious women, and a parochial school at almost every point where there was a resident pastor.

The Rev. John Hennessy, who had evinced great merit as a priest of the diocese of St. Louis, was appointed to succeed Bishop Smyth, and was consecrated September 30, 1866. A few years later the venerable priest, Very Rev. Terence James Donohoe, founder of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, and for several years vicar-general of the diocese of Dubuque, died January 5, 1869, in his seventy-fifth year. The mother house, established at Dubuque in 1833, had given rise to two other houses in Dubuque, and to convents in Davenport, Iowa City, Des Moines, and Muscatine, all directing well-attended academies and schools.

John Hennessy was born in Ireland, but made this country his home, with the high ambition of laboring to keep fresh in all hearts the faith of his ancestors. He began his labors as a missionary priest in the diocese of St. Louis in 1850, as a pastor of the church of St. John the Baptist at New Madrid, Mo., and for a few years subsequently of St. Peter's at Gravois, in St. Louis County. While still retaining this charge the Rev. Mr. Hennessy was appointed professor of dogmatic theology and Holy Scripture in the theological seminary at Carondelet, and in 1857 became superior of that institution, his learning and experience fitting him for the position. He was subsequently attached to the Cathedral, and towards the close of the Civil War was pastor of St. Joseph's Church in the now episcopal city of St. Joseph. Having

been elected bishop of Dubuque on the 24th of April, 1866, he was consecrated on the 30th of September in that year. The important diocese confided to Bishop Hennessy comprised the whole state of Iowa, with a rapidly growing Catholic population which already exceeded a hundred thousand souls, with about sixty priests and seventy-nine churches.

Early in his administration Bishop Hennessy founded the Mercy Hospital at Davenport on property secured by Rev. Mr. Pelamourgues. He endeavored to establish a college, but it was not till 1873 that St. Joseph's College was opened. It is now in a flourishing condition.

The same year the fathers of the ancient order of St. Benedict, with Father Augustine Burns as superior, founded St. Malachy's Priory at Creston, in Union County, the first English-speaking community of Benedictines in the United States.

In 1881 the diocese, which had increased greatly, was divided, and a new see established at Davenport. The diocese of Dubuque thus reduced comprised the portion of the state of Iowa lying north of the counties of Harrison, Shelby, Audubon, Guthrie, Dallas, Polk, Jasper, Peweshiek, Iowa, Johnson, Cedar, and Scott. By 1884 the episcopal city of Dubuque had a fine cathedral, dedicated to St. Raphael, and twenty-six other churches; the Mercy Hospital and Marine Hospital, both under the care of the Sisters of Mercy; an asylum for orphans of German parentage; St. Joseph's College; convents of Visitation and Presentation nuns and of Franciscan sisters, with several academies and parochial schools. The total number of priests was one hundred and fifty, the churches nearly equaling that number, giving the sixty thousand Catholics of the diocese every advantage for hearing Mass and approaching the sacraments; while the care of the growing youth, on whose fidelity to the faith so much depended, was evinced by the fact that more than seven thousand six hundred attended Catholic schools. Bishop Hennessy was one of the fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884, and, in 1891, happily celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his episcopate.

The first edifice reared by whites in Minnesota was the log trading-house erected at the mouth of Pigeon River by the brave Catholic pioneer, Daniel du Luht, soon after he took possession of the country for France, in July, 1679. The next year the Recollect Father Louis Hennepin, carried up a prisoner by the Sioux, saw and named the Falls of St. Anthony. Some years after, in 1689, when possession was again formally taken, the Jesuit Father Marest accompanied the French, and, doubtless, said Mass in Fort Bon

Secours, on the shores of Lake Pepin. Father Guignas, a subsequent missionary, who labored to convert the Sioux, fell into the hands of the Kickapoos, and underwent a long captivity. No successful settlement was made during the French rule, nor for years after its transfer to the United States. Among the first settlers lower down, were Canadian Catholics, like J. B. Faribault. Gradually Catholics made their homes in various parts, but were without religious guidance till Bishop Loras and Rev. Mr. Pelamourgues, in 1839, visited Fort Snelling and Mendota or St. Peter's. At the latter place he found one hundred and eighty-five Catholics; it was the first visit of a priest to their settlement, and, in spite of long neglect, they showed an earnest desire to approach the sacraments—baptisms, marriages, confirmations followed. Arrangements were made for the erection of a church, and the next year the bishop sent the Rev. Lucian Galtier. He began his labors at a log house at Mendota given by Faribault. Two good settlers, Gervais and Guerin, gave ground on the opposite side for a church, which was erected in 1841, of logs, and dedicated in October to St. Paul the Apostle; it was poor indeed, but became the nucleus of the city of St. Paul. This pioneer priest was followed by the Rev. Augustine Ravoux, who visited many stations, giving instructions in English, French and Dakota. Somewhat later the Rev. George A. Bellecourt founded, at Pembina, near the British line, the church of the Assumption, for the Catholic half-breeds from Red River who had again gathered there.

The Seventh Council of Baltimore, in 1849, recommended the erection of an episcopal see in Minnesota. The holy father established the see of St. Paul, and in 1850 appointed the Rt. Rev. Joseph Cretin as first bishop. He had been an energetic missionary in the neighboring diocese, and gave an impulse to the spread of Catholicity. He was consecrated in France, January 26, 1857, and in July took possession of his diocese. The original log church and log house were soon relinquished for a large building of brick and stone, eighty-four feet by forty-four, erected by the bishop in less than five months after his arrival. This served for a church, school, and residence. There were three priests in his diocese, and he brought several from France. In 1856, Bishop Timon of Buffalo laid the corner-stone of a cathedral, commenced in 1854 and completed in 1857; and priests were stationed not only at St. Peter and Pembina, but also at the Falls of St. Anthony, Little Canada, Long Prairie, and among the Chippewas. A school and even a theological seminary were at once commenced. Emigration

soon increased the Catholic body so that churches and schools were called for in all parts; but, almost from the origin, the unjust and un-Christian state system of schools was introduced, and Catholics found themselves taxed for schools where open war was made on their faith, and every effort made to root it out of the hearts of their children. Bishop Cretin appealed in vain to the legislature; but the wretched bigot, Neill, who wrote the history of Minnesota, exults in the defeat of his just claims, and only in this instance mentions the existence of the Church in his work.

In 1853, the Sisters of St. Joseph came to aid in the cause of education, and soon had flourishing academies and schools; and an hospital erected by the bishop on Exchange street. The Winnebagoes who had received Bishop Cretin's care before their removal, were again cheered by the presence of a priest. Brothers of the Holy Family, at St. Paul, and Sisters of the Propagation of the Faith, at Pembina, were the next addition to his educational force. A most important accession to the diocese was that of the Benedictines who, in 1856, founded a house of their ancient order at St. Cloud. The priests of this venerable rule, as full of zeal as when they evangelized Germany a thousand years ago, ministered to the Catholics far and wide, establishing schools for both sexes, nuns of the same order coming to instruct the daughters of the pioneers. But religious orders and accession of priests could not keep pace with emigration.

Bishop Cretin was struck down with apoplexy in the midst of his labors February 22, 1857. He was a native of Lyons, where he was born in 1800. He came over with Bishop Loras, and succeeded Rev. Mr. Petiot among the Winnebagoes, building a church and school; but our anti-Catholic government suppressed the school, and, in 1848, expelled him from the mission. At the time of his death there were about twenty churches, attended by nearly as many clergymen, seven academies, an hospital, and many free schools.

The Very Rev. Augustine Ravoux, one of the pioneers of the faith in Minnesota, became administrator, and directed the diocese with ability till the arrival of the Rt. Rev. Thomas L. Grace, a native of Charleston, South Carolina, and a friar of the Order of Preachers, who was consecrated bishop of St. Paul, July 21, 1859. As a priest and vicar-general of the diocese of Nashville, he had evinced qualities which led to his appointment by the Holy See. At the close of that year he could report thirty-one churches and chapels built, and seventeen in progress. Twenty-seven clergymen ministered to these and attended nearly a hundred stations. A Protestant writer

of St. Paul says of him: "He has had great success in his zealous labors in this city and state, increasing the Church greatly, procuring large additions to the clergy, opening schools, establishing charitable institutions, and multiplying churches. He is warmly beloved by his large flock, and respected by other sects for his learning, piety, amiable character, and benevolence."

There was, indeed, steady progress; in 1865, the diocese numbered thirty-seven priests and sixty-three churches; in 1875, eighty-eight priests and one hundred and sixty-five churches, an addition of more than one hundred churches in a decade. Under Bishop Grace the Oblates of Mary Immaculate took charge of the Pembina mission, and spread to other parts of the diocese; in 1865 the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic opened Bethlehem convent and academy at Faribault; and the School Sisters of Notre Dame established themselves at Mankato; the Benedictines opened St. John's College about 1867; the next year the Sisters of the Good Shepherd founded a convent and reformatory in St. Paul. In 1872, the Brothers of the Christian Schools undertook the direction of schools for boys at St. Paul; and Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis began their labors at Belle Prairie. The next year the Daughters of St. Francis de Sales, the Visitation nuns, founded a monastery in St. Paul; soon after Sisters of the Immaculate Conception were established at New Ulm and St. Anthony; and Sisters of Charity, of Madame d'Youville's rule, planted at Fort Totten the first conventual establishment in Dakota Territory.

Meanwhile the modest Benedictine Priory of St. Cloud had become the abbey of St. Louis on the Lake, the Rt. Rev. Rupert Seidenbush being the mitred abbot.

In 1875, the diocese, embracing the state of Minnesota and Dakota Territory, contained one hundred and sixty-five churches, attended by eighty-eight priests, and the Catholic population was estimated at 100,000; the baptisms in Minnesota being about 5,500, and in Dakota 200. The illustrious Pope Pius IX, by his brief of February 12, 1875, to relieve the bishop of St. Paul, formed the northern part of Minnesota into a vicariate-apostolic.

In that same year the bishop obtained a coadjutor in the person of the Rt. Rev. John Ireland. Dakota, which had also been subject to Bishop Grace, was placed under the care of a vicar-apostolic in 1879. Five years afterwards the diocese of St. Paul, thus curtailed, contained one hundred and fifty-three priests and more than two hundred churches, with hospitals, asylums, protectories, academies, and schools. Mere statistics give little idea

of the real work of a bishop in looking after the neglected Catholics, exciting faith, guiding the clergy, stimulating them in their arduous labors, watching over the rising generation. In July, 1884, Bishop Grace celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his episcopate, the city tendering him a most heartfelt ovation. Then, to the regret of all, he resigned the see of St. Paul and became titular bishop of Mennith.

His successor as bishop of St. Paul, Rt. Rev. John Ireland, was born at Burnchurch, County Kilkenny, Ireland, on the 11th of September, 1838, and came with his parents to America when he was eleven years old. After temporary residence at Burlington, Vermont, and Chicago, Illinois, his father, Richard Ireland, settled in St. Paul and became a builder. While a pupil in the cathedral-school young Ireland attracted the attention of Dr. Cr  tin, who discerned in the talented boy a vocation to the priesthood. He was sent by the bishop to Meximeux, France, where he went through the Preparatory Seminary, and entered the Grand Seminary at Hy  res for his theological course. Returning to Minnesota in 1861, he was ordained by Bishop Grace on the 21st of December. The young priest was soon on his way to the front as chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota regiment, and for fifteen months he served, fearlessly confronting all dangers, so as to excite the admiration and reverence of those most prejudiced against his faith. When his health yielded to the constant and laborious duty on the field, he was recalled to St. Paul and became pastor of the Cathedral. Here his zeal, activity, and energy made him a marked man. The building up of the state by immigration, the study of its early history, the cause of temperance, all found in him an active advocate, while no one was more exact and devoted in his priestly duties. On the 12th of February, 1875, he was appointed by the pope, bishop of Maronea and vicar-apostolic of Nebraska. To prevent his diocese from losing so able a man, Dr. Grace went to Rome and pleaded so successfully that the bishop-elect was made his coadjutor; as such he was consecrated on the anniversary of his ordination, December 21, 1875. His work as an advocate of temperance became more general. He entered warmly into projects for forming Catholic colonies in Minnesota, engaging capitalists in the East in the good work, and obtaining most consoling results, so that some districts are permanently Catholic, with schools under Catholic direction. It is a sign of the general appreciation with which he is regarded that he has been for several years president of the State Historical Society of Minnesota. He attended the plenary council of Baltimore in 1884, and on

his return to his diocese presided in New York at a meeting to organize a Catholic Historical Society for the United States. In the establishment of the Catholic University he has also been a most active worker. Soon after the laying of the corner-stone of that institution in Washington, the sovereign pontiff erected a new ecclesiastical province, with St. Paul as the metropolitan see. Dr. Ireland then became archbishop of St. Paul and received the pallium towards the close of the year 1888.

The following are the late statistics of the archdiocese: Diocesan priests, 184; priests of religious orders, 36; churches with resident priests, 150; missions with churches, 63; stations, 8; chapels, 14; seminary for diocesan clergy, 1; college for boys, 1; academies for girls, 6; parochial schools, 79; pupils, 14,250; orphan asylums, 3; infant asylums, 1; industrial school, 1; hospitals, 3; homes for the aged poor, 2; other charitable institutions, 4; Catholic population, 215,000.

Chapter XLIV.

The Far Western Plains.

INDIAN RESERVATIONS AND AGENCIES.—CATHOLIC TRIBES SUFFER.—SPOILIATION OF LANDS.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF KANSAS.—RAPID RISE OF RELIGIOUS INTERESTS.—CREATION OF THREE DIOCESES—A NEBRASKA COLLEGE FOUNDATION.—AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKIES.—BISHOP MACHEBŒUF OF DENVER.—ZEALOUS BISHOP MARTY.

THE Indians of this continent have always been the object of the zeal of the Catholic Church. Her first glories in our history are her devoted sons, Cancer, Segura, White, Altham, Jogues, Menard, Marquette, Gravier, Margil, Poisson, Souel, men who gave not only talent and life, but life's blood, to save the Indians. The course of our government, unfortunately, has been fatal to the red man.

One of the projects long persisted in was to transfer all of the Indians west of the Mississippi. Under this the Catholic Miamis, Winnebagoes, Quapaws, the Spanish Indians of Florida, Chippewas, who had been Catholics for a century, were huddled together, in land often unsusceptible of culture, and cut off from all Catholic guidance and direction. The system was covered up with pretexts of national grounds; but when, in spite of government attempts, it was found that the majority of really active missionaries among the tribes were Catholic, resort was had, in the administration of General Grant, to divide up the agencies among the various religious denominations,

few being assigned to Catholics ; and many, where Indians were entirely Catholic, being assigned to Protestant sects, who at once, with government aid, began to tamper with the faith of the Indians.

As tribe after tribe was taken from dioceses and carried beyond the existing jurisdictions, the Second Council of Baltimore, in 1833, asked that these tribes should be placed under the care of the Society of Jesus, and the Holy See, in the following year, so ordained. Father Van Quickenborne accordingly began a Kickapoo mission in 1836.

The Pottawatomies of St. Joseph's River, Indiana, among whom Badin, in 1830, revived the old missions, and was succeeded by earnest priests like Deseille and Petit, who attended them till the tribe was carried off, in 1838, by United States troops, and placed at Council Bluffs.

These formed a second mission, and a third of the same nation was formed at Sugar Creek.

The Osages, on whom a Presbyterian mission had been forced, had long desired priests, especially after the visits of Rev. Mr. De la Croix and Father Van Quickenborne. At last, in 1846, Father Shoenmakers, S. J., began a mission among them.

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart then came to establish schools for the Pottawatomies, and Sisters of Loretto for the Kansas. The Rev. Peter J. De Smet was made the procurator of the missions ; and, finding the Catholics of the United States generally indifferent to them, he appealed to Catholic France and Belgium, and, for many years, drew from Europe the resources that enabled the apostolic men to continue their work, besides enlisting zealous priests, and procuring church plate, vestments, and other necessities for the mission.

These missions were under the see of St. Louis until 1850, when the Holy See erected the vicariate-apostolic of the Indian Territory east of the Rocky Mountains. The Rev. Father John B. Miede of the society was consecrated bishop and vicar-apostolic.

From the mission on the Kansas, St. Joseph's chapel on Shunganon Creek, that of the Seven Dolors on Mission Creek, and that of the Sacred Heart at Soldier Creek, were regularly attended. While from the Osage mission the Peorias, the Mianis, Quapaws, the Cherokees, as well as scattered bands of the Osages, received visits of the zealous priests. The whole Catholic population was estimated at over five thousand.

But the Indian lands were soon purchased, and settlers began to enter.

The future state of Kansas became a battle-ground between two contending parties. As both were from parts of the country where Catholicity had least influence—the fanatical New-Englander and the colonist from the slave states—the early population did not give a large proportion of Catholics. Yet, in 1855, the bishop had erected the church of the Immaculate Conception at Leavenworth, which has since been the episcopal residence. Then the Benedictine fathers from St. Vincent's Abbey in Pennsylvania founded a church at Doniphan, Leecompton had its priest, and Indianola its chapel. German and Irish settlements soon appeared to claim pastoral care; and, in 1858, the Benedictines were erecting a German church at Leavenworth City, their priory being removed from Doniphan to Atchison, where, in time, they founded a college.

In a few years the Sisters of Charity were directing an academy at Leavenworth, and devoting themselves to works of mercy.

The admission of Kansas as a state was soon followed by the Civil War, but emigration flowed in. In 1863 the churches had increased from sixteen to twenty-five in a period of three years. The next year the Carmelite fathers began their labors among the Germans of Leavenworth City, and a convent of Benedictine nuns appears at Atchison.

In time the Pottawatomies were admitted to citizenship, and many took up farms, the rest of their lands being sold to settlers. This step, which was not generally adopted by the Osages, worked badly. The missions were thus broken up, although the manual labor schools were maintained. The Indians who preferred to maintain tribal relations were removed to Indian Territory, and many, even of those who had elected to become citizens, followed.

In 1870, the Jesuit fathers began a college at St. Mary's mission, and a theological seminary was added to the institutions of the vicariate. Leavenworth had an hospital and orphan asylum, and there were fourteen parochial schools in operation.

Meanwhile, the Rt. Rev. bishop sought to return to the position of a missionary in his order, and on the 11th of June, 1871, the Benedictine Dom Louis M. Fink, who had been appointed his coadjutor, was consecrated bishop *in partibus*. Four years after, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Miege resigned, leaving the state which he and the fathers of his order had found a wilderness, with only Indian inhabitants, a thriving member of the Union, with a Catholic population of forty thousand, fifty-nine priests, and seventy-eight churches and chapels.

On the 22d of May, 1877, the Holy See erected the see of Leavenworth, and Bishop Fink was transferred to it. Michael Fink was born in Triftersberg, Bavaria, on the 12th of June, 1834, and, after studying in the Latin school and gymnasium at Ratisbon, came to this country at the age of eighteen. Called to a religious life he sought admission among the Benedictines of St. Vincent's Abbey, in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. He was received by the founder, Abbot Wimmer, and made his profession on the 6th of January, 1854, taking the name of Louis Maria. After completing his theological studies he was ordained priest on the 28th of May, 1857, by Bishop Young, of Erie. The first missionary labors of the young Benedictine were at Bellefonte, Pa., and Newark, N. J. He was then made pastor of a congregation in Covington, Ky., where he completed a fine church. He introduced into the parish Benedictine nuns to direct a girls' school, which was one of his earliest cares. Appointed to St. Joseph's, Chicago, he aroused a spirit of faith in his flock at that place and gathered so many around the altar that a new church was required, which he erected at a cost of eighty thousand dollars, planting a large and well-arranged school-house beside it. As prior of the house of his order in Atchison, Kan., he showed the same zeal and ability; and when Bishop Miede wished to obtain a coadjutor to whom he could resign his charge, that prelate solicited the appointment of the prior of St. Benedict. The latter was consecrated at St. Joseph's, Chicago, by Bishop Foley of that see.

The diocese of Leavenworth is a large and important one, and Bishop Fink in pastorals and otherwise shows his zeal for Catholic progress. His diocese is well provided with educational establishments for its 80,000 Catholics. St. Benedict's College is connected with the Benedictine Abbey at Atchison; the Jesuit fathers direct St. Mary's College at St. Mary's; there are besides three academies and forty-eight parochial schools, with 4,000 pupils, under Benedictine and Franciscan Sisters, Sisters of St. Joseph and of Charity, and of St. Agnes. The diocese also possesses orphan houses and hospitals under charge of the Sisters of Charity. The Catholic population is about 60,000.

The diocese of Leavenworth had increased so much in population that in 1887 the sovereign pontiff, Leo XIII, erected two new episcopal sees in the state of Kansas, that of Concordia in the northwest, and Wichita in the south.

The choice for the first bishop of the new see fell on the Rev. James O'Reilly, an active and energetic priest. He was born not far from Cavan,

Ireland, where his parents were substantial farmers. Coming in boyhood to the United States, he evinced a vocation to the ecclesiastical state, and, persevering, pursued his course of theology in the Salesianum at Milwaukee. He was ordained priest by Bishop Fink, of Leavenworth, in 1874, and stationed at Irish Creek. The bishop, however, soon called him to Leavenworth, making him assistant at the Cathedral, and confiding to him the charge of Fort Leavenworth and Kickapoo. Never sparing himself, the Rev. Mr. O'Reilley labored with so much zeal and earnestness that his health failed, and he went to Europe in 1881, visiting the Eternal City. Returning to the diocese, he took charge of the church of the Assumption at Topeka, in March, 1882. Here he went to work with his wonted energy, acquired property for two new churches, of which he saw the necessity, and built a parochial residence.

On the erection of the see of Wichita he was appointed the first bishop on the 6th of July, 1887, but before the bulls for his consecration arrived his health again gave way, and he expired on the 26th day in the same month in which he was appointed. On the demise of the Rt. Rev. James O'Rielley, un consecrated, it became necessary to appoint an administrator till a bishop was elected. The organization of the new diocese thus devolved on Very Rev. M. J. Casey, who was made administrator on the 15th of October.

In the summer of 1888 his holiness, Leo XIII, elected to the see of Wichita the Rev. J. J. Hennessy, a priest of the diocese of St. Louis. He was born in Ireland, but came to this country with his parents at the age of two years and lost his father in early life. He was educated in the college of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, St. Louis, and, after commencing his classical studies there, proceeded to Cape Girardeau, where he completed his course of philosophy and theology. He was ordained at St. John's Church, St. Louis. He soon after became pastor of the church of the Immaculate Conception, at Iron Mountain, where he remained until 1880, when he returned to St. Louis and became pastor of the Cathedral, a position which he retained till his elevation to the episcopate. He took an active part in schools, and was especially instrumental in establishing the Reform School at Glencoe, editing a little journal called "The Homeless Boy." The esteem in which he was held by his brother-priests was seen in his choice as treasurer of the Clerical Mutual Aid Society, and his appointment as secretary of the St. Louis Orphans' Board. Dr. Hennessy is a man of great and varied learning, an able writer, and well fitted by his piety, urbanity, and skill in the

management of affairs to build up the new diocese, which is at present united in administration with that of Concordia.

Nebraska formed at first part of the vicariate-apostolic of the Indian Territory east of the Rocky Mountains, and when, with the influx of emigration, settlements were formed, a brick church sprang up at Omaha, in 1855, before any Protestant sect established a conventicle. Then Nebraska City and St. Patrick's settlement were visited. As there was every prospect of the rapid increase of population in Nebraska, the Holy See, on the 9th of January, 1857, made it a separate vicariate, including also the territories of Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming. Bishop Miege governed it as administrator apostolic, *ad interim*, till the appointment of the Rt. Rev. James O'Gorman, D. D., who was consecrated bishop and vicar-apostolic, May 8, 1859. There were then about seven thousand Catholics in the territory, including the Black Feet Indians, among whom the Jesuits were conducting a mission.

In 1863, we find the Benedictines at Nebraska City, with a school under their care, and a convent of Sisters of Mercy at Omaha.

Three years later the bishop was struggling to replace the small church at Omaha by a larger and more fitting structure, but his flock was poor; there were but two brick churches in the vicariate, the rest being of frame or logs.

In 1868, Montana was erected into a separate vicariate, but no bishop was ever consecrated and the eastern part remained under the vicar-apostolic of Nebraska.

Bishop O'Gorman died at Cincinnati, of cholera morbus, on the 4th of July, 1874. He was a native of Limerick, born in 1809, and renounced the world to embrace the Cistercian rule in the Trappist Order, at the age of nineteen. He was one of the first sent to America to found New Melleray, of which he became prior on the promotion of Rev. Clement Smyth to the episcopate. Catholicity had made but a feeble beginning in Nebraska when he left his monastery to direct it. At his death there were twenty priests and as many churches, fifty-six stations, three convents, an hospital, an orphan asylum, and twelve thousand Catholics.

The Very Rev. William Byrne, as administrator, governed the vicariate till the consecration of the Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, in 1876. James O'Connor was born in Queenstown, Ireland, on the 10th of September, 1823, and, coming to this country in 1838, finished his preparatory studies in the seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, from which he was sent to the Urban College at Rome. Trained there to the soundest philosophy and

theology by the eminent professors of the college of the Propaganda, he was ordained in the Eternal City on the Feast of the Annunciation in the year 1845. On his return to this country he was for seven years engaged in missionary duties in the diocese of Pittsburg. In 1857 he was appointed superior of St. Michael's Theological and Preparatory Seminary at Glenwood, near Pittsburg, and organized the different departments, directing the whole so ably that he was compelled to erect an additional wing in 1862 to accommodate the increased number of students.

Resigning his position in the following year, he was appointed director of the seminary of St. Charles Borromeo at Overbrook, near Philadelphia, filling also the chairs of philosophy, moral theology, and ecclesiastical history until the year 1862, when he visited Europe and on his return became pastor of St. Dominic's Church, Holmesburg. In 1876 he was elected vicar-apostolic of Nebraska, and was consecrated titular bishop of Dibona on the 20th of August. He founded Creighton College—through the liberality of a citizen of that name—in 1879 and confided it to the fathers of the Society of Jesus, and introduced the Franciscan fathers who have two houses of their order. The vicariate, when Bishop O'Connor attended the plenary council of Baltimore in 1884, contained more than seventy-five priests, one hundred and fifty churches and six charitable institutions, six academies, and seventeen parochial schools.

In 1885 the state of Nebraska was made the diocese of Omaha, and Bishop O'Connor was transferred to the new see. He was engaged in establishing an order of nuns for work among the Indians when death closed his valuable career, May 27, 1890. He was succeeded, in January, 1891, by Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell who, for four years previously, had been bishop of Concordia, Kansas.

When Catholicity had so spread through the state of Kansas in its days of peace as to the number two hundred and twenty-eight churches, attended by one hundred and thirty-seven priests, the sovereign pontiff, Leo XIII, determined to divide the diocese of Leavenworth. The counties in the northwestern part of the state, were formed into the new diocese of Concordia. As its bishop was selected a priest who had labored long in the hard missions of Tennessee, and who had displayed ability in many positions.

The Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell was born in the parish of Cloyne, County Cork, Ireland, on the 12th of May, 1845, of Patrick and Johanna Collins) Scannell. He attended the school in his native place till he was

fifteen, when he went to Middleton, the town in which Curran was educated. Here he pursued a classical course under Patrick Riordan, a graduate of Trinity College. He lost his mother when he was only eight years old, but the piety inherent in the family inspired him with the desire to become a priest, and he entered All Hallows' College, Dublin, in 1866, where he had as fellow-students Bishop Scanlan, of Utah, and Bishop O'Reilly, of Port Augustus. After passing through his course of philosophy and theology, he was ordained priest on the 26th of February, 1871, by the Rt. Rev. John Francis Whelan, vicar-apostolic of Bombay. Having been accepted for the diocese of Nashville, the young priest came to this country and arrived in that city in 1871. He was assigned to duty in the Cathedral as assistant, and labored there till 1878, when he was appointed rector at St. Columba's Church in East Nashville, taking the place of the Rev. Michael Meagher, who died that year as a martyr of charity while attending the Catholics at Memphis who were dying of yellow fever. The next year he was recalled to Nashville to become rector of the Cathedral. When the Rt. Rev. Bishop Feehan was promoted to the see of Chicago, the Rev. Mr. Scannell was appointed administrator, *sede vacante*, and governed the diocese till the consecration of Bishop Rademacher, in June, 1883. He then visited Europe to recruit his health, which was seriously impaired. In 1885 the bishop intrusted him with the organization of a new parish in West Nashville. Here the active priest soon reared a fine church dedicated to St. Joseph. In August, 1886, he became vicar-general of the diocese. This able, laborious, and experienced priest was elected in July, 1887, to the see of Concordia, and his bulls were issued on the 9th of August. He was consecrated in the church which he had erected, on the 30th of November, by his grace Archbishop Feehan, assisted by Bishop McCloskey, of Louisville, and Bishop Rademacher, of Nashville. The sermon was pronounced by his grace Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati. The bishops of Fort Wayne, Covington, and Mobile were also present. The diocese which he proceeded to govern had a nucleus of about twenty priests and thirty churches.

He was transferred to the diocese of Omaha in December, 1890, leaving in his former diocese, twenty-two priests and ten ecclesiastical students, forty-eight churches and twenty-seven stations, ten parochial schools with 1,000 pupils, and a Catholic population of 15,000; nor can it be doubted that a proportionate success will attend his zealous labors in Nebraska.

Colorado, east of the Rocky Mountains, and north of the Arkansas, is part

of the territory claimed by us as part of ancient Louisiana, and thus is within the limits of the original diocese of that name. In the Spanish part there were churches at Trinidad, La Costilla, and Los Conejos, with dependent chapels; but the discovery of rich mines in the more northerly portion drew numbers of miners, who soon founded Denver, Central City, and other towns. The clergy of the diocese of Santa Fé at first extended their ministry to these new-comers, but, as the increase of population promised to be rapid, Colorado, which had been made into a state, received a bishop. The Rev. Joseph Projectus Macheboeuf, for many years on the mission in New Mexico, was consecrated on the 16th of August, 1868, bishop and vicar-apostolic, his jurisdiction extending also over Utah. The Rocky Mountains intersect Colorado, but it has large and fertile valleys. That of San Luis, in the south, is an immense well-wooded amphitheatre surrounded by mountains, with an area of 18,000 square miles. The mineral resources are very great, and include gold, silver, copper, gypsum, coal, salt, iron, and limestone. The chief rivers are the Arkansas, Grande del Norte, Grand Costilla, Yampa, and a fork of the Nebraska. Denver (the capital), Leadville, and Central City, are the principal cities. Colorado was formed into a territory in 1861, and admitted into the Union as a state in 1876.

Joseph Projectus Macheboeuf was born at Riom, in the diocese of Clermont, France, on the 11th of August, 1812, and was in childhood a pupil of the Brothers of the Christian Schools; after being graduated in the college of his native city he entered the Sulpitian Seminary at Montferran, where he mastered philosophy, theology, and other branches of ecclesiastical learning. After receiving ordination in the Advent of 1836, he was employed in the ministry in France for three years, but, preferring to become a missionary, volunteered with Rev. Mr. Lamy, late archbishop of Sante Fé, to accompany Bishop Purcell to his diocese. On the 1st of January, 1840, he was appointed pastor at Sandusky, Ohio, where French priests had reared a chapel in the last century. Here he remained eleven years, developing the church and institutions. Having been invited to New Mexico by Bishop Lamy, then vicar-apostolic of that territory, he reached it by a laborious route through New Orleans and Texas. As vicar-general he labored earnestly in that old Catholic field till 1860, when Bishop Lamy sent him to Colorado, where a new population was gathering. Beginning as vicar-general for that territory, Rev. Mr. Macheboeuf may be said to have created all that the Church has

there to-day. He built the first church in Denver, and attended Catholics wherever they gathered, till other priests came to assume local direction of the churches that grew up. So rapidly did Catholicity develop in the territory that in 1868 there were seventeen churches or chapels. Denver had a convent of Sisters of Loretto, with an academy and a school for boys. Pope Pius IX in that year constituted the vicariate-apostolic of Colorado, extending over the territory of that name, and also over Utah. Rt. Rev. Dr. Machæuf, having been appointed titular bishop of Epiphania, was consecrated August 16, 1868, in St. Peter's Cathedral. He lived to see Denver a city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants, with six Catholic churches, with convents, academy, hospital, asylum, House of the Good Shepherd, and several parochial schools. There are fifty-one priests in the vicariate, officiating in ninety-six churches and chapels, and the Catholic population in 1884 was nearly fifty thousand. He died July 9, 1889, and was succeeded by the Rt. Rev. Nicholas C. Matz.

The constant and rapid growth of the contiguous Wyoming Territory saw Catholic churches springing up, and in 1887 the time had arrived when a bishop was needed to organize the work of Catholicity, and give that energy to the creation of public institutions which only the presence of a bishop can call forth. Pope Leo XIII, in the year of his sacerdotal jubilee, erected Wyoming Territory into a diocese on the 9th of August, 1887. The episcopal see was fixed at Cheyenne, in Laramie County, a growing city, already possessing a fine church, an academy of Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus, and a parochial school. To guide the new flock thus selected the sovereign pontiff elected the Rev. Maurice F. Burke, an active and energetic priest of the diocese of Chicago. He was born in Ireland, May 5, 1845, but when a child was brought to this country by his parents, who fixed their home in Chicago. There young Maurice received his rudimentary education, and at the age of eighteen entered the university of St. Mary's of the Lake. He had chosen the House of the Lord for his inheritance, and having been accepted as a student, was sent to the American College at Rome, where, after a thorough course extending over nine years, he was ordained by Cardinal Patrizi on the 22d of May, 1875.

On his return to his diocese he was assigned to duty in St. Mary's Church, Chicago, as assistant priest. On the 24th of July, 1878, he was appointed to St. Mary's parish, Joliet, and by his energy and zeal erected a very fine church and parochial schools, confiding the care of the young to the

Sisters of Loretto. The evident ability of the devoted priest marked him as one to whom important duties would be confided. When the diocese of Cheyenne was erected the choice fell upon him, and he was consecrated bishop on the 28th of October, 1887, at the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, by Archbishop Feehan, assisted by Bishops McCloskey, of Louisville, and Cosgrove, of Davenport. His diocese is one in which preparation is to be made for an incoming population; it contains now about 4,500 white and 3,500 Indian Catholics.

It remains but to notice briefly the illustrious bishop in Dakota who is now the chief apostle and defender of our Indians on the plains. Martin Marty was born at Schwyz, in Switzerland, on the 12th of January, 1834, and, entering in youth the great Benedictine Abbey of Einsiedlen, made his profession on the 20th of May, 1855. The young monk had already pursued his theological studies with such zeal and talent that the next year he was ordained, on the 14th of September. A colony of monks from Einsiedlen was sent to Indiana in 1854, and founded St. Meinrad's. Dom Marty arrived in 1860 to share the labors of the sons of St. Benedict, and when the priory was established five years later he was made the first superior. The little community prospered, receiving postulants who persevered, and the mission work increasing. Pope Pius IX in 1870 erected St. Meinrad's into an abbey, constituting the fathers connected with it into the "Helveto-American Congregation," and Rt. Rev. Martin Marty was made mitred abbot. The cornerstone of a new monastery was laid May 22, 1872. Abbot Marty presided for several years, perfecting the institutions under his care, and extending the missions, erecting churches, and fostering education. But he had always desired to undertake missions among the Indians, and at last he went with some fathers to Dakota. The work there gave such promising hopes that he resigned his dignity of abbot to devote himself to it. In 1879 the territory of Dakota was formed into a vicariate-apostolic and confided to the care of the zealous Benedictine, who was consecrated bishop of Tiberias on the 1st of February, 1880. When Bishop Marty attended the plenary council, four years later, there were nearly ninety churches and fifty priests in his vicariate, with seven Indian missions attended by his clergy, Benedictine, Ursuline, and Presentation nuns, with Sisters of the Holy Cross and Youville Sisters of Charity aiding in the good work. He died in 1896.

The diocese of Sioux Falls, comprising the state of South Dakota, was established in 1889, and now contains about 72 churches and chapels, attended by as many priests.

Chapter XLV.

On the Pacific Slope.

EARLY DAYS.—ARRIVAL OF THE GOLD SEEKERS.—GOLD THE ONLY WORSHIP.—SAN FRANCISCO'S FIRST CHURCH.—HARD WORK FOR THE CLERGY.—INSTITUTIONS GRADUALLY ESTABLISHED.—WORK AMONG THE MINERS.—ZEAL OF ARCHBISHOP ALLEMANV.—IN OREGON AND WASHINGTON STATES.—ZEALOUS FATHER BLANCHET.—LATER PRELATES AND EVENTS.



THE states and territories of the Pacific coast are, in many respects, "a land apart" from the rest of the Union. Separated from the other states by an immense tract of unsettled territory, no inconsiderable part of which must ever continue a desert, as well as by the great barrier of the Rocky Mountains, the western slope of that chain presents to the new-comer an aspect not less different from the shores of the Atlantic than the latter differ from the countries of Europe. The climate, with its semi-tropical division of wet and dry seasons, the evidently volcanic formation of its surface, the huge mountain chains, with all their accessories of valleys, precipices, torrents, and cataracts, which occupy most of its area, and the peculiar vegetation that covers its soil, all wear a foreign appearance to an Eastern visitor; and the people themselves, though forming an integral part of his own nation, are scarcely less strange to his eyes. Men of races hardly known on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains meet him at every step; and not only do the different European

and Asiatic races retain their national customs and characters much more tenaciously than the immigrant population of the Eastern states, but they have very considerably modified the character of their American fellow-settlers. The way in which California, and, to a considerable degree, Oregon, was settled was altogether different from the usual system of colonization which has added so many states to the Union from Ohio to Nebraska, and from Mississippi and Texas to Minnesota. The journey to the Pacific coast before the completion of the Pacific Railroad involved as complete a separation from home associations, and as great a change from early habits, to an American, as does the voyage across the Atlantic to the European immigrant; and at its end he found himself in a country entirely different, both physically and socially, from all that he had been previously accustomed to. The influence of the old Spanish settlements, in which for years was to be found the only established society of the country, the mixture of men of all the European races on a footing of perfect equality in the pursuit of wealth, and the peculiarly adventurous and uncertain nature of mining life, which long formed the chief employment of the whole population, all tended to rub off the new-comers national peculiarities and prejudices; and the result has been the growth of a well-marked national character among the inhabitants of the Pacific coast.

Amid this cosmopolitan population the Catholic Church has taken firm root, and in no other part of the country does she reckon as large a proportion of the people within her fold, or exercise more influence over the public mind. She had preceded the march of American enterprise and the rush of gold-seekers on the shores of the Pacific; and when the pioneers of the new population pushed their way across the continent and descended the slope of the Sierra Nevada, they found her missions already established in California. While the American republic was yet a thing of the future, and the west of the Alleghanies was still an almost untrodden wilderness, Catholic priests had already begun to gather into the fold of Peter the tribes beyond the Rocky Mountains.

In the early half of the eighteenth century, the Jesuit Reductions of Lower California were only less famous than those of Paraguay; and to the zeal of the Franciscans who succeeded the Jesuits in 1767, Upper California owes the introduction of Christianity and civilization. In 1769, or a few months more than one hundred years ago, Father Junipero Serra, with his company of Franciscan brethren and a few Mexican settlers, founded the

mission of San Diego, the first settlement made by civilized men within what is now the state of California. Before that year, indeed, although the ports of Monterey and San Diego were well known to the Spanish navigators, no European had ever penetrated into the interior of California, and even the existence of the noble bay of San Francisco was unknown to the civilized world until it was discovered and named by the humble friars. The salvation of souls, the hope of making known to the Indians the doctrines of Catholicity, were the motives which inspired the Franciscans to undertake a task which had long been deemed impracticable by the Spanish court, in spite of its anxiety to extend its dominions to the north of Mexico. To raise up the despised aborigines to the dignity of Christian men, to show them the road to eternal happiness in another life, and, as a means to that end, to promote their well-being in this world, such were the objects for whose attainment the devoted missionaries separated themselves from their native land and the society of civilized men, to spend their lives among savages, who often rewarded their devotion only by shedding their blood. The Indians of California are in every respect a much inferior race to the tribes on the east of the Rocky Mountains. Many of them went wholly naked, they had no towns or villages, and although the country abounded in game they were indifferent hunters, and depended mainly for subsistence on wild berries, roots, and grasshoppers. In tribal organization they were little if at all superior to the Australian savages, and of religious worship or morality they had scarcely an idea. Many of the southern tribes, especially, were fierce and warlike, and belonged to a kindred race to the Apaches. Such were the men from whom the Franciscans undertook to form a Christian community; and of their success in so doing, the history of California for over sixty years is an irrefragable witness.

In spite of occasional outbreaks of hostility on the part of the Indians, and the destruction by them of a mission, the whole of the region between the coast range and the ocean, as far north as the bay of San Francisco, was studded with such establishments before the close of the century. Fifteen thousand converted Indians enjoyed, under the mild sway of the Franciscans, a degree of prosperity almost unparalleled in the history of their race. The missions, which were eighteen in number, differed in size and importance, but were all conducted on the same general plan. The church and the community buildings, including the residence of the fathers, the store-houses and workshops, formed the center of a village of Indian huts, the inhabitants

of which were daily summoned by the church bells to Mass, as a prelude to their labors, and again in the evening called back to rest by the notes of the Angelus. Religious instruction was given to all on Sundays and holidays, and to the newly converted and the children also. At other times during the day, the men worked at agricultural labor, or looked after the cattle belonging to the mission, and the unmarried women were employed at spinning, or some other labor suited to their strength, in a building specially provided for the purpose. The fathers, two or more of whom resided in each Reduction, were the rulers, the judges, the instructors, and the directors of work of their neophytes, who held all property in common. The white population was few in number, consisting mainly of small garrisons at different posts, intended to hold the wild Indians in awe, and some families of settlers who were chiefly engaged in stock-raising. The military commandant, who resided at Monterey, might be regarded as the governor of the country; but the fathers and their converts were entirely exempt from his jurisdiction, and were independent of all authority subordinate to the Spanish crown. The mission farms usually sufficed for the support of their inhabitants, but the external expenses of the communities were defrayed by a subsidy from the Spanish government and the "pious fund" of Spain, an association very similar to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Such was the condition of California down to the end of the Spanish rule; and during the whole of that period, and for several years afterward, the missions continued to grow in numbers and prosperity. The payments of the government subsidy and the remittances from the pious fund became indeed very uncertain and irregular during the struggle of Mexico for independence; but the industrial condition of the missions was then such that they stood no longer in need of external aid, and indeed they were able to contribute largely to the support of the administration of the territory. The establishment of the Mexican republic made for some years little change in the condition of the missions of California, and the services rendered by the fathers to civilization were more than once acknowledged by the Mexican congress. But the mission property was too tempting a bait to the needy revolutionists who disputed for supreme power in that ill-starred country. In 1833 a decree of congress deprived the Franciscans of all authority over the missions, and placed their property in the hands of lay administrators. The Indians were to receive certain portions of land, and some stock individually, and the rest was to be applied to the use of the state. The results were such as might be

expected from the history of similar confiscation in foreign lands. The fruits of sixty years' patient toil were wasted during a few years of riotous plundering, in the name of state administration; the cattle belonging to the mission were stolen or killed; the churches and public works allowed to fall into ruin; the cultivation of the soil neglected; and the unfortunate Indians, deprived of their protectors and handed over to the tender mercies of "liberal" officials, wandered away in thousands from their abodes, and either perished or relapsed into barbarism. The population of the missions in nine years dwindled from upward of thirty to little over four thousand Indians; and when their property was sold at auction in 1845, its value had fallen from several millions to a mere nothing. The native Spanish Californians, who clearly saw the fatal results of the overthrow of the missions to the prosperity of the country, made several attempts to restore them to their former condition, but in vain. The constant revolutions of which Mexico was the theater effectually prevented such a restoration, and the fate of the Indians was sealed by the political changes which shortly afterward threw the country into the hands of another race and another government. Under the American régime they have dwindled to less than one tenth of their former numbers, and, with the exception of a certain number of the converts of the Franciscans, who have adopted partially the usages of civilized life, and become amalgamated with the Spanish population, the whole race seems doomed to disappear from the land.

Serious, however, as was the blow which the Church received from the overthrow of the Franciscan missions, she did not abandon her hold upon California. From the date of Father Serra's arrival in the country, a small stream of Spanish or Mexican immigration had been flowing into it, and building up its "pueblos" near, but altogether distinct from, the mission establishments. The separation of the races was one of the points jealously attended to by the Franciscans, as essential to the success of their civilizing efforts among the Indians; and the Indian churches and Indian cemeteries, which still remain in several of the missions, at a short distance from the Spanish churches and Spanish burying-grounds, show how far this policy was carried out. The experience of centuries of mission work had taught the Franciscans that free intercourse between a civilized and an uncivilized race invariably leads to the demoralization of both, and much of their success must be ascribed to the care with which they kept their neophytes apart from the white settlements. The latter, at the time of the secularization, contained a population of some five or six thousand, and, including the half-civilized

Indians who still remained around the missions, the whole Catholic population probably amounted to fifteen thousand at the epoch of the American conquest. For the benefit of this population, after the overthrow of the missions, the Holy See established in 1840 the diocese of California, including the peninsula of Lower California within its boundaries.

Had Upper California continued a portion of the Mexican republic, there would probably have been little difference between its ecclesiastical history and that of Sonora or Chihuahua; but the American conquest, and still more the subsequent discovery of gold in the Sacramento River, entirely changed the face of affairs. The crowd of immigrants that flocked into the country was so great as to reduce the original population to comparative insignificance in a few months. A single year sufficed to quadruple the number of inhabitants, and two to increase it tenfold. The new population was indeed a strange one. American it was in its dominant political elements, but fully one half of it was made up of natives of other countries than the United States. Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Scandinavians, Irish, English, Mexicans, South Americans, Indians, Kanakas, and Chinese all poured by thousands into the new Eldorado, which might with equal justice be styled the modern Babel. Seldom has so radical a change taken place in the population of a country in so short a time, and the Church, if she did not wish to lose the territory she had conquered with so much toil, had to commence her mission work over again, and under entirely different circumstances from those under which the Franciscans had begun the work. A very large number of the new-comers were Catholics; but in the excitement of gold-seeking, the hold of religion on their minds had been seriously loosened, and a reckless disregard of all social and moral restraint pervaded the whole population. To restore the sway of religion over minds that had forgotten it, to provide priests, churches, schools, and all the various institutions of Catholic charity, for thousands of her own children, and to make known her doctrines to a still larger number who did not belong to her fold, such was the task before the Church in California, and to its accomplishment she addressed herself almost as soon as the first immigrants landed in San Francisco.

A frame church, the first in California, was erected in that city for the use of the Catholic miners in 1819, and, as the different "camps" sprang up through the state, other churches were rapidly built up in the more important centers of population. The following year, a new diocese was formed of the

territory lately acquired by the United States, and its government intrusted to the Rt. Rev. Bishop (later Archbishop) Allemany, who was called to that office from his Dominican convent in Kentucky. The new bishop lost no time in hastening to his post, and began his arduous task with rare wisdom and energy. The ranks of the secular clergy were largely recruited from various countries; the Jesuits, who had long been engaged in evangelizing the Indians of Oregon, were installed in the old mission of Santa Clara; a branch of the Sisters of Notre Dame was established in the neighboring town of San José; and the Sisters of Charity took charge of an orphan asylum and hospital in San Francisco.

All this had been done before the close of 1853, or in the height of the excitement of the early colonization, an excitement such as it is hard for the sober dwellers of more settled communities to form any idea of. The population of California resembled an ill-disciplined army rather than a well-ordered community; the immense majority of its members had neither families, fixed abodes, nor permanent occupations, and were ready to rush anywhere at the slightest rumors of rich "diggings." The mines were the great center of attraction to all, and, as the old ones were worked out or new ones discovered, the entire population moved from one part of the country to another. Towns were built up only to be abandoned in a few months, and even San Francisco itself, in spite of its unrivaled commercial position, more than once was nearly deserted by its inhabitants. Fortunes were made or lost in a few hours, not merely by a few bold speculators, but by every class of the people; and the wild excitements which now and then cause such commotion in Wall street, were constantly paralleled in every mining camp of California. The sudden acquisition of fortune was the hope of every man; and while men were thus uncertain about what position they might occupy on the morrow, few cared to settle down to the routine of domestic life. Except among the Spanish-Californians, scarcely any families were to be found in the country, and the standard of morality was such as might be expected under the circumstances. Laws there were, indeed, but the authorities were utterly unable to enforce them, and bullies and duelists settled their quarrels with arms, even on the streets of San Francisco, unchecked by police interference. Murderers and robbers promenaded the towns unmolested, and the idea of official honesty, or of seeking redress for wrongs at the hands of the law, was deemed too absurd to be entertained by a sensible man. Vigilance committees, the last refuge of society seeking to save itself from destruction,

offered almost the only protection to persons and property that could be had in many districts. Bands of desperadoes, such as the "hounds" in San Francisco and Joaquin's gang in the southern counties, openly set the law at defiance, and, in the fever of gold-seeking that pervaded the whole community, no force could be obtained to make it respected.

Such was the population of California when Bishop Allemany commenced his episcopal career; and the prospect of making religion flourish on such a soil was indeed such as might well dismay a fainter heart. Nevertheless he addressed himself to the task, and his toils were not unrewarded. Gradually but decidedly, the moral character of California began to improve, and the more glaring offenses against public decency to grow rare. The rush of immigrants slackened in 1852, and something like settled society began to form among the older residents. Of the agents which helped to bring order out of the social chaos of '49, none was more powerful than the influence of the Catholic Church. Most of the Protestant population had thrown off all allegiance to any sect, and this fact, while it contributed to make them to a great extent regardless of the rules of morality, had at least the good effect of banishing anti-Catholic prejudices from their minds. The Church and her institutions were regarded with much respect by all classes in California, even at the time when the Know-nothing movement was exciting such a storm of fanaticism in the Eastern states. Many Americans had married Catholic wives, or been long settled among the Spanish-Californians; the history of the Franciscan missionaries was well known to all, and their devotedness appreciated by Catholics and Protestants alike. All these causes combined to give Catholicity considerable importance in the public opinion, and lent immense strength to her efforts in behalf of morality and religion. Catholic charities stood high in the public favor; the public hospital of San Francisco, after an experience of official management which swept away no small portion of the city property, was intrusted to the charge of the Sisters of Charity; Catholic schools for a long time shared in the public school funds; and Catholic asylums and orphanages were liberally aided by the public. Bishop Allemany was not slow in taking advantage of this favorable state of public feeling to provide his diocese with Catholic institutions. New churches were erected all over the state; schools established wherever it was practicable; and so great progress made generally that, in less than three years after his arrival in San Francisco, it became necessary to divide his diocese. The southern counties of the state, comprising most of the

Spanish-Californians among its inhabitants, were formed into the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles in 1853. At the same time San Francisco was raised to the archiepiscopal rank. The membership of the Protestant churches of all denominations in the state was then almost nominal, scarcely amounting to two per cent. of the population, while the Catholics formed at least thirty per cent. The public, as a general rule, regarded the Catholic Church as the church, and this feeling to a great extent still prevails. Following will show recent conditions of the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles: Secular priests, 66; priests of religious orders, 26; churches with resident priest, 42; missions with churches, 35; stations, 27; colleges and academies for boys, 2; students, 150; academies for young ladies, 18; parishes with parochial schools, 24; pupils in academies and schools, 2,349; orphan asylums, 8; orphans, 1,190; Indian schools, 3; pupils, 400; total of young people under Catholic care, 4,600; hospitals, 2; asylums, 2; Catholic population, 57,000.

For some years after the erection of the diocese of Monterey, there was little increase in the population of California; indeed, owing to the falling off in the yield of the precious metals, and the discovery of new mines in the neighboring territories, there was at times a considerable decrease in its numbers; nevertheless, the number of Catholics continued to increase, owing partly to the large proportion of Irish among the later immigrants, and partly to the natural growth of the Catholic population, which was more settled than the rest of the community. A further division of the archdiocese of San Francisco was found necessary in 1861. The northern portion of the state, with the adjoining territories of Nevada and Utah, was formed into the vicariate of Marysville, which was subsequently raised to the rank of a bishopric, with its see at Grass Valley.

Again, in 1886, this vicariate was subdivided and the major portion of it erected into the diocese of Salt Lake, which includes all of Utah Territory and six counties in the state of Nevada of even greater extent. The first and present bishop of Salt Lake is Rt. Rev. Laurence Scanlan, whose residence is in the so-styled Mormon capital. His diocese contains 16 priests, 18 churches, 21 stations and chapels, 96 Sisters of religious orders, a college for boys, 2 academies for young ladies, 3 parochial schools, 1 orphan asylum, 1 hospital and a Catholic population of nearly 8,000. The cathedral church in Salt Lake City, under the title of St. Mary Magdalene, calls for the ministrations of four priests including the vicar general of the diocese.

In no state of the Union have the religious orders taken deeper root or thriven better than in California. The Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Jesuits, the Vincentians, the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Charity, of Mercy, of Notre Dame, of the Presentation of the Sacred Heart, and of the order of St. Dominic, all have establishments within its boundaries.

The Franciscans, as we have seen, were the pioneers of Christianity in California, and, in spite of the oppression of the Mexican government, they have never abandoned the land. A number of them continued to attend to the spiritual wants of the population, both Spanish and Indian, after the control of the latter had been taken from them, and the order has shared in the growth of the Church since the American conquest. Two of their former mission establishments are still in their hands, in the diocese of Monterey, in which they have also two schools.

The Vincentians have the only establishment they possess in California in the same diocese, where they opened a college and have conducted it with considerable success. Los Angeles City also possesses an orphan asylum and a hospital, under the management of the Sisters of Charity, and there are several convents of nuns in different parts of the diocese.

The Jesuits were the first missionaries of California, through the tyrannical suppression of their order, and the barbarous exile of its members from the dominions of the king of Spain, prevented them from extending their spiritual conquests beyond the peninsula of Lower California. It was not until after the American conquest that they were permitted to enter Upper California; but as soon as that event opened the country to them, their entry was not long delayed. In 1851 several fathers of the society, who had been previously engaged in the Indian missions of Oregon, arrived in California, and were put in possession of the old Franciscan mission at Santa Clara, about fifty miles south of San Francisco. There they founded a college, which at present ranks perhaps first among the institutions of learning on the Pacific coast, and is one of the largest houses of the order on the American continent.

The crusade against the monastic orders, which had been inaugurated in Italy shortly before, proved highly profitable to California, as a large number of Italian Jesuits were thus obtained for Santa Clara. A second college was subsequently opened in San Francisco, which has attained an equal degree of prosperity with the older academy, and, in addition, the parishes of Santa Clara and San José are administered by the priests of the order. Altogether,

the Jesuits number about thirty priests, and as many, or rather more, lay brothers in California. In the internal administration of the order, California is dependent on the provincial of Turin in Italy, whence most of its missionaries came, and has no connection with the provinces established in the Eastern states. It possesses a novitiate of its own at Santa Clara, and only requires a house of studies to have all the organization of a province complete in itself.

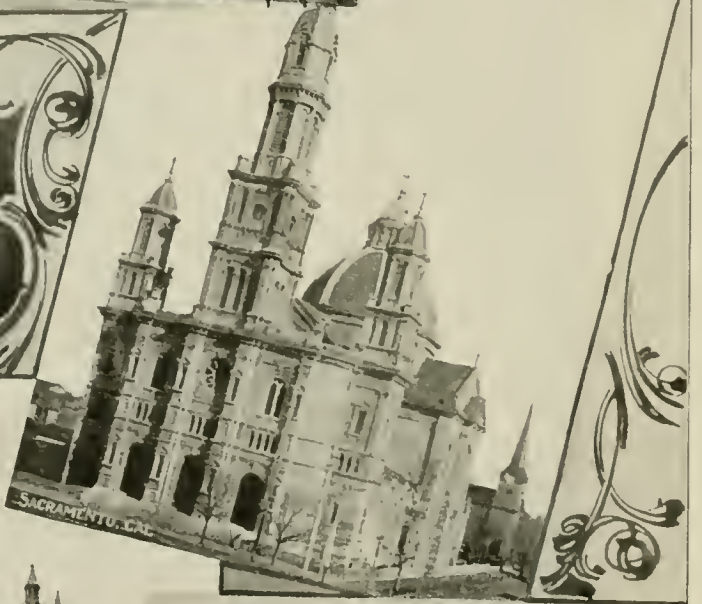
The Dominicans are also established in the archdiocese of San Francisco, where they have a convent at Benicia on the Sacramento River, besides furnishing pastors to several other parishes. The Dominican nuns also have a convent and academy at Benicia, which ranks deservedly high among the educational institutions of the state; and a free school in San Francisco, which affords instruction to several hundred children.

Nowhere else has anti-Catholic bigotry less power in the government, or is public opinion more favorable to the Church; and though the infidel common-school system finds strong support in a numerous class, yet we believe that in no part of the Union can the battle for religious education be fought out under more favorable auspices. The urgent need that exists for Catholic schools at present, may be judged of from the fact that while the different colleges and boarding-schools under the management of the Jesuits, Franciscans, Christian Brothers, and Vincentians, provide education for about a thousand boys, the Catholic common schools throughout the state contain a number scarcely greater or less than a tenth of their due proportion. Female education is better provided in this respect. The Presentation and Dominican sisters, and the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, have about four thousand pupils in their free schools in San Francisco, and there are also several similar establishments in different parts of the state; but even these are inadequate to the wants of the Catholic population, and in California, as in the Eastern states, the problem of how to provide schooling for the children of the poor is the most serious and difficult one that the Church has to solve.

California, in proportion to its population, is rich in institutions for the relief of suffering and distress. The male and female orphan asylums in the dioceses of San Francisco, Grass Valley, and Monterey maintain about six hundred of these bereaved little ones. The Sisters of Mercy and Charity have each a general hospital under their charge in San Francisco, where the latter have also a foundling hospital. They have also a hospital in Los Angeles, and the Sisters of Mercy have a Magdalen asylum in San Francisco.



MT. REV. PATRICK W. RIORDAN, D. D.,
Archbishop of San Francisco.



CHURCHES IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Archbishop Allemany was one of the fathers to the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and delivered a Latin sermon to the clergy on the virtues that should adorn the priesthood. Soon after its close he resigned his see and returned to Spain, dying at Valencia in 1888, having, five years previously, been provided with a coadjutor in the person of Rt. Rev. Dr. Riordan. At this period the archdiocese contained: Priests, 219; churches, 120; stations, 18; chapels, 34; ecclesiastical students, 52; colleges and academies for boys, 6; academies for young ladies, 18; parochial schools, 32; pupils, 15,000; orphan asylums, 5; industrial and reform schools, 2; hospitals, 3; other charitable institutions, 6; Catholic population, 225,000.

The religious orders in the archdiocese included Dominican, Franciscan, Jesuit, Marist and Paulist fathers, Salesian fathers from Turin for the Italians, Christian Brothers and Brothers of Mary. Of the religious sisterhoods as many as fifteen were represented, among whom were Sisters of Charity, of Mercy, of St. Dominic, of St. Joseph, of the Sacred Heart, of the Holy Names and of Notre Dame, as well as Ursuline and Presentation nuns.

Patrick William Riordan was born August 27, 1841, and was taken by his parents to Chicago in his seventh year. He made his studies at the university of St. Mary's of the Lake, and, feeling himself called to the ecclesiastical state, asked to be received as a seminarian. His talents led to his being sent to the American College at Rome, but, having suffered greatly from malaria, he left Rome and completed his course in Paris and Louvain. He was ordained in Belgium in 1865 by Cardinal Sterckx, and after his return to the United States was appointed in 1866 professor of ecclesiastical history and canon law in the theological seminary of St. Mary's of the Lake at Chicago; the next year he filled the chair of dogmatic theology. From 1868 to 1871, he was in the active discharge of missionary duty at Joliet, after which he was appointed rector of St. James' Church in the city of Chicago. Here he gave all his energy to the spiritual good of his people, upholding and extending the parochial schools under the Sisters of Mercy. His abilities and zeal marked him as destined to render great services to the Church.

While pastor of St. James' Church in 1883 he received the notification of his appointment as titular bishop of Cabasa, and coadjutor, with the right of succession, to the Most Rev. Archbishop Allemany, of San Francisco. He was consecrated in St. James' on Sunday, September 16, 1883, by Archbishop Feehan. Bishop Riordan reached San Francisco on the 6th of November,

and was received by a delegation, who conveyed him to the residence of the archbishop.

Archbishop Riordan at once, by visitations and otherwise, relieved Archbishop Allemany of many of the heavier burdens of the episcopate, and took part with Archbishop Allemany in the great plenary council of 1884. By the resignation of that venerable prelate he became the second archbishop of San Francisco.

Northward along the Pacific slope Oregon had its first bishop and first archbishop in the person of Francis Norbert Blanchet. This prelate was born in Canada, in the parish of St. Pierre, in 1795, and was educated at the Petit Seminaire, Quebec. After passing through the course of the theological seminary he was ordained priest by Archbishop Plessis, July 18, 1819. He spent some years on the mission at Richiboucton, and in 1828 was appointed curé, or parish priest, of Soulanges. He was parish priest of Les Cédres in 1838, when Archbishop Signay, of Quebec, asked for priests in his diocese to undertake a mission in Oregon. Canadians, led to the shores of the Pacific by the great fur companies, had settled in Oregon, and after applying to Bishop Provancher, of Red River, for a priest, had, at his advice, as he was unable to help them, appealed to the successor of Laval. Rev. Mr. Blanchet responded to the call, and having been appointed vicar-general for Oregon set out with one priest, Rev. Modest Demers. They reached Fort Vancouver on the 24th of November, and Rev. Mr. Blanchet began the labors which were to occupy the rest of his life. He found Canadians to be attended, Indians ready for instruction to embrace the Faith—a field not for one priest but for many. Other priests soon arrived; many Indians were converted, a college opened, and Father De Smet arrived from Europe with Jesuit fathers for the Indian mission, and Sisters of Notre Dame from Namur to establish a school. By this time Oregon was a vicariate-apostolic, erected December 1, 1843, and Rev. Mr. Blanchet, who at this time received his bulls, returned to Canada and was consecrated bishop of Drasa, July 25, 1845, by Rt. Rev. Dr. Bourget, assisted by Bishops Gaulin and Turgeon. He then proceeded to Rome, where he explained the position of the territory; in view of the rapid settlement of Oregon, which seemed certain, Pope Pius IX resolved to erect an archiepiscopal see with suffragans.


Oregon City was made the see of the archbishop, and Wallawalla and Vancouver's Island, with six other places, established as bishoprics or districts. Thus Dr. Blanchet became, in July, 1846, archbishop of Oregon. He returned

to his diocese in August, 1847, bringing eight secular and regular priests and seven Sisters of Notre Dame, besides several ecclesiastics. After the consecration of Bishops Blanchet and Demers, the First Provincial Council of Oregon was held, in February, 1848. The diocese of Oregon had then ten secular priests, two Jesuits, and a community of sisters. The discovery of gold in California diverted emigrants from Oregon, and even drew away much of the population of that territory. Indian wars also tended to check emigration, a Protestant missionary having been killed and another saved only by the heroic interference of a Catholic priest, whose only reward has been the most unblushing calumny from sectarian writers. Under these circumstances Oregon languished, religious communities left the diocese, and in 1855 Archbishop Blanchet visited South America, and subsequently Canada, to solicit aid. He attended the First and Second Plenary Councils of Baltimore, but most of his life was spent in his diocese as a zealous missionary, building up slowly the Church confided to him. In 1865, as Oregon City had made no progress, he removed to Portland. Infirmities began to weaken him in 1878, and the Rt. Rev. Charles J. Seghers, of Vancouver's Island, was made coadjutor. The diocese of Oregon had by this time grown. It had twenty-three priests, twenty-two churches, a college, nine academies, a hospital, an orphanage, and schools for a population of 20,000. The venerable archbishop soon after resigned the see and announced his retirement in a touching pastoral on the 27th of February, 1881. The patriarch of the northwest remained at the scene of his lifelong labors, preparing for his last end. His strength gradually failed him, and he passed away painlessly on the 18th of June, 1883, closing a holy life with a most edifying death. As he had desired, he was interred in the cemetery of St. Paul amid the oldest Canadian settlement in Oregon. Archbishops Seghers and Wm. H. Gross have since occupied the same archiepiscopal see.

Chapter XLVI.

In the Dominion of Canada.

TREATIES DESPISED BY BRITONS.—PLUNDER OF THE JESUITS.—TOLERATION THAT NEVER CAME.—IN THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—CATHOLIC BISHOPS PROHIBITED.—PERSISTENT GROWTH OF CHURCH INTERESTS.—THE LOYAL FRENCH CANADIANS.—A SCOTCH CATHOLIC COLONY.—MANY TRIALS AND WANDERINGS.—A BISHOP OF THE MACDONALDS.—LATE DAYS IN THE DOMINION.

O frequently do we hear of the undue favoritism to the Catholic Church in Canada, many people have come to believe that there at least it is, and ever has been, the pampered child of a dotingly paternal government. They imagine that at the conquest the church of Quebec, the mother-church of Canada, well nurtured by France, passed under the civil jurisdiction of England robustly developed and hedged about by invulnerable treaty stipulations, which have invariably been most liberally construed. Such, however, is not the case. Even under the French régime the Church was not altogether untrammelled. The evil influence of Madame Pompadour was not confined to France. We read that the "system of vexatious trickery organized against the Church and the people of the country by some of the chief and subordinate officials sent out by the court of Louis XV," was such that Bishop Briand, the incumbent of the see of Quebec at the date of capitulation, did not weep over the result, as he, in the words of Mgr. Plessis, "perceived that religion herself would gain by the change of domination."

But the effect of treaties, like that of statutes, depends very much on the

interpretation; and the nature of the interpretation is contingent upon the predisposition of those in authority. The proximate consequences of the change scarcely justified Mgr. Briand's expectations, though the ultimate result, no doubt, has been in accord with his hope. The treaty of 1763 provided for the free exercise of the Catholic religion in Canada in so far as it was compatible with the laws of Great Britain. That was not very far. The proviso gave a dangerous latitude to those charged with the conduct of public affairs of the new colony; and in the early days they were, as Governor Murray said, "a most immoral collection of men"—men who had come to lord it over the conquered, and who were not at all disposed to put a liberal construction upon the provisions of the treaty. The imperial act of 1774 subjected the Church in Canada to the royal supremacy and handed it over to the tender mercies of those men, whose great desire was to make the Church a creature of the state and the colony Protestant. This seemed a death-blow to Catholicity; but what seemed so to the eyes of men was, in the design of Providence, the salvation of the Church in Canada. It was the moment when the war on religion in France gained its first triumph in obtaining the suppression of the Jesuits, and was preparing the overthrow of all religious institutions. It is not the only instance in history in which irreligion and its oppressions actually served the cause they determined to crush. The expulsion of French Jesuits at an earlier day made fertile the Western world for the faith. By being removed from this infidel influence Canada preserved the faith. The English government had been hostile to the Church, but it now maintained Catholicity in Canada, and, beyond petty persecutions and a plan for the extinction of the Jesuits and Recollects, left religion free. The American Revolution cooled its ardor. During the war, and for some time after, the Catholic bishop and priests were allowed to exercise their functions in comparative peace. In 1799, however, renewed efforts were made by the colonial authorities to destroy the authority of the bishop, to control the appointment of parish priests, and to get the schools into their hands. From the time of the conquest the primary schools were mainly supported by the Jesuit endowments, but in 1800 the government seized the property of the society, and thus closed the schools. Much of what was taken from the schools went, as Catholic ecclesiastical property had gone before, to the maintenance of Protestant worship. A great effort was made to get possession of the estates of the Society of St. Sulpice for the purpose of founding an educational institution. Then, as now, it was clearly perceived that the most effectual way of

undermining the faith of the people was by controlling the schools. In 1801 a law for the encouragement of public instruction was promulgated with a flourish of trumpets and many protestations of a righteous desire to promote the welfare of the people by supplying more efficient schools than those the Church had established and the state had closed. By this law was created what might be called a board of education, consisting chiefly of Protestants, with the anglican bishop as president. The Protestants at that time were two and one-half per centum of the population. The following extract from a letter written by an official of the colonial government gives a good idea of the spirit which actuated the administration:

"I have long since laid it down as a principle (which in my judgment no governor of this province ought to lose sight of for a moment), by every possible means which prudence can suggest, gradually to undermine the authority and influence of the Roman Catholic priests. This great, this highest object that a governor can have . . . may be accomplished before ten years shall have passed over. . . . The instructions of his majesty, by which it is ordered that no person in this province shall have the cure of souls but by virtue of a license under the governor's hand and seal, . . . once followed up, the king's supremacy would be established, the authority of the pope would be abolished, and the country would become Protestant.

"We have been mad enough to allow a company of French rascals to deprive us for the moment of the means of accomplishing all this, but one prudent, decisive step might rectify this absurdity. In all events I would advise every governor of this province most scrupulously to follow the same line of conduct which has established so widely the authority of the pope of Rome, to avail themselves of every advantage that can possibly occur, and never to give up an inch but with the certainty of gaining an ell."

This gentleman in his communication used the term "popish clergy," and, as an apology for the employment of the not very classical adjective, he wrote: "I call them popish to distinguish them from the clergy of the established Church, and to express my contempt and detestation of a religion which sinks and debases the human mind and which is a curse to every country where it prevails."

At an anterior date the Anglican bishop, Dr. Mountain, who had been given the miter in England and despatched to Canada as bishop of Quebec, chagrined at the comparative failure of the efforts to annihilate the Church of the people, wrote thus to Lord Hobart, the colonial secretary, at London: "While the superintendent of the Roman Church assumes the title of bishop of Quebec, he, as well as his clergy, studiously denies that title to the Protestant bishop; he has the absolute disposal of all the preferments in the diocese; he erects parishes and grants dispensations for marrying at his discretion, etc.; all of which functions are clearly contrary to the royal instructions, and all of which are denied to the Protestant bishop."

Such was the animus of the governing authorities when Mgr. Plessis became bishop of Quebec; and it would be impossible to give a better picture of the condition of the Church at that time than is conveyed in this extract from a letter addressed by the bishop to a friend in London in 1806: "Examine the map and you will perceive the impossibility of a single bishop extending his solicitude with any success from Lake Superior to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. That space contains more than 200,000 Catholics, and yet there are only 180 priests to supply all their wants. Add to that their numerous difficulties from their entanglement with a Protestant population, and the constant vigilance necessary to avoid being compromised with a government which views things only through the medium of its own principles and is constantly making some new effort to establish the supremacy of the king."

In 1807 the good bishop, weary with constant conflict and discouraged by what seemed insurmountable obstacles to the success of his work, acknowledged to a friend that human resources failed him, and that he scarcely hoped for any amelioration from appealing to the treaty stipulations. The colonial office in England was being urged to inaugurate a vigorous anti-papal policy; and Dr. Mountain himself repaired to London, and in many conferences with the ministers pressed that the grievances of which he complained in his letter to Lord Hobart might be removed, and that he might be made in Canada monarch, as to things ecclesiastical, of all he surveyed. Help came from a quarter whence it was least expected. Lord Castlereagh, in a memorandum on the situation in Canada, gave it as his opinion that the law secured to Canadian Catholics the free exercise of their religion, and to their clergy their accustomed dues and rights, subject to the royal supremacy; that as the bishop of Quebec, who was not a foreigner, was the head of the Church in Canada, his jurisdiction was not opposed to the act of supremacy, and that it would be a very delicate undertaking to interfere with the Catholic religion in Canada. It need hardly be said that it was no sense of justice which impelled this noble lord not to apply his Irish formula in the New World. The storm brewing at Washington dictated his course.

But even this did not effect a truce. The conflict continued. Governor Craig, who arrived in 1807, placed himself in the hands of his advisers—men who had come to Canada to make an Ireland of Quebec; and the opposition to the Church continued. Owing to the exigencies of the times, however, the plan of attack was somewhat modified, or, rather, a more insidious scheme was adopted. The government was prepared to fully recognize

the episcopal authority of the Catholic bishop, to confirm him to his see by commission from the king, and even to secure him a revenue, if the government were accorded the privilege of nominating the parish priests, which privilege, it was believed, "would insensibly operate in effectually undermining the people's religious faith."

Writing in 1811, Bishop Plessis gave the following account of a conference had with Sir James Craig: "Yesterday I had a conversation with his excellency the governor, which lasted one hour and three-quarters, in which he exhausted himself, and me also, in speaking, without our being able to fall into accord upon the only point that was agitated, to-wit: the nomination to curés. He viewed it obstinately as a civil affair, and as a prerogative of the crown which it would never abandon."

The war of 1812, like the war of Independence, acted as a sedative, of a mild and transient kind, to the anti-Catholicism of the colonial officials. After the Revolution Sir Guy Carleton declared that the Catholic priests preserved the province of Quebec to the crown. In the interval of peace the clergy were attacked and their loyalty questioned. In 1813 an official despatch was transmitted to the governor of Quebec, informing him that "his royal highness, the prince regent, in the name of his majesty," desired that one thousand pounds should thereafter be the allowance of the Catholic bishop of Quebec, "as a testimony rendered to the loyalty and good conduct of the gentleman . . . as well as of the other members of the Catholic clergy of the province." Still there was a little lump of the old leaven left.

It had been for many years the desire of the bishop of Quebec to have his vast diocese subdivided. The Church which in the earlier days could easily be ruled by one ordinary and a coadjutor, had grown with the country. One can now scarcely realize how Bishop Plessis, who had to be ever on the alert to defend his church from the premeditated assaults of the civil authorities, who was striving to develop two or three small seminaries for the training of much-needed priests, and endeavoring to supply the wants of scattered and very differently circumstanced missions from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, could undertake a journey to distant Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and the Magdalens, visiting *en route* the scattered settlements of Acadians, and then making his way as best he could to the faithful who were grouped at different points in the virgin forest of Upper Canada. No wonder he sought relief. When the crozier was placed in his hand he braced

himself for unremitting toil, for trials and tribulations. But the burden was more than one man could bear. The zealous pastor bent beneath it and cried for help. Rome was prepared, but another power had to be consulted. In those days it was absolutely necessary to obtain the consent of the civil authorities to the erection of new sees; and, although after years of useless struggling they were compelled by circumstances to recognize the ordinary of Quebec, they seemed determined to have no more Catholic bishops, at least with native titles, in the British half of the continent. In 1817 the bishop of Quebec was relieved of the charge of Nova Scotia, which was made an apostolic vicariate and confided to the care of the Rev. Edmund Burke, who had long labored there as a missionary. This, however, was scarce a perceptible lightening of Mgr. Plessis' charge. He wished to have Canada divided into five dioceses: two in Lower Canada, with their centers at Quebec and Montreal; another to comprise the Maritime Provinces, a fourth to include Upper Canada, and the fifth to extend over the Hudson's Bay country and away across the Rockies to where the waves of the Pacific lap our western shore. This plan was in part suggested, and in its entirety concurred in by the Propaganda; and, in order to secure the concurrence of the civil power, Bishop Plessis journeyed to England in 1819. Just after his departure bulls arrived from Rome elevating Quebec to the dignity of a metropolitan see, naming Mgr. Plessis its first archbishop, and giving him, in addition to the vicariate of Nova Scotia, two suffragan bishops, one for Upper Canada, the other for Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and the Magdalens. But, as Bishop Plessis feared, this had only the effect of strengthening the opposition to his plan. On no account would the government assent to his assuming the title of archbishop; nor would they agree to the creation of any new sees. After much negotiating he succeeded in obtaining the acquiescence of the powers that were in the establishment of apostolic vicariates and in the appointment of bishops *in partibus infidelium*. It was explicitly stipulated, however, that these titular bishops were not to have independent jurisdiction, but were merely to be auxiliaries to the bishop of Quebec, who alone was to have a legal status. Vicariates were accordingly formed, and the men who had been fixed upon to rule over the desired dioceses were consecrated.

The Rev. Jean Jacques Lartigue, a Sulpitian priest, was placed over the district of Montreal, which then contained 189,119 Catholics of, with few exceptions, French origin.

The presence of Irish Catholics was discovered only a short time previously. A priest was summoned to attend a dying stranger, and the stranger was found to be an Irishman. The priest learned that there were compatriots of the dying man in the neighborhood, and invited them to his church. On the following Sunday, in the sacristy of the old Bonsecours' Church, thirty Irish exiles met and had the gospel preached to them for the first time since they had crossed the sea. There were only a few Irish Catholics in Canada at that time, and they came then and afterwards, to different points, under circumstances which so militated against their success that their prosperity cannot but be marveled at. The first Irish families who arrived at Quebec were so destitute that had it not been for the kind interposition of Bishop Plessis, who placed them with French farmers and well-to-do townspeople, they would have reached the land of promise only to find paupers' graves in its frozen ground. A sad story indeed is the story of Irish emigration.

Over most of the country south of the Ottawa spread "the forest primeval" when the nineteenth century broke upon the world. What is now Ontario was then in the main a wilderness. Among the United Empire loyalists who migrated there when the thirteen colonies cut loose from Britain were some Scotch Catholics. These were augmented by a colony of a disbanded regiment of Highlanders, led in 1803 from the old country by the Rev. Alexander Macdonell. Both contingents were given land, and grants were also made by the government for churches and schools in recognition of the loyalty of the colonists and their pastor, and with the object, no doubt, of strengthening that feeling, so that the crown might have devoted subjects on the border of the young Republic. The first Irish settlers arrived in Upper Canada in 1823. They were not very hospitably received. Application was even made for a military force to drive them out, or to guard the loyal inhabitants; and so exercised were the home authorities by the reports which the loyalists sent them concerning the "riotous and mutinous" Hibernians, that Father Macdonell, who was then in England, was requested to hasten back to Canada to do something with the wild Irish. He assured them there was no cause for fear, and offered to pledge his life for the good conduct of the abused refugees. "Put that in writing," said the under secretary for the colonies. And the bond was signed.

When Father Macdonell, who was given charge of the vicariate of Upper Canada, came to the country there were only two or three small places of

worship and a couple of priests—one a Frenchman, without any knowledge of English; the other an Irishman who left the country shortly afterwards. For years the apostolic Macdonell had no fellow-laborers, and had to travel in the exercise of his holy office, often with his vestments on his back, over seven hundred miles of a country without roads or bridges.

In 1821 the Rev. Æneas Bernard McEachern was consecrated, and to him was confided the care of the Church in the Maritime Provinces, the vicar-apostolic of Nova Scotia having died two years previously. A biography of this missionary prelate would make interesting and edifying reading. His life, however, like the lives of many of the pioneers of the Faith in our country, has yet to be written. But what at best can one write of a missionary priest but the mere outlines of his career? Only he who has in perils on land, on river, and on sea, preached the Word and administered the sacraments can fill in between the lines the story of such a life. When Father McEachern arrived in Prince Edward Island in 1790 there were no churches, no schools, no material resources, few Catholics, poor and scattered, and difficulties innumerable. The other provinces over which he was afterwards called to exercise episcopal jurisdiction presented a somewhat similar spectacle. There were a few Scotch settlers, here and there a poor Irish emigrant, and along the shores hamlets of Acadians, who,

“Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o’er the ocean,”

drifted back to their dear Acadia.

But of all the ecclesiastical districts into which the old diocese of Quebec was then divided the most uninviting was that conterminous with the country extending from what was at that time called Canada to the Pacific, and from the northern boundary of the republic to the frozen islands of the Arctic. There roamed the red men, and with them some venturesome Canadians who traded with the Indians for furs. Many of these voyageurs married Indian women and settled along the Red River. Father Provencher, who, with Father Dumoulin, was sent to this mission in 1818, was selected for the charge of the vicariate.

In 1824 Joseph Octave Plessis, the last bishop who alone ruled over the whole of Canada, passed to his reward. He lived in the seed-time, and labored faithfully and well. What a transformation has since taken place! “Lift up thine eyes round about and see.” “The flowers have appeared in our land . . . the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs, the vines in

flower yield their sweet smell." With the development of the country and the growth of civil liberty, the Church expanded and threw off the incubus of state interference. Before a decade of years elapsed the titular bishops took native sees; and in 1844 the ordinary of Quebec publicly assumed the title of archbishop. Now a cardinal sits in the chair of Laval, and with him six other archbishops, sixteen bishops, and two vicars-apostolic guard the spiritual interests of over two millions of Catholics in this Dominion; and the sacrifice foretold by Malachi is offered by two thousand three hundred priests. An army of religious go about doing good. Cathedrals and churches, flanked by colleges and schools, dot the land; and

"The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

The people, too, have prospered. There are no more contented and comfortable husbandmen than the descendants of the old colonists who till the soil. Many of the offspring of poor emigrants have in the different walks of life attained positions of wealth, influence, and eminence. Two gubernatorial chairs are filled by Catholics. Three provinces have Catholic prime ministers. In the parliaments of the nation Catholics occupy prominent places, and six out of the fourteen members of the Dominion cabinet are Catholics.

A most marvelous example of rapid development is furnished by Quebec. A colony whose population at the date of the conquest is estimated to have been not more than sixty thousand, a colony of Frenchmen having to struggle for existence and for faith against powerful and alien rulers, and depending for extension almost entirely on self-increase, has grown in Quebec alone to nearly a million and a half, besides extending its ramifications into Ontario and the New England states. Counting all, the posterity of the sixty thousand now outnumber two millions. A cardinal wearing the pallium occupies the primatial see. The little seminary of long ago has developed into a great university with branches in Montreal, where presides another archbishop. Six bishops and a vicar-apostolic watch over the flock in other parts of the province. Over fifteen hundred priests dispense the mysteries in one thousand temples, and teach in university, seminaries and colleges. Of the latter and last there are twenty-one, with over half a hundred commercial and classical academies, and two hundred and fifty convents, in connection with the great majority of which boarding and day schools are conducted. There are in addition to these, three thousand five hundred state-supported religious schools, thirty-seven hospitals, and seventeen asylums. Thirteen

communities of women and twelve of men devote themselves mainly to teaching and active charity.

It is the fashion with some people to say that Quebec is priest-ridden and crushed by clerical imposts; and what has been written may seem to them but proof of what they assert. Mr. Edward Farrer, the present editor-in-chief of the *Toronto Mail*, an ultra-Protestant journal, effectually disposed of such nonsense in a paper contributed a few years ago to the *Atlantic Monthly*. He wrote: "The habitant is not crushed by clerical imposts. . . . As a class the Canadian priests are men of much merit. Their parishes in very many cases are as large as an English county, and their work, especially in the winter-time, involves not only arduous toil, but no small peril. The history of the priesthood is the history of the country." The present statistics of the archdiocese of Quebec show: Diocesan priests, 434; priests of religious orders, 35; churches with resident priest, 189; missions with churches, 24; chapels, 33; university, 1; theological seminary, 1; students, 87; colleges, 6; students, 1,390; academies, 40; pupils, 8,500; parochial schools, 1,270; pupils, 36,500; orphan asylums, 5; orphans, 850; hospitals, 12; other charitable institutions, 5 and a Catholic population of 320,000.

Among the educational institutions is the famous Laval university, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, and of which the ruling archbishop is apostolic chancellor and secretary. There are also the Quebec Seminary, the Laval Normal School, and several academies and schools in charge of the religious orders, besides a House of Retreat of the Jesuit fathers.

In Ontario, where Bishop Macdonell in the first years of the century labored almost unaided, three archbishops, four bishops, and one vicar-apostolic, assisted by four hundred priests, watch over a flock numbering three hundred and seventy-five thousand. In the centers of population cathedral crosses point aloft to heaven, and the province which boasts of its Protestantism is jeweled with more than five hundred Catholic fanes. There are a university, three colleges, thirty-seven academies, and two hundred and twenty-nine state-supported parochial schools. The sick are cared for in nine hospitals, and orphaned youth and destitute old age find refuge in seventeen asylums. Different communities of religious teach and tend the poor and sick, while from more than one convent of cloistered nuns ascend perpetual prayer and praise.

Less than one hundred years ago there were in the Maritime Provinces

only a few humble chapels like that in the storied village of Grand-Pré, "on the shores of the Basin of Minas;" now there are almost four hundred sanctuaries, wherein every one that asks receives, and he who seeks finds. An archbishop, four bishops, and two hundred and forty priests have the cure of over three hundred thousand souls. For the education of boys there are four colleges, one conducted by the Fathers of the Holy Cross, and an academy directed by the Christian Brothers; and four different sisterhoods have charge of forty boarding-schools for girls. A non-religious school system is by law established in the Maritime Provinces, but, notwithstanding this, there are many Catholic schools, especially for girls, maintained without any assistance from the state, except in Halifax, where schools under the direction of religious are supported by the government as the result of a compromise.

The Northwestern vicariate of former days is now an ecclesiastical province, embracing Manitoba, British Columbia, and the intervening territories. The Catholics of these regions are only about one-fifth of the population. They numbered in British Columbia, in 1881, 10,043, and in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, in 1885, 23,952. These are ministered to by an archbishop, two bishops, two vicars-apostolic, and one hundred and fifty priests. The Jesuits conduct a theological seminary and college at Winnipeg, Manitoba; and in British Columbia there are two colleges directed by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Four sisterhoods manage a score of academies for girls, and there are several Indian industrial schools under the supervision of religious. There are five hospitals and seven asylums. In Manitoba and the territories the school system is denominational, and the different parishes have their schools. A similar system does not obtain in British Columbia; still a few Catholic schools are in operation in that province.

Catholic progress in this country may not be as striking as that in the United States; yet in Canada the Catholic population has in this century been blessed with a tenfold increase, and the Church, like "a tree which is planted near the running waters," has taken deep root, and its branches have spread over all the land.

Of the Scotch Catholic settlement referred to above, we are enabled to furnish an interesting account. "You will hear more Gaelic spoken in Canada in one week than you would hear during a month's sojourn in the Highlands!" Such was the astounding assertion made some time ago at a Montreal dinner-table by a Scottish laird, himself of Canadian birth, and an extensive land-owner in Ontario as well as in North Britain. And such is

indeed the case. Along the shore of Lake St. Francis, and beyond, where the broad blue ribbon of the St. Lawrence is dotted with tiny verdant islets, among which loyal Canadians peep shyly across to the state of New York, dwell a sturdy race of men as truly Highland in heart and speech as when they left their beloved hills a hundred years ago. A nature, if loyal to one attachment, will be loyal to all. These Highlanders in Canada have preserved their faith and have adhered to their language and traditions.

To visit the Gael in the home of his adoption, you leave Montreal, going by railroad westward for about two hours and a half, and arrive at Lancaster, the county town of Glengarry, the home of the Chlanadh nan Gael. Glengarry is the most easterly county of Ontario, and is one of those into which the district of Lunenburg was divided in 1792. It is bounded on the east by County Soulanges, on the north by Prescott, west by County Stormont—also largely peopled with Scotch settlers—and on the south by the St. Lawrence.

The county comprises four townships: Charlottenburg, Lancaster, Lochiel, and Kenyon. These are again subdivided into "concessions," and the concessions into lots. Lancaster, the county town, is in the township of Charlottenburg and lies on the banks of the Riviere-aux-Raisins. It is the outlet for produce from the inland villages, and the place of starting for stage-coaches to different points. The roads here are atrocious, and the coaches "rattle your bones over the stones" while taking you through a country so magnificent that you wonder why the dwellers therein do not mend their ways. In Charlottenburg are also the parishes of St. Raphael's, Martintown and Williamstown. The township of Lancaster lies east of Charlottenburg, and was called the "sunken township" on account of the first French settlers having considered it too swampy for habitation. Lochiel lies to the north, and boasts of quite a rising town, Alexandra, containing seven hundred inhabitants, a high school, and a convent under the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Kenyon is north of Charlottenburg, and is, like the others, a country of magnificent agricultural development.

The counties of Stormont and Dundas are, if we except a few Germans, entirely Scotch, but are not Catholic, as in Glengarry. The pioneer settlers were from the valley of the Mohawk, whither many had emigrated from Scotland and from Germany before the Revolution. When the proclamation of peace in 1783 deprived the Scottish soldiers who formed the Royal New York regiment, under Sir John Johnson, of their occupation, nothing

was left for them but to accept the offer of the British government and settle on lands granted them in Canada west. Loyalty came more natural to their mountain instincts than policy, and they were in those days much more conscientious than practical. Each soldier received a grant of a hundred acres fronting on the river, and two hundred within the county on which he settled. That these people were for the main part Protestant is easily seen by the names which they bestowed on their villages, such as Matilda, Williamstown, Charlotte, and Mariatown, which latter was, we are told, "called after Captain Duncan's daughter Maria." There were many Catholics also in Sir John Johnson's regiment, and they probably turned the first sod in what is now Glengarry; but the real influx of Catholic Highlanders did not take place until 1786 and 1802.

Throughout the last century religious persecution prevailed in the Highlands of Scotland, not in actual strife or bloodshed, but in the merciless bigotry and continued obstruction that comes so readily to those "children of this world, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The old chieftains who had clung to their God and their sovereign were attainted, incarcerated in Edinburg Castle or in the Tower of London, and their sons of tender age, removed from the influence of early associations, were the helpless pupils of the sanctimonious dominies, who banished from their young minds every ray of Catholic hope and joy, and sent them back to their country as strangers and sojourners—sometimes as fierce denouncers of the faith in which they were born.

Strong in loyalty and conservative to the heart's core, for years the powerful clan of MacDonald escaped unscathed. Descended from the mighty Somerled, Thane of Argyle, by his marriage with the daughter of Olaf, surnamed the Red, the Norwegian king of the Isles, this branch of Siol Muin (the race of Conn) had accepted the faith of St. Columba, the "roy i O'Neil," and never wavered from his teachings. For centuries they had lived and died Catholics, and the bones of their chieftains had been

"Carried to Colme's Kill, the
Sacred store-house of their predecessors,
And guardian of their bones."

In rugged Inverness, where the mighty houses of Clanranald and Glengarry, divided by Loch Nevish, held watch and ward over the heather-clad mountains and deep and dangerous arms of the sea; back through the braes of Lochaber to where the McDonells of Keppoch dwelt under the shadow of Ben Nevis; over the Sound of Sleat, by whose waters McDonald of that

ilk kept his enemies at bay, and westward to the wild rocks of the Hebrides, the clan Donald practiced their Faith. By dint of much caution, and with great labor, these faithful mountaineers were fed with the sacraments of their Church. Priests' heads were then as valuable as were those of wolves in the days of Alfred, and if a *saggarth* was caught by "the reformed," woe to him!

In spite of these dangers, young men escaped to the continent, and in the Scots' College, Rome, and at Valladolid, in Spain, studied for the priesthood. After their ordination they would return to their beloved hills to brave death and save souls. Jesuit and Irish secular priests, outlawed, and with a price set upon them dead or alive, sought this remote field for their devoted labors.

Across the rough, gray waters of the Gulf of Hebrides, in many a cave and sheltered nook of the island of South Uist, the clansmen, in their belted tartans, assisted at the Holy Sacrifice and received the Bread of Heaven. Like the Israelites, they "ate it with their loins girt, and standing," for the morning mist rolling off Benbeeula might disclose to them a watchful foe, and the waves of Minch, now trembling in the dawn of day, might, ere the sun climbed beyond the mountains' crest, bear on their bosom the boat of the Sassenach spy. If the spy were not well attended and strongly armed it would be worse for him, for meekness and gentleness were Christian characteristics not strongly marked in this race, and they acted literally on St. Paul's injunction to be "first pure and then peaceable." Their precept was, *Luathic do liambh agus cruadhich do Chuille*—"Quicken thy hand and harden thy blows." An amusing specimen of this spirit is handed down from the prayer of a clansman before the battle of Sheriffmuir; "O Lord! be thou with us; but, if thou be not with us, be not against us, but leave it between the red-coats and us!"

At last some among this chosen people of God fell, lured by the inducements of the supporters of the elector of Hanover, as they had persistently called his Britannic majesty. Not content with embracing Calvinism themselves, they endeavored to inoculate their people. One, indeed, tried an untoward application by means of severe blows from his *bati-bui*—or yellow walking-stick—with which he hoped to induce his tenantry to repair to the Protestant meeting-house. To this day Calvinism is spoken of by the descendants of those people as *Credible a bhati-bui*—the religion of the yellow stick.

The tyranny of these foes of their own household, combined with the

poverty and wretchedness prevailing throughout the Highlands, caused many of the MacDonalds and their Catholic neighbors to turn their thoughts to America, whence came alluring stories of plenty and peace. At home the country had been drained to provide means for the insurrection which they hoped would put their exiled prince on the throne of the Stuarts. The ravages of war had laid their lands waste, the more progressive Lowlanders and the absentee nobles were turning the tenant-holdings into sheep-walks, inch by inch their birthright was leaving them, their dress was forbidden, their arms seized, their very language was made contraband; so, facing the difficulty like brave men, they determined to emigrate. In the year 1786 two ships sailed from Scotland to Canada filled with emigrants. The first left early in the season, but sprang a leak and was obliged to put into Belfast for repairs; resuming her voyage, she reached the American coast too late to attempt making Quebec harbor, and therefore landed her passengers at Philadelphia. The emigrants were lodged in a barracks evacuated by the troops after the proclamation of peace, but in the course of the winter a third misfortune befell them: the barracks took fire and burned to the ground, consuming in the flames their worldly all. These poor pilgrims then went through to Lake Champlain in boats, and were met at Ile-aux-Noix by their friends who had already established themselves in Ontario. Who but Highland hearts would undertake such a journey for friends? At a bad season of the year, over slushy roads, when time was precious and horse-flesh valuable, they started in capacious sleighs for their old friends and kindred, and drove them to the forest that was to be their home, housing and feeding them until their own log-houses were erected.

The second band of emigrants before referred to had a much more prosperous voyage. They were from Knoydart, and were under the leadership of the Rev. Alexander MacDonald, of the family of Scothouse, a cousin of the chief of Glengarry. He was a man of courage and strong will, and marshaled his flock with prudence and discretion. As the good ship MacDonald glided out of the harbor of Greenock the priest addressed his flock and put them under the protection of St. Raphael, the guide of the wanderer. A few moments later there was a wail of terror: the ship was aground. "*Sios air er gluncan, agus dianibh urneigh*"—"Down on your knees and pray!"—thundered the priest; St. Raphael interceded, the ship slid off, and in the Quebec Gazette, 1786, is this entry:

"Arrived, ship MacDonald, from Greenock, with emigrants, nearly the whole of a

parish in the north of Scotland, who emigrated with their priest and nineteen cabin passengers, together with five hundred and twenty steerage passengers, to better their case, up to Cataragui."

Cataragui was the ancient name for Kingston; there, however, they did not go, but to what is now known as St. Raphael's parish, some miles north of Lancaster. Here they fell to work, in spite of numerous hardships, to construct their houses, and also to build the pioneer church, called "Blue Chapel." Of course church and parish were dedicated to their archangel guardian. In the year 1802, another very large party of emigrants arrived from Glengarry, Inverness-shire, who, settling near the earlier comers, gave the name of their native glen to the whole district. During the winter of 1803 the good priest of St. Raphael's fell ill far away from any comfort or from medical aid to soothe or assuage his malady; he was deprived, too, of the services of a brother priest to administer the consolations of religion. His people rallied round him, and the strongest men came forward; they constructed a *leabaith ghulain*, and carried him upon it through the forest paths and over the snow mountains to Williamstown. Hence, when the ice broke up, he was taken in a canoe down Rivière-aux-Raisins to the mission at Lachine, where he died on the 19th of May, 1803. He was succeeded in St. Raphael's by a Father Fitzsimmons.

The chronicle of the emigrants of 1802 introduces one of the grandest figures in Canadian history—the Rev. Alexander (Allastair) MacDonald, or MacDonell, later the first bishop of Upper Canada. He was of the house of Glengarry, a branch of clan Donald now generally recognized as inheriting the chieftainship of the whole clan. For services rendered to the royal house of Stuart they were rewarded by Charles II with a peerage under the title of Lord MacDonell and Arross. The Rev. Alexander MacDonald was born at Innishalaggan in 1760, and studied at Valladolid.

About the year 1790 trade between the river Clyde and the North American colonies had been greatly injured by the proclamation of peace and the independence of those colonies, and the merchants of Glasgow and Greenock turned their attention to the importation and manufacture of cotton. This branch of industry grew rapidly, and in 1793 over eighty thousand people were employed in it. The great demand for labor drained the agricultural districts and sent up the price of all kinds of provisions. The lairds, finding they could obtain so ready a market, determined that it would be more to their advantage to turn their mountain estates into sheep-walks than

to allow them to be occupied by the numerous and poor clansmen, who were indifferent farmers and could scarcely obtain from the soil sufficient for their own maintenance.

Accordingly the tenants were turned adrift; sometimes two hundred gave place to one south-country shepherd, or, as the local phraseology expressed it, "Two hundred smokes went through one chimney." These poor people were destitute and helpless; they had never been beyond the gray line of ocean that washes the rocks of the Hebrides and runs into the deep indentures of the Inverness-shire coast. The southern language was to them an unknown tongue; to make or to take care of money was beyond their ken. The means of emigration were denied them. British cruisers had orders from the admiralty to prevent the departure of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, and to press such able-bodied men as they found on board of emigrant-ships.

It was when affairs were in this pitiable state that the Rev. Dr. MacDonald came to the rescue. Leaving the scene of his missionary labors on the borders of Perth, he repaired to Glasgow, where he obtained an introduction to the principal manufacturers. He proposed to them that they should give employment to his destitute countrymen. This they were willing enough to do, but reminded the priest of two obstacles: one, their ignorance of the English language; the other, their profession of the Catholic faith. At that time the prejudice against Catholics was so strong in Glasgow that they were always in danger of insult and abuse. It was hardly safe for a priest to reside among them; he would be subject to annoyance and assault, and, as the penal laws were still in force, he would also be liable to be brought before a court of justice.

Dr. MacDonald expressed his conviction that "although the letter of the law was in force, the spirit of it was greatly mitigated," and declared that if the manufacturers would take the Highlanders under their protection he would run his chances of safety and take up his residence among them as interpreter and clergyman. This was agreed to, and from 1792 to 1794 the plan worked admirably.

Then came the war with France. The manufacturers received a sudden check; many failed, and others were almost at a stand. The poor Highlanders were again out of employment and again destitute. Dr. MacDonald then conceived the plan of getting them embodied in a Highland corps under his kinsman called Allastair Ruagh (the red), the young chief of Glengarry. He assembled a meeting of Catholics at Fort Augustus in February, 1794,

when an address was drawn up to the king, offering to raise a Catholic corps under the command of the young chieftain, who, with Fletcher, the laird of Dunens, proceeded to London to lay it before the king. It was most graciously received; the manufacturers of Glasgow warmly seconded it, furnishing cordial recommendations of the Highlanders, and in August letters of service were issued to Alexander MacDonell, of Glengarry, to raise the Glengarry Fencible Regiment as a Catholic corps, of which he was appointed colonel. The Rev. Dr. MacDonald was gazetted chaplain to this regiment, which did service in Guernsey and afterwards in Ireland.

An anecdote is told of them at Waterford which shows the honest simplicity of their nature and their ignorance of worldly wisdom. When they entered the town billet-money was distributed among them. Before night the order was countermanded; they were ordered to New Ross. Being told of this, each honest Scot returned his billet-money! While they were quartered in Connemara two young men named Stewart were brought by the commanding officer before a drum-head court-martial, whereupon a private stepped out of the ranks, recovered his arms, saluted his colonel, and said:

“Ma dhoirtcar diar di fhuil nan Stiubhartich an a sho a noc, bi stri s’anchuis”—“If there will be a drop of the Stewart blood spilt here to-night there will be trouble.” “Go back to the ranks, you old rebel,” was the answer; but the Stewarts escaped scot-free. The colonel at this time was not Glengarry, but his cousin Donald MacDonell, who was afterwards killed at Badajos at the head of the “forlorn hope.”

The regiment was disbanded in 1802, and the men were again as destitute as ever. Their chaplain then set out for London, and entered into a negotiation with the government in the hope of obtaining assistance to further their emigration to Upper Canada. This plan was opposed, and the government offered to settle them in Trinidad. Dr. MacDonald, however, persevered, and at length procured from Mr. Addington, the premier, an order to grant two hundred acres of land to every Highlander who should arrive in the province. After enduring extreme opposition from Highland landlords, governors, and members of parliament—even from the Prince of Wales, who offered them land in Cornwall—the devoted priest obtained the desire of his heart and saw his beloved people sail for Canada in 1802. As has been before said, they named their new home after their native glen, and every head of a family called his plantation after the farm he had possessed among the grand old hills of Inverness-shire.

It must not be thought that all the Catholic settlers were MacDonells (or MacDonalds). Among those of 1784 we find the name of Fraser, McLennan, Hay, Rose, Glasford, and others; among the bands of 1786 were Grants, McIntoshes, McWilliamses, McDougalls, McPhees, McGillises, McGillivrays, McCuaigs, and Campbells. Those of 1802 were more than half MacDonalds.

In 1804 Dr. MacDonald followed his people to Canada. He proceeded first to visit the Rev. Roderick (Rory) MacDonald at the Indian mission of St. Regis, then went to Kingston. During this time the people of St. Raphael's had taken a dislike to Father Fitzsimmons and clamored to have him removed, probably because they saw a chance of having his place filled by their beloved pastor of old days. Father Roderick, from St. Regis, reasoned with them by letter, but in vain. At last a sturdy clansman, John MacDonald, surnamed "Bonaparte," pushed his way from St. Raphael's to Quebec in midwinter, 1805, and laid his petition before Bishop du Plessis, who came to Glengarry in the summer of the same year and appointed Dr. MacDonald parish priest of St. Raphael's.

The people's joy was very great at having their beloved priest with them once more. They gathered from near and far to bid him welcome. The little "Blue Chapel" was filled to overflowing; devout worshippers knelt along the aisles, on the doorsteps, and out on the short, crisp grass of the woodland meadows. When the notes of the *Tantum Ergo* rose on the air they pictured the Benediction service in their former home, where they had knelt on the heather of the beloved glen, through whose mountains their clear, wild music had so often sounded that hymn of adoration, borne along the rippling waves of the Garry to float over the waters of dark Loch Ness and echo amid the wild hills of Glen More. The "Blue Chapel" was soon too small for the parishioners, and Dr. MacDonald went home to Scotland in 1819 to procure assistance toward the erection of a larger church. During his absence he was elected bishop of Upper Canada. He returned in 1820, bringing with him from Glasgow a stone-mason, who set about building the present parish church of St. Raphael's. The bishop was consecrated in Montreal in 1820, and was received in Glengarry with a great display of rejoicing. After remaining there for two years he removed to Kingston, which place became his home, the diocese having been divided and Bishop Power appointed bishop of Toronto. Bishop Gaulin, coadjutor to Bishop MacDonald, was assistant priest at St. Raphael's after 1812, as the bishop was constantly traveling.

Bishop MacDonald organized his immense diocese, bought land, built convents and churches, also founded at St. Raphael's the college of Iona, a portion of which was built in 1818 for a public school; the western part was added for ecclesiastics in 1826. Here he taught himself, aided by professors whom he obtained from Montreal. Fourteen ecclesiastics were ordained from this primitive seat of learning. The bishop's house, built in 1808, is a spacious stone mansion capable of accommodating many persons, and fronting on a large garden laid out in 1826 by a gardener whom he brought out from Scotland.

The bishop seems here to have found rest and solace among his flowers. He founded the Highland Society and encouraged among the people the preservation of their nationality. In a pastoral still extant he expresses himself very strongly against "those radicals who aim at the destruction of our holy religion," and strives to inculcate on his people a spirit of moderation and gratitude to the government, who had certainly befriended them better than had their own natural chieftains at home. When he crossed the Atlantic in 1819 the bishop endeavored to interest Cardinal Wilde in his Glengarry colony, and, it is said, wanted him to visit Upper Canada, his eminence being then not even a priest, simply a very wealthy widower.

In 1840 the venerable prelate went home to Scotland for the last time, and visited an old friend, Father Gardiner, in Dumfries, in whose arms he died. Mortal illness seized him before he reached the end of his journey, and his first words of greeting were: "Dear old friend, I've come to die with you." His remains were brought to St. Raphael's, then removed to Kingston in 1860. Thus passed away one of the grandest men whom God ever sent to hew for his people a path through the wilderness.

Among those who came out in the ship MacDonald were one John MacDonald, of the MacDonalds of Loupe, and Anna McGillis, his wife, with three children. The three multiplied to nine before many years passed, and of these two sons entered the Church; the eldest, Aeneas (Angus), joined the Sulpitians and passed forty years as a professor in the Montreal seminary. He then retired to Glengarry, where, at the age of eighty, he died universally beloved. Two brothers and two sisters died, aged respectively ninety-eight, eighty-two, seventy-three, and sixty-seven years; there are now living in Cornwall two brothers and one sister, aged eighty-eight, eighty-one, and seventy-eight years. The second son, John, studied for the priesthood, and soon after his ordination was an assistant at St. Raphael's; thence he was

removed to Perth, where he suffered many hardships for ten years. He was vicar-general of Kingston and parish priest of St. Raphael's for many years, and died at Lancaster on the 16th of March, 1879, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.

This latter was a man of very determined character and somewhat stern in his treatment of his flock, who one and all obeyed him as little children. It was no uncommon thing in those days to see a man with a sheep-skin on his head or a wooden gag in his mouth—a penance awarded by Father John. A pulpit was a conventionality that he scorned; he always addressed his people while walking to and fro behind the Communion railing. If any luckless wight incurred his displeasure he was pitilessly and publicly rebuked, though sometimes the worm turned. For instance:

“John Roy MacDonald, leave this church.” Dead silence. “John Roy MacDonald, I say leave this church.” John Roy MacDonald rises and goes slowly and solemnly out, stepping carefully over the far-apart logs that did duty for a floor.

Father John proceeds with his sermon, when creak, creak, creak, back over the logs comes John Roy MacDonald and calmly resumes his seat.

“John Roy MacDonald, did I not tell you to leave this church?”

“Yes, Maister Ian, and I will be for to go out of the church for to pleass you, and now I wass come pack for to pleass myself!”

It was not the ancient Scotch custom to call priests father; hence Father John was always spoken to and of as Maister Ian.

Through great and manifold hardships have these people worked their way to comfort and ease. Coming from a life of freedom, and in many instances careless idleness, in a sea-girt home where a wealth of fresh fish was always to be had for very slight exertion, agricultural labor was almost unknown to them. In Canada they found themselves obliged to work hard and in the face of disheartening obstacles. Their new home was in many parts either swamp-land or else sandy and full of stones; the stones had to be picked up and made into walls to divide the farms, and the swamp-land drained and reclaimed. Often they had to lay roads of logs across the marshes and jump from one log to another, carrying on their backs bags of grain to be ground at Williamstown, where Sir John Johnson had erected a mill. Williamstown is to-day a thriving place, with a fine convent and as pretty a church as there is to be found in Canada. All these obstacles they surmounted as became the hardy mountaineers they were, and from their

ranks came some of the celebrated characters of Canadian history, such as the first speaker of the Upper Canadian Parliament, which met at Niagara, September 17, 1792—Col. John MacDonell, of Greenfield, for many years member for Glengarry and attorney-general. He was colonel of the Glengarry Fencibles, raised for the War of 1812, and was killed while serving under Brock at Queenstown Heights.

From St. Raphael's came the family of Sandfield MacDonald, of which the late Hon. John Sandfield MacDonald was the eldest son. He was one of the most brilliant politicians of his time, and premier of the Canadian government. His brother, the Hon. D. A. MacDonald, one of the crown ministers of the late Liberal or Grit government, was lieutenant-governor of Ontario for five years.

Among the "places of interest" to a Catholic stranger in Canada west there is none more delightful than St. Raphael's, where so many historic memories meet and touch, and, interweaved with the faith that is in them, live on in the hearts of the people. It is difficult of access; so are most poetic places nowadays. You leave Lancaster in a "Black Maria" that groans and creaks and bounces over the road in a way that will test your nerves. Your driver is a yellow-haired Gael with a tendency to moralize on the evils of intemperance; but as he speaks the wind wafts over his shoulder his breath, tainted with an unmistakable odor of John Barleycorn. As you leave Lancaster a wayside workshop strikes your eye, neat, white, and dapper. From its eave depends a sign; you expect at the most an intimation that festive huggies and neat jaunting-sleighs are made within; but no: "A large supply of elegant coffins always on hand!" This singular *memento mori* sets you thinking until you come to the end of your seven-mile drive and dismount at "Sandfield's Corner," your oscillating conveyance going jolting on to Alexandria. You follow in the wake of a barefooted small boy whose merry black eyes proclaim him an interloper and a Frenchman. Along the side of the old "military road" you go under elm-trees of giant height until you reach the quaint old hamlet dedicated to "Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide." Village there is none; only a post-office and store, an inn, a school-house, two cottages, with the church, presbytery, and college. The former stands on the brow of a hill and is remarkably large and lofty for a country church. On a chiseled slab over the door you read: "TEAG DE (House of God) 1110CCXXI." Entering you are struck by the bareness of the vast roof, unsupported by pillars or galleries. The sanctuary is formed by

a rood-screen dividing it from the passage that connects the sanctuaries. Behind this screen is a white marble slab bearing the inscription:

On the 18th of June, 1843,
the Highland Society of Canada
erected this tablet to the memory of
the Honorable and Right Reverend
ALEXANDER MACDONELL,
Bishop of Kingston,
Born 1760—Died 1840.
Though dead he still lives
in the hearts of his countrymen.

Under the floor at the gospel side of the sanctuary lie the mortal remains of the good and revered Father John. Upon the main altar a statue of the patron of the church, St. Raphael, the "human-hearted seraph"—imported from Munich by the present parish priest, Father Masterson—looks as full of beauty and compassion as even Faber has portrayed him.

The side altars have also fine statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and the church throughout gives evidence of tasteful care. In the graveyard there are many old tombs, of which the inscriptions are defaced by time. One of the oldest bears the date of 1828, and on it the passer-by is requested, "in the name of God," to pray for the soul of Mary Watson, spouse of Lieutenant Angus MacDonell, Glengarry Light Infantry. Near the church there was a building called a convent, but the bishop never succeeded in obtaining nuns for the mission. The inclosure across the road is occupied by the presbytery and college, now used as a chapel in which Mass is said daily, and in which, when the writer first saw it, the descendants of the mountaineers were repeating the rosary on a golden May evening. The building is small, and has, of course, been greatly altered, all the partitions having been removed to render it fit for use as a chapel. The garden of the bishop is still a mass of bloom, and in its center walk stands a moss-grown sun-dial, whereon we trace: "R. J. McD. 1827"—a relic of Maister Ian. From the wall of one of the rooms in which he lived the grand old bishop's portrait looks down on his people. It shows a man of commanding figure and noble and benign aspect, withal bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of Sir Walter Scott. The church, house, college, and garden have been much improved by Father Masterson, who succeeded Father John, after being his assistant for many years.

The people of Glengarry seem to live on very good terms with their

Protestant neighbors, and tell with pleasure of Father John's custom of reading the Bible aloud to those of them who wished him to do so. The bishop was revered by all sects, and when he received visitors of state in Kingston the wife of the Protestant minister used to go over to do the honors of his house. All through the country the farms are equal, if not superior, to any others of the Dominion, and are graced by magnificent trees. The roads are bordered with beech, ash, birch, tamarack, maple, butternut, spruce, willow, and pine, while the elms in every direction offer studies for an artist in their rugged and graceful curves. These elms were the staple commodity for export, and the year in which the people found no market for their wood was one in which their sufferings were extreme; they still speak of it as "the year of elms." A small river called the Beaudette winds through the country. On each side of it are marsh-lands, covered in places with low-sized bushes; water scenery is certainly wanting in Glengarry.

The Highlanders are grave and serious, clannish as of old, standing by each other "*guaillean ri guaillean*" (shoulder to shoulder) in all disputes. The old antipathy between the clans is still in some instances cherished. It is a well-known fact that a young lawyer of Glengarry, who is, in the opinion of many, heir to the title and chieftainship, actually refused, some time ago, to accept an invitation to dine with the Marquis of Lorne, declaring that a MacDonell could not and would not be the guest of a Campbell of Argyle!

The national dress is rare now and only comes out, like the bagpipes, on state occasions. The girls, in spite of Father John's penances, have cultivated their decided talent for dancing, but there is generally none of the gayety and careless amusement so common among the French-Canadians. Hospitality is a predominant characteristic of the Highlanders—a hospitality so generous, sincere, and hearty that, having experienced it, you will be ready to say with Burns:

"When death's dark stream I ferry o'er—
A time that surely shall come—
In heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome."

Chapter XLVII.

The Faith in Mexico.

CONVERSION OF THE WHOLE RACE.—MISSIONARIES AND CONQUERORS SIDE BY SIDE.—FRANCISCAN AND DOMINICAN WORKERS.—SUFFERINGS OF THE AZTECS.—ZEAL OF THE MISSIONARIES.—BROTHER PETER'S HUMILITY.—LAS CASAS AND THE NATIVES.—CRIMES OF THE CONQUERORS.—MEXICO'S FIRST ARCHBISHOP.—A LOYAL, CATHOLIC PEOPLE.—RECENT DAYS.



OF all the nations that have been added to the Catholic Church since the so-called Reformation none is perhaps more worthy of attention than Mexico. Its Indian population forms the largest body of heathens that has been converted to Christianity for many centuries, and no one acquainted with the country can doubt of the sincerity and strength of their faith even at the present day. Whatever the conduct of its politicians may be with regard to the Church, the bulk of the people of Mexico are to-day as devoted Catholics as those of almost any country of Europe, and among them none are more thorough in their attachment to the faith than the Indians of pure blood, the lineal descendants of the men who once sacrificed human victims by thousands at the shrines of Huitzilopochtli. The hostility to the Church which is so distinguishing a trait of modern so-called liberalism has never found an echo among the Mexican Indians, and even the national antipathy which a large portion of

them feels towards the European race does not prevent them from being thoroughly devoted to the Church.

What have been the means by which a population of fierce idolaters, naturally exasperated by the overthrow of their once powerful empire and ardently attached to their national religion, was thus changed into a Christian people? The ordinary non-Catholic will at once explain it by the Spanish conquest. In his mind the conversion of the Aztecs to Catholicity was simply a matter of brute force on the part of Cortez and his followers not unlike the imposition of Mohammedanism on the races conquered by the Arabs under the standard of their false prophet. The supposed fanaticism of the Spanish adventurers who overthrew the empire of Montezuma is imagined to be an all-sufficient explanation of the Catholicism now so firmly rooted in the hearts of the Mexican Indians. If such were indeed the fact, how can it be explained that the attachment of the Indians to the faith should continue unchanged while the descendants of their conquerors, or at least the dominant class among them, are themselves engaged in assailing the Church? Forced conversions do not generally survive the downfall of the force which effected them, unless some other agency has been at work on the converts than mere force. If the Catholic Church has won the warm attachment of the Aztecs and Toltecs it must have been by other means than the fear of Spanish swords, and that it has won such an attachment is unquestionable. What those other means were we shall briefly speak of.

It is usual to speak of the fanaticism of the early Spanish adventurers, as if zeal for the diffusion of the Catholic faith was an overruling trait of their character. It is true that such was the case with Columbus and some other of the nobler spirits of the discovery and colonization of America; but it is simply absurd to attribute such feelings to the mass of the conquerors. There is no doubt but that, like the rest of their countrymen in the sixteenth century, the followers of Cortez and Pizarro were thoroughly Catholic in belief; but something more than belief in the doctrines of the Church is needed to make men apostles. The Conquistadores, it must be admitted, were much more intent on finding gold and gaining fortunes than on teaching the natives Christianity. Men like Alvarado and Bernal Diaz would indeed be glad enough to see the Indians made good Christians as well as subjects of their own; but they were much more interested practically in reducing them to subjection than in teaching them the doctrines of the Church. It was not from them that the natives of Spanish America acquired the religion which

they still cherish. It was from men of a widely different class, whose heroism and self-devotion are little known to fame, but who in truth reflect far higher honor on their native land than the whole race of Conquistadores. If admiration is justly due to the daring energy, the coolness, and the tact, which enabled a Cortez or a Pizarro to establish the rule of Spain in barbarous empires, how much more is it the right of men who displayed equal courage and tact, combined with the noblest self-devotion and heroic self-sacrifice, in winning the Indians to a free acceptance of Catholic truths! The names of Betanzos, of Luis Cancer, of Motolinia and Zumarraga, are as worthy of note in history as those of Cortez and Alvarado, if it be history's function to preserve the record of noble deeds and noble men.

The first mission for the conversion of the lands added to the Spanish dominions by Cortez was sent out almost immediately after the fall of Mexico. Five Franciscans, priests, and lay-brothers, arrived at that capital in 1523 in answer to the request for missionaries made by Cortez in his despatches to the Spanish court. He had particularly urged the necessity of sending members of the religious orders, as the best qualified for the task of converting the Indians. The reputation enjoyed in Spain by the "frailes" was very great. Cardinal Ximenes had ably used his power as primate by rigidly enforcing the primitive discipline among his own and the other religious orders, and the fruit of his measures was shown by the enthusiasm for missions exhibited by all. The heads of the religious houses were beset with applications for the missions of the New World, and it was with difficulty that a choice could be made among the candidates. The five Franciscans were quickly followed by twelve of their brethren under the guardianship of Fray Martin de Valencia, and as many Dominicans with Fray Tomas Ortez as their head. Among the latter was Father Betancos, or Betanzos, who had already spent some years in the West Indies and had been an intimate friend of the celebrated Las Casas.

The Dominicans were detained some time in San Domingo on their voyage, but Martin de Valencia and his companions proceeded at once to Vera Cruz. The journey from that port to the City of Mexico up the steep side of the mountains they made on foot in the usual Franciscan fashion. The Indians, who had been accustomed to the state maintained by Cortez and the other Spanish conquerors, were struck by the poor appearance of these Europeans who traveled in such laborious fashion under the scorching heat of a Mexican sun, clad only in coarse serge and with sandals on their feet.

At Tlascalala, the well-known Indian city, which had been so firm an ally to Cortez, the people crowded round them with expressions of wonder. The friars tried to open some communication with them, but could only do so by signs. The Tlascalans repeated frequently the word "motolinia," or poor, in reference to the strangers; and one of the Franciscans, learning its meaning, adopted it as his own name. Henceforward he always signed himself Torribio Motolinia, and under that name he is always mentioned in Mexico instead of his family one of Paredes. The name was certainly a significant one, and neither Father Motolinia nor his companions belied it by their subsequent acts.

The Spanish city which rose in place of the ruined Aztec capital was in process of erection when the Franciscans reached it. The conquerors had resolved to rebuild it on a scale that should rival the finest cities of Europe, and the labor of the natives was ruthlessly used for the purpose. Several hundred houses of such size and strength that each might serve at need as a fortress had been planned by different individuals, and, as there were no beasts of burden available, all the materials for their construction had to be carried on the shoulders of Indian laborers. Father Motolinia describes the noisy scenes that met his eyes in graphic language. A hundred men were sometimes seen carrying a single cedar trunk in from the mountains, and the streets were all but impassable from the throngs of Indians at work under the broiling sun and kept to labor by the lash in the hands of the overseers. The colonists assumed that they had a full right to exact any labors from the unhappy Indians, who, in fact, were treated as slaves. They received the Franciscans cordially as countrymen and priests, and a convent was assigned them by the authorities. A serious difference of opinion, however, with regard to the rights of the natives quickly showed itself between the soldier-colonists and the religious. The latter entirely denied the lawfulness of enslaving the Indians and exerted themselves actively in their behalf. Remonstrances with the colonial authorities and letters home were both used to mitigate the sufferings of the natives, and meantime the Franciscans applied themselves diligently to the work of their instruction. The children were gathered to the convent to receive lessons in Spanish, and were taught music at the same time and trained to take a part in the Church ceremonies. When sufficiently instructed the more advanced pupils were sent to make short visits among their friends and to endeavor to give them an idea of the Christian doctrines. The friars themselves applied with the utmost diligence

to the study of the native languages—no easy task, without books, dictionary or even interpreter, for anything beyond the common wants of every-day life. Father Martin de Valencia never could master the difficulties of the Aztec, but he indemnified himself by teaching the boys in the convent-school Spanish and instructing them through that means in religion. Several of the others, especially Father Motolinia and Peter of Ghent, a lay-brother, who had been one of the first five arrivals, were more successful and preached successfully in the native languages after some time. Motolinia especially distinguished himself by his knowledge of the language, both as spoken and as embodied in the strange picture-characters of the Aztecs. It seems that he was the first to collect and explain Aztec writings, of which some have been preserved to the present day, and he was especially forward in having the language taught scientifically in the colleges of Mexico.

Though science owes a large debt to the diligence of the Franciscans in thus preserving from destruction the monuments of the former civilizations of America, they were far from looking on such occupations as the real end of their mission. To make true Christians of the Indians, and to protect them from the cruelty of their European masters, were the great objects of their lives. In pursuance of these ends they urged on their converts the destruction of the idolatrous temples and idols which still remained through the country. The conquered tribes still carried on their worship, after the fall of their empire, in remote districts, and as the Franciscans won their confidence these temples were destroyed one by one. Five hundred such are said by the superior of the mission to have been destroyed within seven years by the exertions of his order alone. The idols used in the Aztec ceremonies were usually burned to prevent their being used as relics. For this a good deal of blame has been given to the Franciscans, and especially to Zumarraga, the first bishop of Mexico. It is asserted that in destroying those superstitious objects they inflicted a serious injury on historic science, and the title of bigot is sometimes attached to the bishop for that reason. Remembering what the hideous rites of Aztec worship really were, and that in years before the conquest thousands of victims were annually sacrificed to its blood-stained idols, it seemed perfectly natural to the early missionaries to obliterate every trace of such a system from the minds of the natives. To save their souls by conversion was the guiding motive of their actions, and, as they deemed the destruction of the idols needful for that purpose, they unhesitatingly destroyed them. But at the same time they carefully studied the languages and antiquities of

the country, and if anything has been preserved of the old native history it is mainly due to Father Motolinia and his religious brethren.

Among the missionaries none was more conspicuous than the lay-brother Peter. His family name is entirely unknown, though he was of high birth and even believed to be a relative of Emperor Charles V. Though highly educated and possessed of remarkable talents, he refused, like the patriarch of his order, St. Francis, to receive ordination, through humility. He was proposed at one time for the archbishopric of Mexico, but no persuasions could induce him to accept the dignity. His proficiency in the native languages, however, made him be employed as a preacher in the absence of priests familiar with the Indians, and in that capacity he gained enormous influence. But his labors were not confined to preaching. He built a large school in the capital, into which he gathered six hundred native boys within a few years after his arrival. These were taught by a kind of monitorial system by the more advanced pupils, who received their training from the brother himself. The children were taught to read and write in Spanish, and at the same time were trained in the doctrines of Christianity; but their instruction did not end there. Brother Peter was an accomplished artist and musician, and music, carving, and various trades were among the branches of knowledge which he taught his pupils, some of whom made most remarkable progress. The orphans, who had been made such by the siege under Cortez, as well as by the pestilences which afterwards devastated Mexico, were the special object of his care. Besides teaching them he provided for the support of many hundreds of them, and as they grew up he settled his pupils in little colonies around the city. Indeed, it is hard to find any of the really useful devices of modern educationists that was not applied to the benefit of the Aztec children by this nameless lay-brother three centuries ago. Humboldt, who saw the results of his work during his visit to Mexico, justly styles him an extraordinary man. Extraordinary as were his talents and energy, they are less so than the profound humility which has left him no patronymic but that of his native city—Peter “of Ghent.”

It must not be supposed that the Franciscans received much aid from the authorities during the commencement of their mission. The commissioners to whom Cortez left the government of Mexico on his departure for Honduras in 1524 quarreled among themselves and almost brought on a civil war during the two years of their rule. The royal commission, which was finally appointed to succeed them under the presidency of Nuno de Guzman, was

even worse. Guzman was an adventurer of the worst type, ruthless, greedy, unscrupulous, and fearless, and he violently resented any attempts made to protect the natives from his rapacity.

Knowing that his power was short, he and his favorites sought to make their fortunes in the quickest possible way by plundering the natives and working them to death. The Franciscans interposed, and the adventurers retaliated by declaring the Indians were not fit for Christianity—in fact, that it was mere waste of time to do anything for them except work them like beasts. False and brutal as this assertion was, it found advocates among the more greedy adventurers and was even maintained in Spain by their agents. Indeed, the fate of the Mexican Indians threatened to be a dismal one under the régime of Guzman. One of the greatest of the missionaries, Betanzos, anticipated the speedy extermination of the whole native population. Guzman reduced numbers of free men to slavery, and by constant raids on the other provinces carried on a profitable slave trade. Luckily for the natives, however, they found a powerful protector in the Franciscan Zumarraga, bishop of Mexico, who had been appointed to that see in 1527. Zumarraga declared the enslaving of free men unlawful, and was threatened with execution, in return for his remonstrances, by Guzman. As these threats were unavailing, the government seized on his revenues, and the bishop finally laid the city under an interdict. Guzman and his friends endeavored to represent this step as an act of rebellion, but the court of inquiry sent out fully absolved the bishop and confirmed him in his office of protector of the natives.

Though a bishop, Zumarraga as far as possible lived strictly according to the rules of his order, and even made his visitations on foot. The mode of life of the Franciscan missionaries, and indeed of all the religious orders, was most severe. Their cells were without windows or doors, with no furniture but a bed, table, and chair, the bed having only one blanket and no pillow except the habit of the day rolled up. A single robe of serge was their only outside dress, and to travel on foot everywhere the constant rule, no matter how hot the sun. The strict laws of fasting prescribed by the rules were rigidly observed. The Dominicans never used meat, and the Franciscans but rarely, no matter what the labors they had to undergo. It is not surprising that such a mode of life was trying to the strength of the new-comers. Of twelve Dominican friars who arrived in Mexico in 1526 five died in the course of a few months. But others were not wanting to supply their places,

and the heroism of their deaths was not lost on the minds of the natives for whose conversion they thus laid down their lives.

The question of the fitness of the Aztecs for Christianity and civilization was a burning one in the early days of Charles V. Grave doubts were alleged, as has been said, by the adventurers interested in the system of peonage, as to the use of making any attempt at their education. Zumarraga strenuously defended the cause of his flock and referred to the progress they had already made in the schools of the Franciscans as the surest proof of their natural capacity not only for Christianity but to be admitted to holy orders. A vigorous letter of his to the Spanish court is preserved, together with another to the same purport from the bishop of Tlascala, the first bishop appointed in Mexico. Both the prelates asserted that the intelligence of the native Mexicans was fully equal to that of the Spaniards, and their assertions seem to have had considerable weight with the Spanish council. A new commission, or *audiencia*, which was sent to supersede the body presided over by the tyrannical Guzman pronounced in favor of the views of Zumarraga and the Franciscans. The head of the commission and virtual governor of Mexico was Fuenleal, the bishop of San Domingo. Under his rule a college was established for the higher studies in Mexico, to which the Indians were admitted as freely as the Spaniards. The practice of making slaves or of exacting rack-rents from the natives was stopped. The bishop also recommended that a certain amount of self-government should be given to the natives in their villages, as well as to the Spanish *vecinos*, or settlers. It seems his suggestions were carried out to some extent, and certainly a stop was put to the grosser oppressions which a few years before had threatened the entire destruction of the native race.

The Dominicans who had been sent from Spain at the same time with the Franciscans had been detained awhile in San Domingo, and only reached Mexico in 1526, two years after the Franciscans had established themselves there. The first party numbered twelve, with Tomas Ortez for prior; but five died in a few months, and Father Ortez was recalled on urgent business, so that in the course of a year only one priest and some lay-brothers were left to represent the order on the North American continent. But this priest, Betanzos, was a host in himself. His career had been an extraordinary one. Belonging to a rich family in Salamanca, he had studied law in its university, but after receiving his degree he and a friend devoted themselves mainly to works of charity similar to those of the modern society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Their devotion soon attracted considerable attention, and to escape distinction even in such a course Betanzos retired to a hermitage in Ponza, near Naples, leaving his property entirely to his relatives and actually begging his support on the way through France and Italy. In Ponza he passed several years in solitude, living in a cave and dividing his time between work and sacred studies. His hair grew gray from his austerities, but nothing could induce him to relax them, and he only returned to Spain in accordance with a promise made to his early companion before setting out. He expected to bring the latter back to follow the same austere life, but on his return to Salamanca, where he was not recognized even by his father, so changed was his appearance, he found his friend had joined the Dominicans. Betanzos presented himself at the Dominican convent as a mendicant, but was recognized by his friend and after some conversation was induced to enter the order himself. The missions of America attracted his attention after his ordination, and he was sent to San Domingo, to the convent there, several years before the expedition of Cortez. In San Domingo he was the confessor of Las Casas, the great philanthropist, who, like himself, had spent his early life in business pursuits, but was then devoting all his energies to the protection of the Indians against the rapacity of the Spanish conquerors. At his persuasion Las Casas, who was then a priest, was induced to enter the order of St. Dominic. The two continued close friends afterwards. Betanzos had not the fiery spirit of Las Casas, which boiled over in passion at the wrongs of the Indians, but his zeal in their behalf was equally great. He denounced slavery as steadfastly as his friend, but even the fiercest of the conquerors were awed by his almost unearthly character, and he was regarded with equal affection by both races. Alvarado, the dashing and reckless lieutenant of Cortez, became his penitent in Mexico after his conquest of Guatemala, and at his request Betanzos, as soon as new priests arrived in Mexico, set out with a lay-brother to that settlement. The whole journey from Mexico to Guatemala he made on foot, and what such a journey is only those familiar with the tropics can fully appreciate. In Guatemala he preached vigorously against the oppression of the Indians, and, though his remonstrances were not immediately successful, they produced considerable effect. He was offered ground for a convent and church, but he would only accept a small plot for that purpose. The entire disinterestedness which marked his whole character was shown in this as in other matters. He was not, however, long left in his new field. The Mexican Dominicans recalled him for

the purpose of sending him to Rome in 1531 to give an account of their mission to the Holy Father.

It is not surprising that, with such men as those we have been describing, the work of conversion has been rapid. The bishop of Mexico wrote at the same time to the head of his order, informing him of the work of the Franciscans, and stated that the number which they had received into the Church in seven years amounted to a million. The Dominicans had not been less successful in proportion to their numbers, and Betanzos had to report the progress made to the sovereign pontiff and to ask that Mexico should be made an independent jurisdiction. A present of Indian works in gold and feathers was sent along with him as a convincing proof of the abilities of the new converts, and also some of the sacrificial knives of obsidian that had formerly been used in the rites of Aztec idolatry. However anxious Betanzos might be for the success of his newly founded mission in Central America, he did not hesitate a moment about yielding to the wishes of his colleagues, and in 1531 he sailed again to Europe. In Seville he intrusted the presents for the pope to a faithful messenger, and set out himself on foot for Rome. On his way across France he turned aside to a shrine of St. Mary Magdalen, to whom he was specially devoted, and through penance he made several leagues of the road on his bare knees. Having finished his penance, he continued his journey to Rome, where he was received most favorably by the pontiff. The separate jurisdiction was readily granted, and the pope then desired the ambassador to ask any favor he might desire for himself. The request made was an unexpected one. The saintly Betanzos asked that while he was on the mission any priest should have faculties to absolve him even from reserved sins. The pope at once granted the request, which was perhaps the most extraordinary proof of humility that the noble Betanzos had given even in his extraordinary career, and the pontiff ordered a present of a hundred ducats to be made to Father Betanzos to defray his expenses back. This sum the latter at once presented to the merchant who had brought the Indian presents from Seville, and, having made this display of "monkish covetousness," he returned on foot to Spain, and sailed thence to Mexico in the year 1534.

Mexico in the meantime had made rapid progress, both materially and morally, under the government of Fuenleal. The custom of making slaves had been practically stopped and the exactions practiced on the natives much lessened. The Spanish government now erected the "kingdom of New Spain" into a vicerealty. The Count de Mendoza was appointed the first

viceroy, and the services of Fuenleal were rewarded with a place in the council of the Indies at home.

The Indian question was still the object of Charles V's solicitude. Though personal slavery had been prohibited, except in the case of prisoners made in lawful war, the condition of the natives was by no means settled. The custom had grown up during the conquest of granting large estates to individuals by the crown, much as William of Normandy allotted the lands of England to his followers, and the Indians residing on such properties were held to be vassals of the owner. As might be expected, this system, though closely analogous in name to the feudal tenures of Europe, led to gross injustices on the natives. The Dominicans stood forward as their defenders during the interminable debates on this subject which occupied the attention of the Spanish government. Las Casas, who was not less active as a statesman than zealous as a missionary, published a remarkable work in 1535 on "The Only Way of Converting the Indians." In this work—which, it must be remembered, was published with the approbation of his superiors in the order—Las Casas emphatically lays down that the Indians only could be made Christians by persuasion and instruction, and that all attempts at forcing them to be baptized were contrary to Catholic doctrine. He further denounced absolutely all wars of conquest as criminal invasions of the rights of humanity. It had been a favorite sophism with many of the adventurers who conducted conquering expeditions in America that by so doing they were Christianizing the natives (as well as enriching themselves). The great Dominican indignantly denied the justice of such proceedings. "Evil must not be done that good may come of it," was his constant text, and vigorously did he enforce it, both by his writings and negotiations, in Spain as well as in America. That his efforts were not useless may be judged from the difference between the fate that has befallen the Mexicans and other natives of Spanish America since his time and that which fell on the unfortunate natives of the West Indies. In consequence, it may fairly be supposed, of the representations of the friars, Paul III in 1537 solemnly pronounced the enslaving of the Indians unlawful and denounced excommunication against all who should reduce free men to slavery. The following year the Spanish government issued a law to the same effect, which was followed in 1542 by the still more sweeping enactment known as the "New Laws," by which the freedom of the natives was fully guaranteed as far as the power of the home authorities extended.

It need not be supposed that the doctrines laid down by Las Casas and his brethren were well received by the Spanish colonists. His ideas were loudly denounced as Utopian and the most virulent attacks were made on himself and his books. An opportunity, however, soon offered of testing his theories practically which was eagerly seized on by Las Casas. In Guatemala one district of fierce and uncivilized Indians had long baffled the invasions of the Conquistadores. Three times had they attempted its conquest and been driven back, until the name of "Land of War" was unanimously conferred on the district. Las Casas, on the part of his brethren, undertook to convert the people of this district by persuasion alone, if a guarantee was given by the governor of Guatemala that no attempt should be made on their liberties. A formal document to this effect was drawn up and signed by the representatives of the government on the one hand and by Las Casas on the other. By this it was stipulated that in case the Indians should become Christians no Spaniards should be allowed to settle in their country nor should their freedom be in any way interfered with. Las Casas, with three companions, Fathers Angulo, Ladrada, and Cancer, commenced their task by learning thoroughly the Quiché dialect, which those Indians used. They then composed a summary of Catholic doctrine, including the articles of faith of first importance, in verse in the Quiché language, and set the whole to music of an Indian character. This chant they taught to some Catholic natives who used occasionally to visit the hostiles for trading purposes, and instructed them to repeat the whole in the gatherings of the pagan Indians. The curiosity of the latter was aroused. They asked the singers where they had learned the wonderful tale, and were told it was from certain padres among the Spaniards. The Indians, who had seen little of Christianity in their experience of Alvarado's soldiers, inquired what new kind of Europeans those padres were. The messengers declared that they were men clad in poor black robes, who sought no gold, were not married, and fasted and prayed much. The Indian chief resolved to send some of his subjects privately to Guatemala to find if there really were such men among the Spaniards. Finding that there were, he asked that some of them would come to see him and explain more fully the doctrines he had heard from the messengers. Father Luis Cancer, who spoke Quiché fluently, at once set out for the hostile land. The chief and his people discussed his teachings, and after some time declared themselves Christians. Father Cancer was obliged to leave them for some time afterwards, but they remained steadfast

in the faith. The neighboring tribes threatened them with war in consequence; but the cacique stood firm in his religion, and finally even the hostile tribes were won over. The Dominicans were not content with converting: they induced their converts to adopt a more civilized form of life. They had hitherto been scattered in clusters of two or three families in the woods, only rarely meeting at fairs or dances. Las Casas induced them to build a town which, under the name of Rabinal, is still in existence and populous. The Spanish government faithfully kept its promise, and the district, which received the appropriate name of Vera Paz (true peace), continues to be inhabited by an exclusively Indian population who have never swerved from the faith they received from the Dominican missionaries.


The conversion of Vera Paz, from its connection with Las Casas, is more fully recorded than most of the early missions, but it was only a type of many others. Even now around Mexico there are numerous Indian villages where the inhabitants jealously exclude European settlers, but which, nevertheless, are intensely Catholic. The Catholic priest alone is privileged to reside among them freely. They have learned by long experience that from the influence of the Church they have nothing to fear, and the fact shows conclusively that not by force but by persuasion was Catholicity established among them. Indeed, all through the history of Spanish colonization we find the Church standing forward as the protector of the natives, from the days of Zumarraga of Mexico down to the missions of California, the last of which was founded within almost the present generation.

Enough has been said to show that the work so nobly done by the French missionaries in the north was worthily paralleled by the apostles of Spanish America. That the latter have not obtained equal recognition in American literature is an undoubted fact. The glamour of the conquest has overshadowed the work of the missionaries in Spanish America, and the misdeeds of the conquerors are often charged on the very men whose reprobation of them has preserved their record to the world. The cruelties which stained the Spanish conquests would be unknown to the world were it not in great measure for the ardent denunciations of Las Casas, and yet he and the missionaries who devoted their lives to saving the natives from such acts are included in the condemnation awarded to them by modern history. It is surely time to dissipate this error and to place in their true light the character of the men who planted the cross in the greater part of the New World, and whose deeds in truth form one of the noblest chapters of the history of the world.

Chapter XLVIII.

How Catholics Stood in the War.

CHURCH OF GOD WAS NEVER PARTISAN.—RELIGION AND CHARITY.—SERVICE OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—THE SISTERS AND THEIR HOLY WORK.—CONVERTING HATRED INTO ESTEEM AND LOVE.—MAKING CONVERTS BY KINDNESS.—ABSOLUTION ON THE BATTLE FIELD.—HEROISM OF CATHOLIC SOLDIERS.—IRISH BRAVERY AT ALL POINTS.—BOLD DEEDS AND SHINING EXAMPLES.

HE Catholic Church of America, regarding war as a great calamity, and civil war—of state against state, citizen against citizen, even brother against brother—as the direst of all evils, scrupulously abstained from uttering one word that could have a tendency to inflame or exasperate the passions which others were doing their utmost to excite to uncontrollable fury. The mission of the Church was to proclaim glad tidings of peace to man, not to preach strife and hatred amongst brethren. Thus those who visited the Catholic churches of the United States from the spring of 1861 to the autumn of that year, would never have supposed, from anything heard within their walls, that the trumpet had sounded through the land; that armies were gathering, and camps were forming; that foundries were at full blast, making implements of death; that artificers were hard at work, fashioning the rifle and the revolver, sharpening the sword, and pointing the bayonet; that dockyards rang with the clang of hammers, and resounded with the cries of myriads of busy men—that America

was in the first throes of desperate strife. Nor, as the time went on, and all the pent-up passions of years were unloosed, and a deadly war progressed with varying fortunes, and fury possessed the heart of a mighty people, could the stranger who entered a Catholic temple scarcely believe in the existence of the storm that raged without; the only indications of the tremendous conflict being the many dark robes, the sad livery of woe, worn by women and children—the mothers, wives, or orphans of those who had fallen in battle; for, save in the greater solemnity of the priest, as he raised the hearts of his congregation to the throne of God, there to sue for grace and pardon, there was nothing to imply the existence of a struggle whose gigantic proportions filled the world with amazement. The Catholic Church was content to preach “Christ crucified” to its own followers, as to all who came to listen. It regarded its pulpit as a sacred chair, from which it was to teach the knowledge of the truth, how man could best fulfill his duties to his Creator, his country, and his neighbor. It deemed—and the judgment of the wise and good will say it deemed rightly—that if the minister of religion became a firebrand, instead of a preacher of peace, he misunderstood his duty, and prostituted the sanctity of his office; it held, that it was a gross desecration of a temple erected to the worship of the Deity, to suffer it to resound with the language of unholy strife—with eloquent incentives to massacre and desolation.

Others might act as they pleased; they might turn their churches into political assemblies, and their pulpits into party platforms—they might rage, and storm, and fulminate—they might invoke the fiercest passions of the human breast, and appeal to the lowest instincts of man’s nature—they might stimulate their hearers to a wider destruction of life and poverty, to sadder and more terrible havoc; others might do this, as others did—but the Catholic Church of America was neither bewildered by the noise and smoke of battle, nor made savage by the scent of blood; she simply fulfilled her mission, the same as that of the Apostles—she preached the Word of God in lovingness and peace.

The startling contrast which the Catholic Church thus presented to most, indeed nearly all, of the other churches during this period of national tribulation, was not without its influence on the public mind of America. It made men think and reflect, and in numberless instances conviction came with thought and reflection. The fervid and furious “sermons” that were listened to with flashing eyes and quickened pulses by the majority of those to whom they were addressed, excited the sorrow or disgust of not a few.

A Protestant gentleman, speaking to a Catholic friend in New York, thus referred to the prevailing topics which inspired the eloquence of his Boanerges:

“My wife urged me yesterday to accompany her to our church. I refused. She was rather angry. ‘Well, my dear,’ I said, ‘you may go if you please; the pew is there for you—I pay for it. But I shan’t go. Whenever I have gone I have never heard but three sermons at the most—popery, slavery, and war—war, slavery, and popery! These may satisfy you—they don’t me. When I go to church I wish to be made better, not worse. Now I think a little of the Gospel, that tells us something of peace and charity, would do me good—your war, and slavery, and popery don’t. I repeat, my dear, you may go if you please; but I’m—blessed if I do.’”

If the Catholic Church could do nothing to prevent war, she could at least do much to mitigate its horrors; and accordingly she commissioned her noblest representatives—her consecrated daughters—to minister in the public hospitals, in the camp, and in the prisons—wherever wretchedness, and misery, and suffering appealed most powerfully to their Christian duty and womanly compassion.

The events of the war brought out in the most conspicuous manner the merits and usefulness of the religious orders, especially those of charity and mercy, and the holy cross, and, spite of prejudice and bigotry, made the name of “sister” honored throughout the land. Prejudice and bigotry are powerful with individuals and communities, powerful, too, in proportion to the ignorance which shrouds the mind of man. Still, these are but relatively strong, and must yield before a force superior to their’s—truth. And as month followed month, and year succeeded to year, the priceless value of services having their motive in religion and their reward in the consciousness of doing good, were more thoroughly appreciated by a generous people. At their presence in an hospital, whether long established or hastily improvised, order, good management, and economy took the place of confusion, lax administration, and reckless expenditure, if not worse. Obstacles, in many instances of a serious nature, were placed deliberately in their path; but, with tact, and temper, and firmness, these were encountered by women who had no vanity to wound, no malice to inflame, and whose only object was to relieve the sufferings of the sick and wounded in the most efficacious manner.

It is therefore not to be wondered at that difficulties and obstacles, however apparently formidable at first, vanished before the resistless influence of their sincerity and their goodness, and the quite as conclusive evidence of their

usefulness. But the greater their success, the greater the strain on the resources of the principal orders. Not only did death and sickness thin their ranks, but the war, by adding fearfully to the number of helpless orphans, added likewise to their cares and responsibilities. What with ceaseless duty in the hospitals, teaching in their schools, visiting the sick, providing for the fatherless whom every great battle flung upon their protection, administering the affairs of institutions periled by the universal disturbance, bringing relief and consolation to the prisoner in the crowded building or wretched camp to which the chance of war consigned the soldier on either side—the sisters were tried to the very uttermost. Nothing but the spirit of religion, together with their womanly compassion for the sick and the suffering and their interest in the brave fellows who, docile children in their hands, followed them with wistful eyes as, angels of light and mercy, they brought balm to the heart of the wounded—nothing short of the sublime motives by which these ladies were animated, could have sustained them throughout four long years of ceaseless toil and never-ending anxiety.

At first, the soldiers did not know what to make of them, and could not comprehend who they were, or what was their object. And when the patient learned that the sister with the strange dress belonged to the Catholic Church—that church of which so many vile stories had been told him from childhood—a look of dread, even horror, might be observed in his eyes as he instinctively recoiled from her proffered services. This aversion rarely continued long; it melted away like ice before the sun; but, unlike the ice, which the winter again brings round, this feeling never returned to the heart of the brave man whom the fortune of war placed under the care of the sister. Once gone, it was gone forever. How the prejudice, deep-seated, and ingrained, yielded to the influence of the sisters, may be best exemplified by a few incidents, taken at random from a vast number of a similar nature gathered in many parts of the country.

Seven Sisters of Mercy, belonging to the Houston Street Convent in New York, were sent to an hospital attached to a federal corps. When they first entered the wards, which were crowded with sick and wounded, the soldiers regarded them with amazement. One of the sisters, a genial Irishwoman, referring to this her first visit to the hospital, told with much humor how the bewildered patients took the sisters for seven widows, who were looking for the dead bodies of their husbands!

Among the patients, there was one mere lad—indeed almost a child,

scarce fit to leave his mother's guardianship—and he lay with his face on the pillow, as an hospital attendant, not eminent for humanity, carelessly sponged a fearful wound in the back of the poor youth's neck. The hair had been matted with the clotted blood, and the rude touch of the heartless assistant was agony to the miserable patient. "Let me do it," said the sister, taking the instrument of torture from the unsympathizing hand; and then, with tepid water and soft sponge, and woman's delicacy of touch, the hideous sore was tenderly cleansed. "Oh, who is that?—who are you—you must be an angel!" cried the relieved youth. The hair was gently separated from the angry flesh, so that the grateful patient could turn his head and glance at the "angel;" but no sooner did he cast one rapid look at the strange garb and the novel head-dress of the sister, than he shrieked with terror, and buried his face in the pillow. "Do not fear me," said a voice full of sympathy; "I am only anxious to relieve your sufferings." The work of mercy was preceded with, to the ineffable comfort of the wounded boy, who murmured—"Well, no matter what you are, you're an angel anyhow."

At times there were as many as eighty sisters in or near Richmond, in active attendance in the hospitals, giving their services alike to the wounded soldiers of both armies. In one of the Richmond hospitals the following took place:

A sick man, looking steadily from his pillow at the sister, who was busy in her attentions to him, abruptly asked—

"Who pays you?—what do you get a month?"

"We are not paid; we do not receive salaries," replied the sister.

"Then why do you work as you do?—you never cease working."

"What we do, we do for the love of God—to Him only we look for our reward—we hope He will pay us hereafter."

The wounded man seemed as if he could not entirely comprehend a devotion so repugnant to the spirit of the almighty dollar; but he made no further remark at the time. When he became more confidential with the sister, the following dialogue was held—

Patient. Well, sister, there is only one class of people in this world that I hate.

Sister. And who may those be?

Patient. The Catholics.

Sister. The Catholics! Why do you hate them?

Patient. Well, they are a detestable people.

Sister. Did you ever meet with a Catholic that you say that of them?

Patient. No, never; I never came near one.

Sister. Then how can you think so hardly of persons of whom you don't know anything?

Patient. All my neighbors tell me they are a vile and wicked people.

Sister. Now, what would you think and say of me, if I were one of those Catholics.

Patient. (indignantly). Oh, sister! you!—you who are so good! Impossible!

Sister. Then, indeed, I am a Catholic—a Roman Catholic.

The poor fellow, whose nerves were not yet well strung, rose in his bed as with a bound, looked the picture of amazement and sorrow, and burst into tears. He had so lately written to his wife in his distant home, telling her of the unceasing kindness of the sister to him, and attributing his recovery to her care; and he was now to disclose the awful fact that the sister was, after all, one of those wicked people of whom he and she had heard such evil things. This was, at first, a great trouble to his mind; but the trouble did not last long, for that man left the hospital a Catholic, of his own free choice, and could then understand, not only that his neighbors had been, like himself, the dupes of monstrous fables, but how the sister could work and toil for no earthly reward.

A sister was passing through the streets of Boston with downcast eyes and noiseless step, reciting a prayer or thinking of the poor family she was about to visit. As she was passing on her errand of mercy, she was suddenly addressed in language that made her pale check flush, by a young man of remarkable appearance and free, swaggering gait. The sister, though grievously outraged, uttered no word, but raised her eyes, and looked at the offender with calm, steady gaze, in which volumes of rebuke were expressed. Time passed on; the war intervened; and when next they met it was in a ward of a military hospital in Missouri. The once powerful man was now feeble as an infant, and had not many days to live. The sister, seeing his condition, asked him if he belonged to any church; and on his replying in the negative, she asked if he would be a Catholic. "No—not a Catholic—I always hated Catholics," he replied. "At any rate, you should ask the pardon of God for your sins, and be sorry for whatever evil you have done in your life," urged the sister.

"I have committed many sins in my life, sister, and I am sorry for them,

and hope to be forgiven; but there is one thing that weighs heavy on my mind at this moment—I once insulted a sister in Boston, and her glance haunted me ever after: it made me ashamed of myself. I knew nothing then of what sisters were, for I had not known you. But now that I know how good and disinterested you are, and how mean I was, I am disgusted with myself. Oh, if that sister were here, I could go down on my knees to her and ask her pardon!”

“You have asked it, and received it,” said the sister, looking full at him, but with a sweet expression of tenderness and compassion.

“What! Are you the sister I met in Boston? Oh, yes! you are—I know you now. And how could you have attended on me with greater care than on any of the other patients?—I who insulted you so!”

“I did it for our Lord’s sake, because He loved His enemies and blessed those who persecuted Him. I knew you from the first moment you were brought into the hospital, and I have prayed unceasingly for your conversion,” said the sister.

“Send for the priest!” exclaimed the dying soldier; “the religion that teaches such charity must be from God.”

And he did die in the sister’s faith, holding in his failing grasp the emblem of man’s redemption, and murmuring prayers taught him by her whose glance of mild rebuke had long haunted him like a remorse through every scene of revelry or of peril.

“Do you believe that, sister? If you believe it, I believe it, too.” There was scarcely an hospital at either side of the line, North or South, of which the sisters had the care, in which these apparently strange but most significant words were not uttered by the sick and the dying. Many of the poor fellows had not the vaguest notion of religious teaching, never having troubled themselves with such matters in the days of their youth and health; and when the experienced eye of the sister discerned the approach of death, the patient would be asked if he wished to see a clergyman. Frequently the answer would be that he did not belong to any religion. “Then will you become a Catholic,” would follow as a fair question to one who proclaimed himself not to belong to any church, or to believe in any form of Christianity. From hundreds, nay thousands of sick beds, this reply was made to that question: “I don’t know much about religion, but I wish to die in the religion of the sisters.” When asked, for example, if he believed in the Trinity, the dying man would turn to the sister who stood by his bedside,

and inquire—"Do you, sister?" and on the sister answering, "Yes, I do," he would say, "Then I do—whatever the sister believes in, I do." And thus he would make his confession of faith.

A soldier from Georgia, who was tended by the sisters in an hospital in St. Louis, declared that "he had never heard of Jesus Christ, and knew nothing about him." He was asked if he would become a Catholic. "I have heard of them," he said; "I would not be one of them at all—they are wicked people. But I'll be the same as you, sister; whatever that is, it must be good."

It really matters little, when referring to the services of the sisters during the war, which army, which state, or which hospital is mentioned as the scene of their labors. Their charity, like their order, was universal; and whether they ministered to the sick in a Union or Confederate army, or in a Northern or Southern state, it was the same in motive and in object. Next to the sick in the hospital, the prisoner was the dearest object of their solicitude.

The sisters in Charleston did glorious service during the war—to the sick, the dying, the prisoner, and the needy. At certain times immense numbers of prisoners were camped outside the city. They were in a miserable state. Charleston, partly consumed by the tremendous fire of 1861, by which an enormous amount of property was destroyed, and further assailed by a bombardment scarcely paralleled in modern history, could not afford much accommodation to the captured of the enemy. Pinned up together, and scantily fed, the condition of the prisoner was far from enviable; it was indeed deplorable. To these poor fellows the sisters were in reality what they were styled—"angels of mercy."

Presented with a universal pass by General Beauregard, the sisters went everywhere unquestioned, as if they were so many staff officers. The general had likewise presented them with an ambulance and a pair of splendid white horses, remarkable for their beauty, and, on account of their color, conspicuous at a considerable distance. Many a time has the sight of these horses brought gladness to the heart of the prisoner, as he beheld them turning the corner of the highway leading to the camp. When the white specks were seen some three-quarters of a mile on the road, the word was given, "The sisters are coming!" As that announcement was made, the drooping spirit revived, and the fainting heart was stirred with hope; for with the sisters came food, comforts, presents, perhaps a letter, or a least a message—and always sweet smiles, gentle words, sympathy and consolation. The ambulance, drawn by the gallant white steeds, was usually filled with hundreds of



GENERAL SHIELDS.



GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

white loaves—in fact, with everything which active charity could procure or generosity contribute. The rations given to the prisoners were about as good as the Confederate soldiers had for themselves; but to the depressed, pent-up prisoner, these were coarse and scanty indeed. “Sister! Sister of Charity! Sister of Mercy!—put something in this hand!” “Sister, sister, don’t forget me!”—“Sister, sister, for the love of God!”—“Oh, sister, for God’s sake!”—such were the cries that too often tortured the tender hearts of the sisters as they found their stock of provisions fast running out, and knew that hundreds of hungry applicants were still unsatisfied. Many a time did they turn away on their homeward journey with whitened lips and streaming eyes, as they beheld these outstretched hands, and heard those cries of gaunt and famished men ringing in their ears. To the uttermost that they could do, the sisters did, and this the prisoners knew in their grateful hearts. These horses shed light in their path; the clatter of their feet was as music to the ear of the anxious listener; and the blessings of gallant suffering men followed that chariot of mercy wherever it was borne by its snowy steeds in those terrible days of trial.

Such was the effect produced by the sisters on the minds of the patients in their charge, that when wounded or sick a second time, they would make every possible effort to go back to the same hospital in which they had been previously cared for, or, if that were not possible, to one under the management of these good women. Instances have been told of wounded men who traveled several hundred miles to come again under the charge of the sisters; and one, in particular, of two men from Kentucky, who had contrived to make their way to the large hospital at White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, a distance of 200 miles from where they had been wounded. They had been under the care of the sisters on a former occasion, and had then agreed that should they ever be wounded or fall sick again, they would return to the same hospital, and if they were to die that they should die in the faith of the sisters who had been so good to them. Both these men were American Protestants, and had never seen a Catholic priest before they beheld the clergyman who received them into the Church in the Virginian hospital. One of the two men was past cure, and was conscious of his approaching death. “Ben,” said the dying man to his comrade, “all is right with me—I am happy; but before I die, let me have the satisfaction of seeing you become a Catholic.” Ben willingly consented to what he had before resolved on doing, and he was received into the Church in the presence of his dying friend, over whose features there stole a sweet smile, that did not depart even in death.

“Oh, my God! what’s that! what’s that!” shrieked a poor Southern boy, when he first saw a sister, as she leaned over his hospital pallet. His terror was equalled only by his genuine horror when he discovered she was a Catholic. Soon, however, his eyes would wander round the ward in search of the nurse with the sweet smile, the gentle voice, and the gentler word. Like many of his class he was utterly ignorant of religion of any description; he disliked “Papists,” and he thought that sufficed for every spiritual purpose. At length he wished to be baptized in the sister’s faith, and his instruction was commenced. He was told he should forgive his enemies. “Am I to forgive the Yankees?” he asked, with indignant eagerness. “Certainly,” replied the sister, “you must forgive everybody.” “Ma’am, no—not the Yankees!—no, ma’am—not the Yankees!—I can’t.” “But you must forgive your enemies, or you can’t be a Christian. God forgave those who put him to death,” persisted the sister. “Well, Sister, as you ask me to do it, I will forgive the Yankees; but ’tis hard to do it though, I tell you.”

The doctors were not one whit behind the humblest soldiers in ignorant dislike of the sisters.

A Federal doctor was at first inclined to be rude and uncivil to the sisters in the crowded Southern hospital, then in possession of the forces of the Union, and occasioned them no little anxiety by his manner, it was so full of evident dislike and suspicion. They wisely took no notice of it, but devoted themselves the more sedulously to their arduous duties. At the end of a few weeks, by which time his manner had become kind and respectful, the doctor candidly confessed to one of the Sisters what his feelings had been, and how completely they were changed. “I had such an aversion to Catholics,” said he, “that I would not tolerate one of them in an hospital with me. I had heard of the sisters, but I was resolved not to have anything to do with them in any place in which I had control. I confess to you my mind is entirely changed; and so far from not wishing to have sisters in an hospital where I am, I never want to be in an hospital where they are not.”

The officials were, if possible, still more suspicious, still more prejudiced.

“I used to be up at night watching you, when I should have been in my bed. I wanted to see what mischief you were after, for I thought you had some bad motive or object, and I was determined to know what it was. I could find nothing wrong, but it was a long time before I could believe in you, my prejudice against you was so strong. Now I can laugh at my absurd suspicions, and I don’t care telling you of my nonsense.” This speech

was made by the steward of an hospital to sisters to whom he had given much trouble by his manner, which seemed to imply—"You are humbugs, and I'll find you out, my ladies! clever as you think you are." He was a good but prejudiced man; and once that he was convinced how groundless were his suspicions, he not only treated the sisters with marked respect, but became one of their most strenuous and valuable supporters.

A doctor of the Federal service, who was captured at the battle of Shiloh, said to a Catholic bishop—"bishop, I was a great bigot, and I hated the Catholics; but my opinions are changed since this war. I have seen no animosity, but fraternal love, in the conduct of the priests of both sides. I have seen the same kind offices rendered without distinction to Catholics soldiers of the North and South. The very opposite with Protestant chaplains and soldiers."

"What conclusion did you draw from this?—these Catholics are not Freemasons," said the bishop.

"Well," replied the doctor, "I drew this from it—that there must be some wonderful unity in Catholicity which nothing can destroy, not even the passions of war."

"A very right inference," was the bishop's rejoinder.

An officer who was brought in wounded to an hospital at Obanninville, near Pensacola, which was under the care of sisters, asked a friend in the same hospital what he would call "those women"—how address them? "Call them 'Sisters,' replied his friend. "Sisters! They are no sisters of mine; I should be sorry they were." "I tell you, you will find them as good as sisters in the hour of need." "I don't believe it," muttered the surly patient. Owing, in a great measure, to the care of his good nurses, the officer was soon able to leave the hospital strong in body as well as improved in mind. Before he was well enough to leave, he said to his friend:—"Look here! I was always an enemy to the Catholic Church. I was led to believe by the preachers that these sisters—both nuns and priests—were all bad. But when I get out of this, I be gol-darned, if I don't knock the first man head over heels who dares say a word against the sisters in my presence!" He was rough, but thoroughly honest.

During the war, a number of the sisters were on their way to an hospital, to the care of which they had been urgently called, and, as the train remained stationary at one of the stopping-places on the route, their dress excited the wonder and ridicule of some thoughtless idlers, who entered the car and

seated themselves opposite to, but near, the objects of their curiosity, at whom they looked and spoke in a manner far from complimentary. The sisters bore the annoyance unflinchingly. But there was assistance nearer than they or their cowardly tormentors supposed. A stout man, bronzed and bearded, who had been sitting at one end of the car, quietly advanced, and placing himself in front of the ill-mannered offenders, said, "Look here, my lads! You don't know who these ladies are; I do. And if you had been, like me, lying sick and wounded on an hospital bed, and been tended night and day by those ladies, as I was, you'd then know them and respect them as well as I do. They are holy women. And now, if you don't, every one of you, at once quit this car, I'll call the conductor, and have you turned out; and if you say one word more, I'll whip you all when I have you outside." The young fellows shrank away abashed, as much perhaps at the justice of the rebuke as at the evident power by which, if necessary, it would have been rendered still more impressive.

It was a touching sight to witness the manner in which soldiers who had experienced the devotedness of the sisters to the sad duties of the hospital, exhibited their veneration for these "holy women." Did the sisters happen to be in the same car with the gallant fellows, there was not one of them who did not proffer his place to the sister, and who did not feel honored by her acceptance of it. Maimed, lopped of limb, scarcely convalescent, still there was not a crippled brave of them who would not eagerly solicit the sister to occupy the place he so much required for himself. "Sister, do take my seat; it is the most comfortable." "Oh, Sister, take mine; do oblige me." "No, Sister! mine." Sweet was the sister's reward as, in their feeble but earnest tones of entreaty, and the smiles lighting up pale, wan faces, she read the deep gratitude of the men who had bled for what each deemed to be the sacred cause of country. Wherever the sister went, she brought with her an atmosphere of holiness. At the first sight of the little glazed cap, or the flapping cornet, or the dark robe, or at the whisper that the sister was coming or present, even the profane and the ribald were hushed into decent silence.

A Baptist preacher was rather unexpectedly rebuked in the midst of his congregation by one of its members who had experience of the sisters in the hospital. Addressing his audience, he thought to enliven his discourse with the customary spice—vigorous abuse of the Catholic Church, and a lively description of the badness of nuns and priests; in fact, taking the Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk as his text and inspiration. But just as the preacher,

warming with his own eloquence, was heightening his picture with colors borrowed from a rather purulent imagination, these strange words were thundered forth by a sturdy western farmer, who sprang to his legs in an impulse of uncontrollable indignation—"Sir, that's a damned lie!" The consternation of the audience was great, the excitement intense. The preacher solemnly reminded his erring brother that that was "the house of God." "Well, sir," replied the farmer, "as it is the house of God, it is a lie without the damned." Then, looking round boldly at the meeting, which contained many to whom he was well known, he thus continued: "I thought and believed the same as you thought and believed, because I was told so, as you were; but I have lived to learn the difference—to know that what we were told, Sunday after Sunday, is not true. I was in the prison at M'Dowall's College; I was there for six months; and I saw the sisters waiting on the prisoners, and nursing the sick—unpaid and disinterested. I saw them giving up their whole time to doing good, and doing it without fee or reward. I saw the priests, too, constant in their attendance—yes, shaming other ministers by the manner in which they did their duty. That six months cured me of my folly; and I tell you, you know me to be a man of truth, that the Catholic Church is not the thing it is represented to be, and that sisters and priests are not what our minister says they are; and that I'll stand to."

The sympathies of the audience went with the earnestness of the speaker, whose manner carried conviction to their minds; and so strongly did the tide of feeling flow against the preacher, that he dexterously returned to what, in parliamentary phrase, may be described as "the previous question."

Whether in the hospital and the prison, or on the field of battle, the Catholic chaplain won the respect of all classes and ranks of men. Soldiers of world-wide fame have spoken with enthusiasm of the gallantry and devotion of the Catholic military chaplains, who calmly performed their duty amidst the fury of conflict, and while bullets whistled by them, and shells shrieked as they passed over their heads. The idea of danger may cross the mind of the Catholic priest, but it never deters him from the discharge of his duty, which is performed as coolly on the battle-field as in the wards of an hospital. Soldier of the Cross, he encounters danger in every form and under every aspect. Without departing in the least from his ordinary course, or making the slightest attempt at display, the Catholic priest—so long the object of the foulest calumny and the most disgusting ribaldry—found in the

events of the war daily opportunities of exhibiting himself in his true light; and soon was suspicion changed into confidence, and prejudice into respect. Unswerving attention to duty is the grand characteristic of the Catholic priest; and when the non-Catholic officer or private found the priest always at his post, attending on the sick, raising the drooping spirits of the patient, preparing the dying for their last hour, he could not help contrasting the untiring devotion of the Catholic chaplain with the lax zeal—if zeal it could be called—of too many of those who assumed that office, or that distinctive title, during the war.

Throughout the war the Catholic priest acted in the spirit of his Church. The Church was a peace-maker, not a partisan. So were her ministers. It little mattered to the priest at which side the wounded soldier had fought, or in what cause the prisoner had been made captive; it was sufficient for him to know that the sick and the imprisoned stood in need of his assistance, which he never failed to afford. The Church deplored the outbreak of war, mourned over its horrors, and prayed for its cessation. As with the Church, so with the priest. It is not in human nature to suppose that the Catholic priests did not feel a sympathy with one side or the other; but no weakness common to humanity could deaden the feeling of charity, which is the living principle of Catholicity; and while the Federal chaplain ministered to the Confederate soldier or prisoner, the Confederate chaplain ministered with equal care and solicitude to the soldier who fought under the banner of the Union. This Catholic charity—this spiritual bridging over of the yawning gulf of raging passions—produced a deep impression on the minds of thoughtful men. Many instances might be told of the manner in which this feeling operated on the minds of individuals; one will suffice:

A lawyer of Louisiana was practicing in Missouri at the opening of the war; and being known as a Confederate sympathizer, was arrested, and sent as a prisoner to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor. He had studied law in Boston, where he imagined he had made several lasting friends of members of his profession. Taking means to communicate with some of those on whom he most relied for sympathy, if not for assistance, he informed them of his position, and besought their aid, in the name of friendship and the memory of the pleasant days of the past; but he appealed in vain—fear of being compromised by a suspected rebel, or the bitter prejudice born of the hour, was too strong to be overcome by a momentary impulse; and the prisoner languished in captivity. They—the friends of his youth—came

not; but an Irish priest did. Attracted to the prisoner by feelings of compassion, he comforted and consoled him, and assisted him to the utmost of his means and influence. That lawyer learned to love the Church of which that priest was a worthy minister; and his own words may throw light on his conversion, which took place soon after:—"Looking back upon the war, I see that the Protestants of the North were charitable to their own side, and that the Protestants of the South were very charitable to their side; but the Catholics are the only body of Christians who practiced charity for its own sake, irrespective of politics, and who did so even when it was unpopular if not dangerous, for them to do so."

The recorded experience of some of these devoted chaplains gives a good idea of the merits of the Catholic soldier. There is a passage in a diary kept by Father Sheeran, which exemplifies the conduct of the Irish Catholic soldier better than any description could do. Father Sheeran was one day rebuking a simple Irishman, who with others had been taken prisoner by a surprise attack upon the federals, for having taken part, as he alleged he had, in the plunder and oppression of the South. The Irishman's reply, while bearing the impress of truth, represents accurately what was the feeling and conduct of his countrymen during the war.

"Well, father," said he, "I know they done them things, but I never took part with them. Many a day I went hungry before I would take anything from the people. Even when we had to fall back from Lynchburg under Hunter thro' Western Virginia, and our men were dropping by the roadside with hunger, and some were eating the bark off the trees, I never took a meal of victuals without paying for it."

The truth is, not only was the Catholic Irishman free from the angry passions by which others were animated, but he was constantly impressed by the strongest religious influence; and to this cause may be ascribed much of the chivalrous bearing which he displayed in the midst of the most trying temptation to license and excess. The war had in it nothing more remarkable than the religious devotion of the Irish soldier whenever he was within the reach of a chaplain. The practice of their faith, whether before battle or in retreat, in camp or in bivouac, exalted them into heroes. The regiment that, in some hollow of the field, knelt down to receive, bare-headed, the benediction of their priest, next moment rushed into the fray with a wilder cheer and a more impetuous dash. That benediction nerved, not unmanned, those gallant men, as the enemy discovered to their cost. Even in the depth of

winter, when the snow lay thick on the earth, the Irish Catholic—federal or confederate, it mattered not which—would hear Mass devoutly on the bleak plain or the wild hill-side, standing only when that posture was customary, and kneeling in the snow and slush during the greater portion of the time. The same Father Sheeran has told how he was impressed with the piety of his poor fellows on one desperate Christmas morning, when, so heavy was the snow-storm, that he quite lost his way, and did not for a considerable time reach the appointed place where he was to celebrate Mass. But there, when he arrived, was a great crowd of whitened figures clustered round the little tent, in which an altar had been erected by the soldiers—the only cleared place being the spot on which the tent was placed. And there, while the storm raged, and sky and earth were enveloped in the whirling snow, the gallant Irishmen prayed with a fervor that was proof against every discouragement.

Before battle, it was not unusual for the Catholic soldiers to go to confession in great numbers, and prepare by a worthy Communion to meet whatever fate God might send them in the coming fight. This practice excited the ridicule—the quiet ridicule—of some, but it also excited the respect of others. A distinguished colonel, of genuine American race, who bore on his body the marks of many wounds, life memorials of desperate fights, made warm reference to the gallantry of the Irish; and he thus wound up: “Their chaplain—a plucky fellow, sir, I can tell you—had extraordinary influence over them; indeed he was better, sir, I do believe, than any provost-marshal. They would go to Mass regularly, and frequently to confession. ’Tis rather a curious thing I’m going to tell you; but it’s true, sir. When I saw those Irishmen going to confession, and knelling down to receive the priest’s blessing, I used to laugh in my sleeve at the whole thing. The fact is—you will pardon me—I thought it all so much damned tomfoolery and humbug. That was at first, sir. But I found the most pious of them the very bravest—and that astonished me more than anything. Sir, I saw these men tried in every way that men could be tried, and I never saw anything superior to them. Why, sir, if I wanted to storm the gates of hell, I didn’t want any finer or braver fellows than those Irishmen. I tell you, sir, I hated the blarney before the war; but now I feel like meeting a brother when I meet an Irishman. I saw them in battle, sir; but I also saw them sick and dying in the hospital, and how their religion gave them courage to meet death with cheerful resignation. Well, sir,”—and the great, grim, war-beaten soldier softly laughed as he added—“I am a Catholic now, and I no longer scoff at a



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AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

priest's blessing, or consider confession a humbug. I can understand the difference now, I assure you."

There were other converts of the battle-field and the hospital, besides the colonel—and of higher rank, too—who, like him, caught their first impression of the truth from the men whom religion made more daring in the fight, more resigned in sickness, more courageous in death.

An Irish soldier, wounded badly, was lying on a hard-fought field in Upper Georgia, towards Chattanooga. He was found by a chaplain attached to his corps in a helpless condition, leaning against a tree. The priest seeing the case to be one of imminent danger proposed to hear his confession, but was surprised to hear him say—"Father, I'll wait a little. There's a man over there worse wounded than I am; he is a Protestant, and he's calling for the priest—go to him first." The priest found the wounded Protestant, received him into the Church, and remained with him till he expired; he then returned to hear the confession of the Irish Catholic, whose first words were—"Well, father, didn't I tell you true? I knew the poor fellow wanted you more than I did." The priest and the penitent survived long to tell the story.

It is not within the purpose of this book, however, to supply anything like a history of the services of Catholic army chaplains. The general nature of these will be sufficiently understood from what has been already said and from the illustration we are permitted to print of Rev. Father Cooney, C.S.C., in his functions with the army of the Cumberland. We are also impelled to quote from a paper by Maj.-Gen. St. Clair Mulholland, the particulars of a remarkable scene in which Very Rev. Father Corby, now provincial of the same order of the Holy Cross, was the central and impressive figure. Gen. Mulholland has been depicting the fearful second day of Gettysburg.

"When the third federal army corps is forced to retire before the confederates, help is called for. General Hancock tells Caldwell to have his division ready. 'Fall in!' and the men run to their places. 'Take arms!' and the four brigades of Cook, Cress, Brook and Kelly, are ready for the fray. There is yet a few minutes to spare before starting, and the time is occupied by one of the most impressive religious ceremonies I have ever witnessed. The Irish brigade, which had been commanded formerly by Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, and whose green flag had been unfurled in every battle in which the Army of the Potomac had been engaged, from the first Bull Run to Appomattox, was now commanded by Col. Patrick Kelly, of the Eighty-eighth New York, and formed a part of this division. The brigade stood in columns of regiments closed in mass. As the large majority of its members were Catholics, the chaplain of the brigade, Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., proposed to give a general absolution to all the men before going into the

fight. While this is customary in the armies of the Catholic countries of Europe, it was, perhaps, the first time it was ever witnessed on this continent, unless, indeed, the grim old warrior, Ponce de Leon, in search of the fountain of youth, as he tramped through the everglades of Florida, or DeSoto on his march to the Mississippi, indulged in this act of devotion. Father Corby stood upon a large rock in front of the brigade, addressing the men; he explained what he was about to do, saying that each one would receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere act of contrition, and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing his sins, urging them to do their duty well, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers, and the noble object for which they fought. The brigade was standing at 'order arms,' and as he closed his address, every man fell on his knees, with head bowed down. Then, stretching his right hand towards the brigade, Father Corby pronounced the words of absolution. The scene was more than impressive, it was awe-inspiring. Near by stood Gen. Hancock, surrounded by a brilliant throng of officers, who had gathered by to witness this very unusual occurrence, and while there was profound silence in the ranks of the second corps, yet over to the left, out by the Peach Orchard and Little Round Top, where Weed, and Vincent, and Haslett were dying, the roar of the battle rose and swelled and re-echoed through the woods. The act seemed to be in harmony with all the surroundings. I do not think there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heart-felt prayer. For some it was their last; they knelt there in their grave-clothes—in less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead of July 2d."

The picture which we present of this memorable scene is a copy of a painting by the lamented Paul Wood, a young student artist of Notre Dame University, and pupil of Gregori's, who was accidentally killed in Chicago a few months ago. The gifted boy, though but seventeen years of age, had already enriched Prof. Edward's famous collection, in the Bishops' Memorial Hall, with several portraits and subjects of historic value.

And now a few words about the actual combatants of Catholic faith. Catholics did not enter the army at either side as a matter of calculation and prudence, but as a matter of duty, and from an impulse of patriotism. Yet if they had acted on deliberation, they could not have done more wisely than they did. "Foreigners and aliens" they would mostly have proved themselves to be, had they stood coldly aloof, or shown themselves insensible to the cause which stirred the heart of the nation to its depths, and, as it were in a moment, made gallant soldiers of peaceful civilians. They vindicated their citizenship not alone by their services, but by their sympathies; and in their terrible sacrifices—on every bloody field and in every desperate assault—in every danger, toil, and suffering—they made manifest their value to the state, no less by their devotion than their valor.

From every state; from every city, town and village; from the forest and the prairie, the hill and the plain; from the workshop, the factory, and

the foundry; from the counter and the desk; from the steamboat, the wharf, and the river bank—wherever the Irish were, or whatever their occupation, they obeyed the summons of their adopted country, and rushed to the defense of its banner. They either formed organizations of their own, or they fell into the ranks of their fellow-citizens of other nationalities. But special organizations, distinctive and national, had for them peculiar attractions; and once the green flag was unfurled, it acted with magnetic influence, drawing to it the hardy children of Erin. There were, in both armies, companies, regiments, brigades, exclusively Irish—and that simply means Catholic—but whether there was a special organization or not, there was scarcely a regiment in either service which did not also contain a smaller or greater number of Irish citizens. We cannot venture to particularize or enumerate. The attempt would be idle, if not invidious. Nor is it necessary to more than state that Catholics of other races, French, Bavarian, Polish, Austrian, etc., were proportionately numerous, brave and devoted.

As we cannot attempt an enumeration of the various Irish organizations that won distinction in the war, neither can we venture on a list of the gallant Irish officers, even of the highest rank, who signalized themselves by their achievements in that memorable struggle. We have seen such a long list of men who commanded regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps; but fearing to fall into error, we prefer to deal in generalities. Very certain it is, and known of all men, that the gallantry and skill of the Irish officer, of whatever rank, was quite as conspicuous as the dash and endurance of the rank and file.

But above all other merits, and beyond all price, as serving to dispel bigotry and prejudice against the Catholic religion, were the faith, the piety, the resignation of the Irish Catholic soldier, of whatever rank, as he lay wounded or dying in the hospital. In the devotedness of the sister and the priest there was a beautiful exemplification of the spirit of Christian charity; in the un murmuring resignation of the Catholic soldier there was the irresistible evidence of Christian faith. Many a proud scoffer, to whom the very name of Catholic had been odious, received his first impression of the truth from the edifying demeanor of some Irish soldier who lay in anguish by his side, and who, before he rushed into the thickest of the fight, had not been ashamed to crave the blessing of his priest.

Chapter XLIX.

Triumph and Promise.

SERIES OF HAPPY EVENTS.—THE CONGRESS AT BALTIMORE.—POMP IN THE CATHEDRAL.—REVIEW OF ONE CENTURY.—POSITION OF THE LAITY.—A JOYOUS PROCESSION.—GREAT CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—A NOBLE RECTOR.—WORLD'S FAIR TRIUMPHS.—ANOTHER CONGRESS.—A PAPAL DELEGATE.—DIPLOMACY OF THE HOLY SEE.—SUCCESSION OF CARDINALS SATOLLI AND MARTINELLI.



THE career of the Catholic Church in America, as set forth panoramically in the chapters of this work, has mainly been one of struggle and harsh vicissitude. Only at rare points is the record brightened with the sunshine of calm prosperity. But this has been essentially the case in all lands and periods of time. The Divine Founder of the Church did not promise her a path of roses. On the contrary, her way was decreed amid toils and privations, through adversity, mistrust and persecution. Only sometimes is He graciously pleased to show forth His spouse in all her majesty and beauty, so that men may behold in her for a season the tokens of His abiding favor. These are her hours of consolation and rejoicing. They are the dismay of her enemies; they are the joy of her faithful children; they give fresh assurance to the ages that she is indeed "the pillar and the ground of truth."

Several of such happenings have been witnessed in the United States within the last dozen years. They were distinct in their nature and yet so blended in occurrence and purpose that they may fitly be sketched in a single view. They can be said to begin with the American Catholic Congress, held

in Baltimore, November 11-12, 1889, in connection with the memorable Catholic Centenary, and which attracted a degree of attention from the press and public not usually commanded here by religious or denominational conventions. Much of this interest, doubtless, was due to the circumstances and conditions under which the congress was convened—to the religious, historical and local associations connected with the centenary celebration in Baltimore, and to the remarkable assemblage of bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries of every rank and order, headed by the much beloved "American Cardinal," including also the distinguished Cardinal Taschereau and his associates of the Canadian and British American hierarchy, as well as representatives from Mexico, Central America, England, Ireland and Rome.

The cardinal-archbishop had convened all the bishops of the United States. They were eighty-four in number. Hundreds of American priests, various orders of religious, with white, black, or brown habits, sisters with their black veils on white coronets were assembled, and assisting at this solemnity was another cardinal, other bishops from other countries of America, and an envoy of the Holy See, now His Eminence Cardinal Satolli. The great cathedral of Baltimore could not contain the hosts of the laity that were assembled.

At the Pontifical Mass of the Centennial the archbishop of Philadelphia, the Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, reviewing the past century, considering the means employed, proclaimed the progress that rejoiced all souls as due first to God and His ministers, and likewise to the free institutions of the United States. He showed that Catholicism had above all other religious bodies been benefited by religious liberty, and he claimed for Catholics the honor of having inaugurated this freedom in Maryland, while he thanked the Quakers for having established and defended it in Pennsylvania.

Nor did he fail to recognize that in other times and countries a union of Church and state had been both salutary and legitimate; but he declared that there exists no provision more beneficent in the constitution of the United States than that which separates the two. Under this provision the Church is enabled to enlist all the virtues and natural faculties of man in the defense of supernatural truths; and if, said the archbishop, it happens that occasionally in the conflict, amidst the contradictions of doctrines, the faithful exceed prescribed limits, are not these mistakes incident to liberty better after all than repression? In his patriotism he went so far as to point out a mysterious affinity between the cosmopolitan democracy of the United States, destined to

weld together the most diverse races in order to emancipate them, with the mission of the Catholic Church, calling all men without distinction of origin to liberty and equality as children of God. Nevertheless, he was not misled by patriotism, for he recognized that this great republic, which has been so liberal towards European races, has mortally oppressed the inferior races of America and Africa—the Indian and the negro, and he closed his discourse by indicating the present duty of expiation and reparation.

At the evening service the archbishop of St. Paul, the Most Rev. John Ireland, considered the future. "Let us," he said, "love our own age and prepare for the coming time. Let us love the present, because it is the period given us by God for our work. In the midst of its excitement let us discern its tendencies. It aspires to light, to liberty, to fraternity among men. But when in pursuance of its ends it has been led astray in its means, the Church has condemned its errors. Yet it is likewise the province of the Church to assist it to fulfill its destiny. It is for the Church to conduct the people, and teach to capital its duty towards labor. It is she alone who can give true satisfaction to popular needs and sentiments. She has a wider field to cover in the future than she has hitherto had, more souls to gain than she has gained; the greater number are not as yet hers. The mission of the nineteenth century was to establish the Catholic Church in the United States; its mission in the twentieth century will be to evangelize the American people. Let the Catholics and the Church go ahead!"

On the following day a meeting of the laity succeeded to the assembly of the bishops. For the first time in the New World a Catholic Congress met, similar to those of Belgium or Germany. For the first time the laity deliberated among themselves concerning their religious interests, confided until then solely to the bishops. Fifteen hundred delegates from different states, particularly from the distant and vigorous West, marshaled in due order under the banners of their respective states, listened to and applauded the orators.

The president of this congress was John Lee Carroll, former governor of Maryland, a distant relative of the first bishop of Baltimore, and grandson of the signer of the Declaration of Independence. In order to emphasize the nature of this congress Governor Carroll said in his opening remarks:

"It may be that the question will be asked: By what authority is this congress held, and under what law does it assemble? In reply to this we would suggest, by the sanction of his eminence the cardinal-archbishop of

Baltimore and the distinguished prelates who now surround us, and by virtue of the authority of the constitution of the United States."

The congress thus formed had in view to inquire into and to claim all the advantages resulting to Catholics from the principle of religious freedom adopted as the fundamental law. Since its birth in this country the Roman Church had expanded under the aegis of the common law, but neither this Church, so long looked upon as a stranger, nor her children, who for the most part came over to America poor, to this day occupy in the civil or political world a place commensurate with their growth. Thus was heard in their speeches, succeeding each other, the contrasting accents of bold confidence inspired by constant progress, with an echo of the lament of St. Paul, so often repeated from age to age, since the early Christians saw themselves treated in the Greek and Roman world "as unknown, and yet known; as dying, and behold we live; as needy, yet enriching many."

Until now Catholics have remained, we were told, as a rule within the limits of private life; but perhaps the Baltimore congress marks their entrance into public life. Not that they desire to form a distinct and compact body, like the Catholic party in Belgium or Central Germany. Such an idea would be contrary to the spirit of our constitution, and would unite against the Church all that is outside of it. For although Catholics are more numerous than any one Protestant communion, yet the Protestant body as a whole would greatly outnumber them, and thus they would lose everything and gain nothing in an unequal struggle. The two parties who contest the control of the government have not held religious questions in view in their organization. The Republican party was formed to uphold the prerogatives of the federal government, and the Democratic to restrain them. Catholics, far from attempting to break these party lines, enroll themselves in their ranks, and in proportion as they increase and multiply they become less unequally divided between the two.

Such is the attitude of the laity. As to the clergy, the bishops, who are ever ready to intervene in the interests of justice and social peace, or for the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes, hold themselves and their priests removed from purely political discussions or electioneering contests. Under these circumstances, if it is true that the time approaches when by the natural friction of parties, and either as Democrats or Republicans, Catholics will take a more leading part in the government; if in the future they will find a political career open to them, with its labors, its duties, and its

perils, what will the Church that has cared for and formed them have to expect in their new career? What demands will she have to make upon them? In the first place, that they will honor themselves by honoring her, and will signalize her training in public life by the exercise of virtues transcending those of public men in general. Then that they will defend her interests if need be, and that, although divided on governmental questions, they shall be ready to unite whenever their religion may be threatened. Thus, in creating a balance of power between rival parties, they shall preserve her freedom intact.

The Baltimore Congress has prepared this line of legitimate defense. It has also removed from the arena of party conflict, signalized the variety, fecundity and efficiency of Catholic charity. It has shown that men of different views, races, and conditions were brought together by a common faith; they have traversed immense distances to meet fraternally; they have come from the North and the South, the East and the West, the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts; from the shores of the Great Lakes; from the base of the great mountains; from the frozen frontier of Canada, and the tropical embouchure of the Mississippi. During their two days' session their agreement was so entire, such was the force evidenced by their acts and revealed by their words, that one not of their faith, a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, wrote the following day: "If this congress were a fair average of the Catholic laity, I should expect to see the whole country Catholicized within the next half century." This journalist, perhaps without being aware of it, repeated the prophecy of the archbishop of St. Paul. The Protestant press, in its note of warning, but echoed the triumphant voice of the Catholic pulpit. The laity had yet another act of respect to render to their Church.

The deliberative assembly was succeeded by a popular procession. Catholics, as such, had not, up to this time, made a manifestation of such extent. For the first time, on the evening of November 12th, through the streets of Baltimore, illuminated and decorated with the flags of the United States and the Holy See, in the midst of a peaceful and joyful throng, thirty thousand of the faithful marched past the cardinal and the bishops. Bands of men, afoot and on horseback, in carriages, landaus, omnibuses, and wagons filled with people and decorated with flowers, uniforms and insignia of every form and color, myriads of torches, Venetian and Chinese lanterns, Bengal lights, and transparencies, banners, devices and emblems. The bands played patriotic airs, and shouts resounded on every side. The portraits of Archbishop Carroll and of Cardinal Gibbons were carried aloft, the parishes floated the banners



DELEGATES TO ANNUAL CONVENTION CENTRAL VEREIN, THE PIONEER FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.



DELEGATES TO THE ANNUAL CONVENTION KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

of their patrons, the sons of Ireland surrounded St. Patrick, and the Germans St. Boniface. The Christian Brothers and members of other teaching orders led in serried ranks the children of the parish schools, those collected from the orphan asylums, or taken from the industrial schools. The colleges that prepare students for the liberal professions sent their deputations. Mature age alternated with youth. Divers associations composed the procession; associations of charity, of mutual aid, and others purely devotional; societies of Saint Vincent de Paul, of temperance, and various life insurance societies. Under the images displayed aloft of the Sacred Heart and of Our Lady of Lourdes advanced the League of the Sacred Heart, of the Apostleship of Prayer, and the Confraternities of the Blessed Virgin.

Nor had the negroes been neglected. They marched with a proud naiveté under the direction of their apostle, St. Peter Claver, gayly attired, with beating of drums, while the clergy gave them their heartiest commendation, as if to express their sympathy with the words of the archbishop of Philadelphia, and to show that they had at heart the recognition of the heavy debt of America toward this poor race.

Meantime the night advanced, and the procession still continued. The bishops gradually retired from the stand where they were assembled; the cardinal, who had for a length of time stood on the front steps of his residence, went within; but he remained at the window, reviewing their onward march, and back of the glass illumined by the reflection of the torch-lights his red mantle could be perceived from afar by the battalions of the faithful, who, as they came nearer, rejoiced to see his pale, thin face inclined towards them. Nor did his hands grow weary in saluting and applauding them. Not even the last banner lowered before him, nor the last child that cheered him with uplifted head, escaped his quick, ardent, and clear regard. The centenary fetes had not closed. The Church was not satisfied to display its resources, drawn from the institutions and the capacity of the American people within the past century. Henceforth, more powerful, she proposes to acquire herself and procure for this people that which they still need.

A new enterprise was to inaugurate a new age. On the 13th of November the Catholic University of America was solemnly opened at Washington. During the past the people of the United States, placed upon a vast, wild and uncultivated continent, were busy in taking possession of the country. It was necessary to construct, furnish, and supply their abode, and to expend every energy in the battle for existence; and this hard work, which has so wonder-

fully developed its genius, has neither permitted the time nor cultivated a taste for a disinterested pursuit of knowledge, that supreme honor of the human mind and crown of civilization. Amidst this continuous activity the Catholic clergy, on its side, was called upon to found dioceses and parishes, to build churches and schools, to daily distribute the Bread of Life to a flock each day increasing, to preach the Gospel and give the Sacraments, to do the work of apostolic times, for as yet the period for its doctors had not come. The clergy have received the instruction needed for the mission of the greater number; but the learning requisite to raise some amongst them to the heights of the sacred science, to that summit from whence formerly in Europe descended light upon its darkness, from whence light may yet be thrown upon the contradictions, doubts, and perplexities of the modern world.

In the Middle Ages universities were founded and endowed by kings; in the American republic citizens have acquired regal wealth and are disposed to acts of royal generosity. They have not inherited a slowly amassed patrimony; they know that in the conditions that surround them fortunes cannot permanently remain in families; they do not count upon their posterity preserving for a length of time that which they have so rapidly gained, and thus they look to public benefactions. They found hospitals, libraries, and colleges, for in a democracy one thus perpetuates a name. Nevertheless, until now the example of Peabody, Hopkins, and Astor had not been followed by Catholics, for among their number were no "gold kings," and, besides, incessantly occupied in supplying that which was absolutely necessary for their Church, they did not think of furnishing it with that which appeared superfluous. They consequently made but few foundations. The first benefactor of the Catholic University of America was a young orphan girl, Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, who in October, 1896, became by marriage Marquise de Merenville in the French nobility. She was heiress to an unexpectedly immense fortune. Her sister, other young girls, some women and men, have followed her example, and brought their offerings—including several princely gifts from a New York parish priest, Monsignor McMahon. Wealth has thus rendered a magnificent homage to religion and science.

Surrounded by the fields and forests that form a peaceful environment to Washington, a noble institution arose, professorships were created, and the new university began its career. In order to establish its scheme of instruction, it had recourse to foreign professors; it brought them from France, Bel-

gium, England and Germany, while it sent others from America to be trained at Berlin, Leipzig, Paris and Rome.

As a matter of fact, two years after the foundation-stone of the edifice had been laid, on the 13th of November, 1889, the university was ready to receive professors and students, and to extend its hospitality to a concourse of guests and friends. All the bishops assembled for the centenary, the superiors of religious orders, of congregations, seminaries, and colleges, six hundred ecclesiastics, and several thousands of the laity, were present at its dedication. In order to satisfy all two sermons at a time were given, for the number was too large to be collected in one hall, and every one wished to hear a discourse.

Succeeding the religious ceremony, two hundred and fifty guests were seated at the banquet in the refectory, and fourteen hundred were entertained in another room. The administration was present at the banquet; the secretary of state, Mr. Blaine, was seated at the table of the cardinals, and towards the close of the repast the band played the national air, "Hail to the Chief," announcing the arrival of President Harrison and of other members of the cabinet. Mr. Cleveland, his predecessor and antagonist, had assisted at the laying of the foundation-stone. Although a descendant of the old Puritans and sharing their prejudice, Mr. Harrison had not declined the invitation of the cardinal; of so much consequence is it that all parties should henceforth conciliate a communion which formerly every one despised. He came then among Catholics, without appearing to be at ease in their midst, and addressed them some courteous and formal words, which were received with redoubled and unanimous applause, as his very presence testified to the importance of the occasion.

After the banquet, in a room where the portrait of Leo XIII. was placed between those of Archbishop Carroll and Washington, the new university received the congratulations of the Old World. The English and Americans residing in Rome presented a bust of St. Thomas Aquinas. Cablegrams and letters were received from Canada, Ireland, England, Belgium, France, and Italy. Her elder sisters, born as she has been under the protection of a common law and liberty, the universities of Laval and Ottawa, of Louvain, Paris, and Lyons, celebrated her birth. A popular preacher thus intoned a canticle of victory on the occasion, Father Fidelis, Passionist, a grandson of the distinguished jurist, James Kent. He said: "What think you of Christ's Church? Look upon her, and tell me, whose spouse is she? Is her form bent and her forehead wrinkled? Are her sandals worn or her garments

moth-eaten? Is her gait halting and feeble, and does she walk with trembling steps? Think you, forsooth, that she is afraid to trust herself to our new civilization? That she clings reluctant to the moldering fashions of an age that has passed? The work which the Catholic Church has accomplished in this country during the century which we are here bringing to a close is the same which she has done in other ages and in other lands, but she has done it in a new way, and in her own way. She has taken hold of new conditions of things and adapted herself to them; and the result of her work is a structure distinctive and typical of the age and country in which we live, and differing from anything that has preceded it, as truly as the Church of the Middle Ages differed from the Church of the fathers; and mind you—for this is the point of all my discourse—she has done this not by any prudence of human forethought, not by any cunning adaptation of policy, but simply because she is a living force, capable of acting in all times and in all places, so that she has become American without ceasing for an instant to be Catholic; and, on the other hand, in endowing us with all that is truly hers, she has not thwarted or crippled, but rather appropriated and vivified, all that is best and noblest in our national character.”

The centenary festivities were now at an end, but this is a fitting place to chronicle some facts in the history of the great university, though in doing so we anticipate others in order of time.

The Catholic University of America was decreed by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore on the 6th of December, 1884. The Council appointed a committee of seventeen trustees to attend to its practical organization. This board of directors submitted their plan to our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., who gave it his solemn approval on Easter Sunday, April 10, 1887, by a brief bearing that date, and addressed to the archbishop of Baltimore, whom he established as Chancellor of the university.

The Divinity Hall of the new institution was dedicated, and the Faculty of Theology inaugurated, as above described, on the 14th of November, 1889. During six years the university consisted only of the School of Theology, in which postgraduate courses in Scripture, Dogmatic Theology, Moral Theology, Canon Law, Ecclesiastical History, Philosophy and Literature were given to the picked ecclesiastical students of all the dioceses of the country.

On the 1st of October, 1895, two other faculties were added to that of Theology, namely, the Faculty of Philosophy and the Faculty of the Social

Sciences; each comprising several departments, and each department being subdivided into several courses. These new faculties are meant primarily for the lay students of the whole country, and the best graduates of our principal Catholic colleges from New England to California have entered as its pioneer students. But the various philosophical, scientific and literary courses are recognized to be of inestimable advantage to ecclesiastics also, and they are accordingly frequented by a large number of the students prosecuting divinity studies as their primary occupation. It is delightful to behold the eagerness with which all these talented young men, who have stood among the foremost in primary and secondary education, are now vying with each other in their desire to profit to the utmost by the splendid opportunities offered by the university in the various lines of the highest university education. And it is equally delightful to behold the enthusiasm with which the body of gifted professors, already assembled in the institution, devote their energies to the magnificent work of laying broad and deep the foundation of the Church's central and chief institution of highest Christian education in America.

Three of our religious orders, namely, the Paulists, the Marists, and the Congregation of the Holy Cross, recognizing the incomparable advantages here to be obtained, have already established affiliated colleges in connection with the university. Thus the institution is, as its glorious founder, Leo XIII., desired that it should be, a center of unity for all elements of the Church throughout the country, a central fountain from which the influences of Catholic learning and Catholic energy are to be diffused throughout the land.

Much of the success and prosperity of the university has been due to the genius and indefatigable labors of its first rector, now the Most Rev. Archbishop Keane, who was translated from the bishopric of Richmond, Va., to fill this honorable and exacting position. John J. Keane was born at Ballyshannon, Ireland, in 1839, and came to the United States when he was seven years of age. After finishing his classical course at St. Charles' College, he entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, to complete his theological course and was ordained a priest in 1866. As assistant at St. Patrick's Church, he spent twelve years in Washington, D. C., fulfilling his duties with such rare and edifying zeal and self-sacrifice that he was selected, in 1878, to fill the See of Richmond. Here he passed seven toilsome years, when he was nominated to the See of Ajasso, to become the rector of the university. From this position he was retired in 1896, and appointed archbishop of Dubuque,

July 12, 1900, being succeeded at the university in November, 1896, by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., a learned and zealous priest of Worcester, Mass., and widely known as an authority in the field of Catholic education. His success at the university, indeed, has fully justified every hope reposed in him.

Another triumph for education may here be briefly noted. In the month of June, 1890, at an informal gathering of several religious educators and laymen, while discussing the advancement of Catholic interests, the idea originated of a National Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition.

The most reverend archbishops at their meeting in Boston considered the proposition favorably and a committee was named to invite delegates from among the reverend clergy, religious teaching orders and seculars to attend a meeting in Chicago for the provision of ways and means and the appointments of a working body to formulate and carry out the design. At this meeting Bishop Spalding of Peoria was named president of the Educational Exhibit Committee and Rev. Bro. Maurelian, of the order of Christian Brothers, to be manager and superintendent of the exhibit.

Over two years of arduous labor were devoted to the work of preparation before the exhibit was installed. So great was the enthusiasm felt regarding it that the different schools gladly seized the opportunity of preparing work for the same, desiring to be a part of its future record. The feeling among all the prelates, clergy and religious teaching orders and secular individuals resembled that created by the building of the great Gothic cathedrals in the Middle Ages, when knights and nobles, merchants, farmers and workmen contributed, each one according to his means and in his degree, to the work that excited their enthusiasm; and this was the case with this grand exhibit, which was not an opportunity for money making, but rather an occasion of showing the love of the Catholic Church for education.

In due time the educational display formed part of the great World's Fair whose history is so familiar to all. The matter composing this exhibit began with the work of the small children in the Kindergarten, that of weaving, twining, interlacing and modeling in clay, and led up through the work of the children in the first primer lessons, the grade work of the grammar schools and the graded studies from the academies, to the higher studies in the sciences and mathematics from the colleges, including the studies of the

under-graduate, sophomore, freshmen, sub-freshmen and first academic classes; also of the novitiates of some of the respective teaching orders.

The exhibit was in all respects a brilliant success, was visited and admired by hundreds of thousands of persons and may be chronicled as an event glorious in its effect on this generation in showing to the world how Catholicity really stands on the subject of education.

Simultaneously with this exhibit during the year of the fair was also held in Chicago what will be known in history as the Columbian Catholic Congress. This memorable gathering was not held in the fair grounds, but most unobtrusively by itself, on a busy street of Chicago, in the Hall of Columbus at the Art Institute. The scenic setting, however, was not without some touches of pictorial impressiveness. As the processional on Monday, September 4, began its march along the water front to that place which is poetically called by Chicago people their "great, gray Art-Palace," a building, indeed, not unworthy of the high title, there came into view a curious accident of apparently historic significance. On one side of the street the morning sun lit up a red hotel called the Richelieu, which above its main entrance had a fine statue of that great cardinal, who, in the language of Lord Lytton—

"Recreated France, till from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soared Phoenix-like to Jove."

And what wonder, if, along with those lines from Bulwer's majestic drama, there rose in some minds the inspiring hope that there in Chicago civilization might now be taught how to soar anew on still more luminous wings to higher domains of achievement in the spiritual life—the life that lasts.

As the vast throng of delegates reached the Art-Palace it was headed by Cardinal Gibbons, attended by Archbishops Feehan of Chicago, Ryan of Philadelphia, Ireland of St. Paul, Hennessy of Dubuque, Janssens of New Orleans, and Bishops Redwood of New Zealand, Watterson of Columbus, Foley of Detroit, Chatard of Vincennes, Maes of Covington, Heslin of Natchez, and Moore of St. Augustine.

When all were in their places in the beautifully decorated hall, His Grace Archbishop Feehan was introduced by Honorable W. J. Onahon, and he formally opened the Columbian Catholic Congress.

Beginning naturally as an address of welcome to the Congress and Chicago, the brief sketch of the archbishop struck the keynote of the grand purpose of this representative Catholic gathering: "Men of other lands, to-day and to-morrow," said he, "will be watching for the results of this Congress. The world is full of agitation. Men's minds are active, and are looking forward to learn what freemen in a free land can feel and think about the great questions that are pressing for solution." Then, after expressing a sincere hope that harmony and dignity would characterize their deliberations, His Grace introduced the Protestant gentleman, Honorable C. C. Bonney, who had been so instrumental in bringing about all the congresses held during this memorable period.

Mr. Bonney made a speech rather remarkable from the lips of a Protestant, which was frequently interrupted with demonstrations of delight. Honorable Thomas B. Bryan, who visited Rome and had audience with the Holy Father concerning the exposition and the Congress, then paid an eloquent tribute to the Pope, which keyed the audience up to a pitch of expectancy. Then Cardinal Gibbons advanced, and, when the cheers had subsided into echoes, made a speech that was a satisfaction to the ear as well as to the mind, every period having that classic finish which marks his writings. At its conclusion he read a personal letter from the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., extending his blessing to the Congress and its deliberations and to all concerned in it. The message was received with hearty applause and several other letters were next read by the secretary, including one from Mgr. Satolli, the papal delegate to the United States, whose attendance was promised for the following day. With some further brief addresses the introductory exercises closed. The picture of the day had taken, so to speak, its character colors. The audience was well attuned and ready to listen receptively and restfully to the admirable papers by distinguished men and women who had been placed on the programme of the Congress.

During every day of the week the delivery of these addresses continued, and on Saturday, with appropriate services, Cardinal Gibbons, who had assisted at the opening of the Congress, presided at its close. As on every day, the hall and gallery were crowded, and there was observable an increase, rather than any diminution, of the enthusiasm which had marked its beginning. The day was balmy. The American flags fluttered softly, as if whispering among themselves of the glorious battlefields for humanity over which they had waved in victory. The papal colors likewise rustled gently, as if to

blend with the flags of the Union. Gazing on the majesty of that platform, and trying to grasp its full meaning, one could not help feeling how inadequate any attempt to give a picture in totality of such a thing as this Catholic Congress must necessarily be. This brief account, however, may inspire Catholic and non-Catholic readers to obtain a full report of all the speeches and proceedings of this representative gathering, and to study it with the attention it deserves.

There remains but to notice as a triumph of these later days the more direct relations of the Church in this country to the See of St. Peter at Rome. The appointment of a delegate to the Church in the United States was the first notice Catholic Americans received that their organization had outgrown Propaganda. The care of missionary countries belongs to the famous congregation, whose record is one of the most brilliant and wonderful; and the test of its fidelity to its principles is that more than one nation placed under its jurisdiction has progressed sufficiently to merit an absolute release from tutelage in this century. Propaganda dealt with each diocese and its bishop separately, as the countries in its jurisdiction were not strong enough to **maintain a general policy**. Consequently, there was work enough to do, and often too much of it; but the work was done well, and not without regret have the officials of the great missionary society seen the young nations slip from their care and begin life for themselves. America has long been the pride of Propaganda, for nowhere in the world of new nations has the faith made such strides as in the United States. The necessity of releasing us from the restraints suited to youth was felt these many years in Rome, and release might have come sooner had the American hierarchy so pleased. Forty years ago, or more, Pius IX. suggested the change of administration, and Archbishop Bedini came to our country in a tentative way, only to return home a failure; for the Knownothings and the Italian Reds conspired to make his stay a source of trouble to the nation. Later, a distinguished prelate, who died Cardinal Sepiacci, was consecrated archbishop for the American delegation, but the American bishops discouraged his coming and he remained in Italy. Still, the Roman officials persisted in spite of the steady refusal of the bishops of the United States to advise the establishment of a delegation. More than one noted prelate of the Curia has dreamed of securing the distinction of Delegate to America.

The necessity of the office became more and more imperative with time. The character of the questions brought before Propaganda showed plainly

that the method of dealing with independent bishops was out of date. Each bishop had a veto power on questions of general policy so absolute that nothing could be done for the general welfare without his co-operation and consent. Although a number of bishops might agree upon a measure and adopt it for their diocese, a dissenting bishop could nullify their work by legislating the measure away from his territories. He could provide Propaganda with an army of strong reasons why his action was proper, and the Roman congregation had no means of learning the contrary. When the strong-headed Leo was finally convinced of this condition, he took counsel of himself, consulted the American hierarchy politely, received the assurances of some that a delegation was not to be thought of, and of others that it was needed, and then founded the new office without delay. Archbishop Francis Satolli was named Delegate. He was the Pope's personal friend, a man of learning, without any diplomatic training or experience; but he could be trusted to carry out the Pope's ideas to the letter, and in pressing moments to know just what the Pope would desire to have done when time for consultation would be wanting. Since 1892, the year of the Delegate's arrival in America, the Delegation has gone through the usual stages of development, until at this moment it is as permanent as any institution can ever hope to be in this unstable world.

The Delegate was not a stranger in the country when he came to represent the Pope at the World's Fair, and then to establish the Delegation. He had previously visited us in 1889, to bring us the felicitations of His Holiness on the happy completion of a century of organization, and to preside at the opening of the university. He was received everywhere with distinction.

Too much could not be said of the benefits arising from Mgr. Satolli's presence and his wise and amiable course. He gave himself with energy to every interest of American Catholics. He was most happy in treating the question of the relations of hierarchy, clergy and people. An immense number of appellants carried their grievances to his court within a few years, and the results were most satisfactory, in this sense, that he taught the entire Catholic body, leaders and led, the existence of principles which govern their relationships though there may be no canon law here after the European fashion. Authority now seeks for its limitations before acting, and power pauses to study consequences before exerting itself. This statement applies to bishops, priests and people, for in the theoretically lawless state which formerly prevailed among us, few passed without sinning against com-

mon sense and justice. In 1895 Mgr. Satolli was elevated to the rank of cardinal and was recalled to Rome in September, 1896, being succeeded in the Legation to this country by the appointment thereto, in August, 1896, of His Excellency Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, archbishop of Ephesus. This latter prelate belongs to the Augustinian order, which he joined when a young man in his native diocese of Lucca, and in which he attained much prominence when a professor in Rome. He was rapidly advanced in his Order and became Superior General of the Augustinians, which position he held when Pope Leo XIII appointed him Apostolic Delegate to the United States. He soon made hosts of friends in this country by his affable disposition and unassuming manners. At the same time he has discharged the duties of his high office with zeal and courtliness and in 1901 he, too, was elevated to the rank of Cardinal. On May 8, of that year, Sebastian Martinelli, Titular Archbishop of Ephesus, received at the hands of Cardinal Gibbons the red biretta, and donned the robes which made him a Prince of the Church. The ceremony was marked by all the pomp and brilliancy attendant upon such occasions. It took place in Baltimore cathedral. Among those who witnessed it were men and women prominent in every walk of life.

The initial step to the ceremony took place in the palace of Cardinal Gibbons, and consisted of the transmission of the biretta to Cardinal Gibbons by Mgr. Marchetti, the papal ablegate.

While this was in progress a procession was formed in front of Calvert hall, a block away, in which were seminarians, priests, Franciscan, Augustinian and Dominican monks, the members of the faculty of the Catholic University in Washington, abbots, bishops and archbishops. At ten o'clock they moved through Cathedral street to Charles street, passing the palace of the Cardinal, where they were joined by His Eminence, who took his place last in line. Thence the procession moved to the main entrance of the cathedral, where the impressive ceremony took place.

The Catholics of the United States may now indeed feel proud of the standing of their Church before the country and the world. "She is still far," writes the Viscomte de Meaux, "from the limit she aims to reach, she has not yet run half her course, and upon the remaining route there are serious perils and difficulties to be met. And yet, in the midst of a people who daily increase in numbers, wealth and strength, she will not cease to augment. She knows what is lacking, and endeavors to acquire it; she combats all the vices

of the people, and avails herself of all their virtues. The Church of the United States knows neither fatigue, discouragement or fear."


Meanwhile—to quote from an American writer—the generous sentiments which two centuries and a half ago led the Catholics of Maryland to become the pioneers of religious liberty in the New World are still warm in the hearts of the Catholic people of the United States. We have even here been the victims of persecution, and it is not impossible that similar trials may await us in the future; but we have the most profound conviction that, even though we should grow to be nine-tenths of the population of this country, we shall never prove false to the principle of religious liberty, which, to the Catholics of the United States, at least, is sacred and inviolable.

The Catholics of this republic are deeply impressed with the inviolability of the rights of the individual. We believe that the man is more than the citizen; that when the state tramples upon the God-given liberty of the most wretched beggar, the consciences of all are violated; that it is its duty to govern as little as possible, and rather to suffer a greater good to go undone than to do even a slight wrong in order to accomplish it. For this reason we believe that when the state assumed the right to control education, it took the first step away from the true American and Christian theory of government back towards the old pagan doctrine of state absolutism. Though we uphold the rights of the individual, we are not the less strong in our advocacy of the claims of authority. In fact, the almost unbounded individual liberty which our American social and political order allows would fatally lead to anarchy, if not checked by some great and sacred authority; and this safeguard can be found only in the Catholic Church, which is the greatest school of respect the world has ever seen. The Church, by her power to inspire faith, reverence and obedience, will introduce into our national life and character elements of refinement and culture which will temper the harshness and recklessness of our republican manners. By her conservative and unitive force she will weld into stronger union the heterogeneous populations and widely separated parts of our vast country. The Catholics were the only religious body in the United States not torn asunder by sectional strife during our Civil War, and we are persuaded that, as our numbers grow and our influence increases, we are destined to become more and more the strong bond to hold in indissoluble union the great American family of states.

Chapter L.

Late Diocesan Happenings.

CHANGES IN THE EPISCOPACY.—WILMINGTON AND SAVANNAH.—BURLINGTON AND PORTLAND, ME.—CHICAGO AND PEORIA.—A CATHEDRAL'S JUBILEE.—COLUMBUS AND FT. WAYNE.—DUBUQUE'S LOSS AND GAIN.—HISTORIC MARQUETTE.—NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE.—ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S SILVER JUBILEE.—NEW YORK AND NEWARK.—OREGON AND NESQUALLY.—A GLIMPSE OF ALASKA.—NEW PASTORS IN VARIOUS SEES.

S the facts in the preceding chapter have shown the Catholic Church in America, as ever throughout the world, is ceaseless alike in her activities and her solicitude for the welfare of her children. In no way is this better evinced than by the vigilance and wisdom, directed by the Holy Spirit, with which the venerable Chief Shepherd at Rome provides for the succession of her pastors who rule provinces and dioceses. In this country the provinces are almost the same, in a geographical sense, with the missionary fields described in earlier chapters, so that it will fittingly round out our chronicle to make mention here of their recent pastoral changes.

The primatial see of Baltimore, still happily ruled by H. E. Cardinal Gibbons, has of late witnessed two changes in the episcopate. In 1896 the second bishop of Wilmington, Del., Rt. Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, resigned from his charge after a laborious episcopate of ten years. He was then named titular bishop of Eschinus, and has since resided at Baltimore as a member of the Cardinal's household. His successor is the Rt. Rev. John J. Monag-

han, who was consecrated May 9, 1897, in St. Peter's pro-cathedral, Wilmington. In July, 1899, the important diocese of Savannah, Ga., was made vacant by the death of Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Becker. The present bishop, Rt. Rev. Benjamin J. Keiley, was consecrated to that dignity June 3, 1900.

The Boston province was afflicted by the death of Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me., August 5, 1900. This esteemed prelate was born April 6th, 1830, near Macon, Ga.; ordained June 10th, 1854, at Paris, France, by Archbishop Sibour, and consecrated at Portland, Me., June 2nd, 1875, by Archbishop Williams, of Boston, assisted by Bishop McNierney, of Albany, and Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield, Mass. The new bishop of the diocese is Rt. Rev. William H. O'Connell, late Rector of the American College at Rome, and a prelate of great learning and polished manners. He has conducted the difficult duties of his official position in the Eternal City with rare diplomacy and acceptability, and he comes to the Maine diocese singularly well equipped for its requirements. Bishop O'Connell is favorably known in the archdiocese of Boston, having served as a priest there twelve years before going to Rome. He was ordained in 1884 and consecrated bishop in May, 1901.

The diocese of Burlington, Vt., has also lost a prelate. The late bishop, Rt. Rev. Louis De Goesbriand, was born at St. Urbain, Finisterre, France, August 4th, 1816. He completed his ecclesiastical studies at St. Sulpice, Paris, and was ordained in that city July 13th, 1840, by Bishop Rosati of St. Louis, then in Europe on a visit. He came to Ohio in the same year, and was appointed successor to Rev. M. Wuerz, as the second resident pastor of Louisville, remaining until January, 1846. He was then sent as assistant to Bishop Rappe, then Father Rappe, who had charge of Toledo and the "Maumee" section of Northwestern Ohio. Father De Goesbriand remained in Toledo until January, 1848, when Bishop Rappe appointed him vicar-general of the new diocese of Cleveland, and he was thus the first vicar-general. He held this office until he was consecrated Bishop of the newly created diocese of Burlington, October 30th, 1853. For forty-six years he ministered to his Vermont diocese with highest honor and success. For several years previous to his death, he had not taken a very active part in the work of the diocese, these duties being admirably executed by his zealous coadjutor, Rt. Rev. John S. Michaud, since 1892. He died November 3d, 1899, at the Providence Orphan Asylum, where he had been residing.

The province of Chicago has flourished in happy unison with the material

growth of the wonderful city from which it is named. Owing to his burden of years and the ever-increasing duties of his charge, Archbishop P. A. Feehan was provided with an auxiliary bishop by the consecration to that end of Rt. Rev. A. J. McGavick, May 1, 1899. The latter was soon forced to resign on account of poor health, and in July, 1901, Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon was raised to the episcopate for the same onerous position. A special honor was paid to the archdiocese, as well as to the new bishop, by the fact that H. E. Cardinal Martinelli, delegate of the Supreme Pontiff, officiated in person as consecrating prelate. The event was otherwise marked by considerable pomp as well as popular enthusiasm, Father Muldoon being warmly cherished for his piety and sweetness of manner no less than for his learning and priestly zeal. An auxiliary bishop of Peoria, one of the suffragan sees, was also created by the elevation to that rank of Rt. Rev. P. J. Reilly, consecrated Sept. 21, 1900.

The month of October, 1899, was a proud one for the illustrious Archbishop of Chicago. In that pleasant fall period he participated in the golden jubilee of his parish and celebrated the silver jubilee of his cathedral. Archbishop Feehan is one of the pioneer prelates of the West, and the Cathedral of the Holy Name at Chicago marks a historic spot in the progress of Catholicity.

Most Rev. William Henry Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati, the oldest member of the American hierarchy, has just completed his 81st year. In spite of his advanced age Archbishop Elder is hale and hearty and to all appearances does not seem to be a day more than sixty. His voice is still firm and clear, his step still light and buoyant, and his mind still active and alert. Although now long past the age when prelates are permitted to choose an auxiliary, Archbishop Elder has always found himself able to administer to the wants of his large diocese, unaided.

There have been a few recent changes among the suffragans of this venerable prelate. The Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, third bishop of Ft. Wayne, died on January 12, 1900. For ten years, from 1883 he had ruled over the diocese of Nashville, and was translated to his final jurisdiction June 14, 1893, in succession to Bishop Dwenger. He has been succeeded in Ft. Wayne by Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D., born in Newport, Ky., April 13th, 1845. His early education was received in the Parish School of his district, after which he entered St. Meinrad's College and finished his studies for the holy priesthood in 1868, being then ordained by Bishop

Maurice de St. Palais. He was affiliated with the Indianapolis diocese and, up to the time of his consecration, was rector of St. Joseph's Church, in the City of Indianapolis. In September he was named Bishop by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., and duly consecrated on November 30th, 1900, as Bishop of Ft. Wayne.

The diocese of Columbus, in this province was widowed by the death of the distinguished Bishop J. A. Watterson, April 17, 1899. His successor is Rt. Rev. Henry Moeller, who was born fifty years ago in the "Queen City" of the West. After his preliminary studies he went to Rome in 1869, and was one of the first students to enter the American college, when Dr. Chatard, now bishop of Vincennes, Ind., was the president. At the close of his seven years of study he was ordained to the priesthood by Mgr. Lenti in the Church of St. John Lateran. On his return to Cincinnati he was given charge of St. Patrick's church, Bellefontaine, O., but a few months later was made one of the faculty of Mount St. Mary's seminary. Since then he has served efficiently as secretary and chancellor of the Cincinnati archdiocese. He was consecrated bishop of Columbus, August 25, 1900.

Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes (Indianapolis), has been provided with an auxiliary in the person of Rt. Rev. Denis O'Donaghue, who was consecrated to the episcopal dignity April 26, 1900.

The first archbishop of Dubuque was the Most Rev. John Hennessy, who had been consecrated to that see in 1866 and was raised to archiepiscopal dignity September 17, 1893. His death took place on March 4, 1900, and few have been the American prelates whose careers were marked by such distinction and usefulness. His successor in the same jurisdiction was even already an eminent churchman. The Most Rev. John Joseph Keane, D. D., was born September 12th, 1839, at Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, Ireland; ordained July 2nd, 1866, at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, by Archbishop Spalding; consecrated at Baltimore, August 25th, 1878, by Archbishop Gibbons, assisted by Bishop Kain, of Wheeling, and Bishop Foley, of Chicago, was also Administrator of North Carolina until relieved by Bishop Northrop; resigned August, 1888; received the Titular See of "Ajasso," and on September 7th, 1888, was made Rector of the Catholic University of America (Washington, D. C.); resigned the office of Rector, by letter of September 29th, 1896, and went to Rome; was made, January 9th, 1897, Titular Archbishop of "Damascus," assistant at the Pontifical Throne, Canon of the Lateran; Consultor to the Propaganda; transferred to Dubuque as Archbishop July

24th, 1900. The suffragan bishoprics of this province are at Davenport, Ia., Lincoln, Neb., Omaha, Neb. and Cheyenne, Wyo. The last-named see was established in 1887, the present bishop, Rt. Rev. T. M. Lenihan being the second in that office. He was consecrated February 24, 1897.

The see of Marquette, in the Milwaukee province, lost a famous prelate in 1899. Rt. Rev. John Vertin, its third bishop, was born in 1844, at Carnolia, diocese of Leybach, Austria. At the age of 19 he came to the United States and was placed under the care of Bishop Baraga, who immediately sent him to the Salesianum at St. Francis, Wis., to complete his theological studies. Minor orders were conferred upon him in 1865 by Archbishop Henni, and August 31st, 1866, he was ordained by Bishop Baraga at Marquette, Mich.

Father Vertin's first charge was the Mission Church at Houghton, where he labored five years, and the succeeding eight were spent among the Catholics of Negaunee.

In 1878 Rt. Rev. Ignatius Mrak, D. D., then Bishop of Marquette, resigned, and Father Vertin was appointed to fill the vacancy. He accordingly was consecrated Bishop of Marquette September 14th, 1879, at Negaunee, by Right Rev. M. Heiss, D. D. In 1879 the Diocese of Marquette had 27 churches, 20 priests and about 20,000 Catholics, whereas it now counts 80 churches, 54 priests and a Catholic population of 60,000 souls. This showing will stand as a monument to his vigorous and zealous administration for time to come. His death occurred at Marquette, February 26th, 1899. It seldom happens that a bishop lives to attend the funeral of his successor, but that is what has happened on this occasion in Michigan. When Bishop Mrak resigned many years ago, Bishop Vertin succeeded him; and when the latter was buried the venerable Bishop Mrak was present at the obsequies.

The present bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. Frederick Eis, D. D., was born in the village of Arbach, Germany, January 20, 1843. At the age of twelve years, with his parents, he came to this country and located in the upper Peninsula of Michigan. He at once began studying for the holy priesthood at St. Francis Seminary, near Milwaukee, then in Canada, and finally at St. Sulpice. On October 30th, 1870, he was ordained by Bishop Mrak, in Marquette, and was immediately given charge of St. Peter's Cathedral Parish. Shortly after this he was appointed Dean in the upper Peninsula, and later on was one of the consultors to the bishop. Upon the death of Bishop Vertin in February, 1899, he was appointed administrator of the

diocese, by Archbishop Katzer, and finally was named bishop of Marquette by His Holiness, and consecrated on the 24th of August in the cathedral at Marquette.

The promotions and far-extending jurisdiction of His Excellency Most Rev. P. C. Chapelle, archbishop of New Orleans since December 1, 1897, are fully noticed in another chapter of this work. In 1899 he was given an auxiliary in the person of Bishop Gustave A. Rouxel, D. D., born at Redon, France, on February 2nd, 1810. His early studies were made at Rennes, France, where he also took the course in philosophy and theology, but they were not completed, as he came to this country on April 3rd, 1863. Upon his arrival at New Orleans his Theological course was finished, and he consequently was ordained priest by Most Rev. Archbishop Odin, on October 4th of the same year. He immediately was appointed assistant priest of Opelousas, La., remaining there until his assignment to the rectorship of Lafayette, which occurred in 1864. This charge was under his care for eight years, whence he was promoted to the rectorship of the cathedral at New Orleans. In 1878 he was designated canon, and the same year was appointed as Vicar General. This office he occupied for ten years, under Archbishops Perché and Leray. In 1888 he voluntarily retired from his charge to the Church of the Annunciation in New Orleans, of which he was made permanent Rector. Finally, after serving in this capacity for eleven years, he was appointed by the Holy Father as Bishop of Curium and Auxiliary Bishop to the See of New Orleans, the date of these bulls being February 10th, 1899.

Other recent events in this archdiocese were the death of Bishop Jeremiah O'Sullivan, of Mobile, August 10, 1896, and the consecration of his successor, Right Rev. E. P. Allen, on May 16 of the following year.

In May, 1898, the province of New York celebrated in imperial style the silver episcopal jubilee of its illustrious archbishop, Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan. The testimony was universal that under his wise and strong hand the mighty metropolitan see has been magnificently developed and solidified. Its churches, convents, schools, hospitals and various other institutions are to-day so many monuments of the wisdom and zeal of the great prelate. But it is to the splendid pile on the brow of Valentine Hill, the new St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, that posterity will turn as the crowning work of Dr. Corrigan. Matchless for situation and unequalled in the world for the completeness and fitness of its appointments, Dunwoodie Seminary shall abide a majestic memorial of the gentle, firm Bishop, whose greatest solicitude was

for the young men who are to be the priests of to-morrow. A prominent figure in the jubilee ceremonies was Right Rev. J. M. Farley, who was consecrated as auxiliary bishop of the diocese, December 21, 1895.

The second bishop of Buffalo, Right Rev. Stephen V. Ryan, died April 10, 1896, after administering the diocese for nearly thirty years. Bishop James Edward Quigley, who succeeded Bishop Ryan, was consecrated February 24, 1897.

The diocese of Newark in this province was made vacant early in 1901 by the death of Bishop W. M. Wigger. His successor had a most worthy preparation for the office. Right Rev. John J. O'Connor, the new bishop of Newark, is a man of erudition and splendid executive ability. He is a native of Newark, where he was born July 11, 1855. He is an alumnus of the American College at Rome, and spent four years at the University of Louvain. He was ordained December 22, 1877, in the Cathedral of Mechlin, and will celebrate his silver jubilee as a priest next year. In 1895, he was selected as rector of St. Joseph's Church, Newark, to succeed Rev. Peter J. O'Donnell. He had in 1892 succeeded the Very Rev. William P. Salt, as vicar general of the diocese, and retained this office after his appointment to St. Joseph's, and up to the time of Bishop Wigger's death.

The Most Rev. William H. Gross, third archbishop of Oregon, died at Baltimore, Md., November 14, 1898. He was born in the same city a little over sixty-one years before. He was educated in St. Charles' College and ordained to the holy priesthood at Annapolis, March 23, 1863. The labors of Father Gross may briefly be enumerated thus: 1863 to 1865 Army Chaplain, at the close of the war he was assigned to the Novitiate at Cumberland, and from thence was appointed rector of the newly established house of the Redemptorist Fathers at New York, which was under his care until 1871, during this time a parochial school was established and various buildings erected. In July, 1871, his Superiors placed him in charge of another newly found district at Boston where his labors were zealously executed, until he received word that the Holy Father Pope Pius IX. had selected him for the episcopal chair of Savannah. The Papal Bulls were received, and he accordingly was consecrated Bishop on April 27th, 1873, by Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, assisted by the Bishops: Gibbons and Becker. On February 1st, 1885, he was made Archbishop and assigned the province of Oregon City. The pallium was conferred October 9th, 1886, by Cardinal Gibbons. During the fourteen years of jurisdiction in the Oregon province Archbishop Gross

achieved lasting results. In 1885 the Diocese had but twenty-seven diocesan and five other priests, thirty churches and chapels, ten academies, two hospitals, nine parochial schools with about one thousand pupils and a Catholic population of from eighteen to twenty thousand. At present, by reason of his zealous and vigorous administration, the archdiocese possesses forty diocesan and twenty-three other priests, its churches and chapels number twenty-two, it supports two seminaries, two colleges, twelve academies, twenty-seven parishes with as many schools in which twenty-five hundred children are carefully trained and the Catholic population of the diocese is estimated at thirty-four thousand. The present archbishop, Most Rev. Alexander Christie, D. D., was affiliated for many years to the St. Paul archdiocese, being Rector of St. Stephen's Church at Minneapolis. On June 29th, 1898, he was consecrated Bishop of Vancouver, and April 11th, 1899, promoted to the archiepiscopal see of Oregon City. The new bishop of Vancouver is Right Rev. Bertrand Orth, late vicar-general at Portland, who was consecrated June 10, 1900. Nesqually in the State of Washington received its third bishop, September 8, 1896, on the consecration to that dignity of Rt. Rev. Edward J. O'Dea.

It is to this archdiocese that Alaska was joined as a prefecture-apostolic in 1894. Its spiritual ruler is Very Rev. John B. René, S. J., appointed March 16, 1897, and resident at Juneau. There are 18 Jesuit Fathers at various stations and missions, 8 churches, 5 academies and schools and 19 Sisters of St. Ann in 3 convents, an orphanage and 2 hospitals. On the Canadian side, in which our people are deeply interested, Catholicity in the famous Yukon gold region has kept pace with the expanding population of the territory itself. The prosperity of the faith in the Klondike country is largely due to the zeal and energy of good Father Gendreau of the Oblate order. Besides being pastor of the Dawson church, Father Gendreau is vicar general to Rev. Mgr. Giroard, Vicar Apostolic to the District of McKenzie. The Yukon territory is included in the Vicariate Apostolic of Athabaska-McKenzie, which was erected by Pope Pius IX, the 8th of April, 1862. The territory comprises that portion of Canada lying west of the Rocky Mountains, north of British Columbia, east of Alaska, and south of the Arctic ocean. The district is about 600 miles from north to south, by more than 50 miles from east to west. Father Gendreau arrived on the last day of June, 1898, to take the direction of the Mission in the place of Father Judge, who, being an American priest, was to return to Alaska as soon as a Canadian priest could come. The church was placed under the patronage of St.

Mary of the Immaculate Conception, patron of the Oblate Fathers, who were taking charge of the parish. Upon the invitation of Very Rev. Father Gendreau, superior of the mission, Rev. Father Judge performed the ceremony of the dedication of the new church, on the 21st day of August, 1898.

The province of Philadelphia was afflicted by the death, July 25, 1898, of the Rt. Rev. Thomas McGovern, second bishop of Harrisburg. His successor is the Rt. Rev. John W. Shanahan, who was born April 24, 1816, at Silver Lake, in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. His early education was acquired at St. Joseph's College, near Friendsville, Pa., after which he entered the Preparatory Seminary for the Diocese of Philadelphia at Glen Riddle. He completed his course of theology at the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, then located at Eighteenth and Race streets, Philadelphia, and was ordained to the priesthood, January 2nd, 1869. For thirty years since then the worthy priest has labored within the archdiocese and filled with distinction every duty and office falling to his charge. The Bulls, appointing Father Shanahan to the See of Harrisburg, were received April 2nd, 1899, and on the 1st of May following he was consecrated Bishop in the cathedral, Philadelphia. Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, officiated, assisted by Rt. Rev. Ignatius S. Horstmann, Bishop of Cleveland and Rt. Rev. Edmund S. Prendergast, Auxiliary Bishop of Philadelphia. Bishop Shanahan took formal possession of his see May 10, 1899.

In the same archdiocese Rt. Rev. J. E. Fitzmaurice was promoted bishop of Erie, September 19, 1899, having been coadjutor in that see since February 24, 1898. His predecessor, Bishop Tobias Mullen, died April 22, 1900. Bishop Wm. O'Hara, of Scranton, died February 3, 1899, the see having been ruled by Rt. Rev. John Hoban since March 22, 1896.

The Most Rev. Archbishop J. J. Kain, of St. Louis, has administered his province over six years. He had been consecrated bishop of Wheeling, W. Va., May 26, 1875, and was transferred as coadjutor to the late Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, in 1893. He succeeded to the archiepiscopate May 21, 1895. There have been but few recent changes within his jurisdiction. The suffragan see of Concordia, Kas., was provided with a new bishop, Rt. Rev. John F. Cunningham, consecrated September 21, 1898, in succession to Bishop-elect, Thaddeus J. Butler, who died July 17, 1897. Bishop Cunningham was born almost sixty years ago in the parish of Lixnaw, Co. Kerry, Ireland. He studied his classics partly in Ireland, partly in St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kans., whither he came directly from the old country

in 1860. From Atchison he went to the theological Seminary of St. Francis, Milwaukee, was ordained deacon by Archbishop Henni, June 22, 1865, and raised to the priesthood by Rt. Rev. John B. Miede, August 8, 1865. Bishop Cunningham labored in Kansas during the pioneer days. He was the first resident pastor of Fort Scott and the only priest between Paola and Fort Smith, Ark., and between Osage Mission and Germantown, Mo. Moved to Lawrence July, 1868, he built a magnificent church and residence, and secured several valuable additions to the church property in that city. In 1876 Father Cunningham was appointed pastor of the Assumption Church at Topeka; here again he built a church and purchased considerable property for parish purposes. January 1st, 1881, he was appointed Vicar-General of the Diocese of Leavenworth, moved to the cathedral parish as its rector March, 1882, and remained there until his promotion to the see of Concordia, May 14, 1898. Bishop Cunningham was consecrated by the Most Rev. J. J. Kain in the cathedral of Leavenworth, and installed in his see just one week later.

In July, 1901, the archdiocese of St. Paul celebrated in the cathedral city the golden jubilee of its episcopal creation, the central figure on the occasion being the eminent and beloved archbishop, Most Rev. John Ireland.

The province of St. Paul lost a great and good bishop by the death of Rt. Rev. Martin Marty, on September 19, 1896. The successor to this famous missionary is Rt. Rev. James Trobec, who was consecrated to the vacant see September 21 of the following year. The new bishop of Sioux Falls, Rt. Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, also has the distinction of being a successor to Bishop Marty, the latter having been chosen as the first bishop of the diocese which was previously a part of his vicariate-apostolic. Bishop O'Gorman was consecrated April 19, 1896.

A distinguished archbishop of Santa Fe has lately been called to his eternal reward. The Most Rev. John Baptist Salpointe was born in St. Maurice, France, on February 22d, 1825. At the age of twenty-five, he was ordained by Rt. Rev. Louis Charles Féron, bishop of Clermont-Ferrand. On August 17, 1859, he sailed from Havre, and arrived at Santa Fe October 27th same year. There he acted as assistant to Very Rev. P. Eguillon, V. G., until October 28th, 1860, when he was assigned to the parish of St. Gertrudis, Mora, N. M. From Mora, Archbishop Lamy sent him to Tucson, Arizona, June 6th, 1866. Two years following Pius IX. appointed him first Vicar-Apostolic of Arizona, and titular bishop of Doryla. He was consecrated at

Clermont-Ferrand by the same prelate who had ordained him a priest, on June 20th, 1869. Fifteen years later, on April 22d, 1884, Bishop Salpointe was made Coadjutor "cum jure" to the Most Rev. J. B. Lamy, Archbishop of Santa Fe, and succeeded to the see July 18th, 1885. Finally, Archbishop Salpointe resigned January 7th, 1894, and retired to Arizona, where he died, at Tucson, July 5th, 1898, in the 74th year of his age, the 49th of his priesthood and the 30th of his episcopate.

Meanwhile another great prelate had been called to rule this province. Rev. P. L. Chapelle, a brilliant young French priest, came to America in 1875 and was soon assigned to a charge in the see of Baltimore under Cardinal Gibbons. Two years later he was transferred to St. Matthew's church in Washington. He became a power at the capital and enjoyed the confidence of statesmen, irrespective of creed or nationality. His tact won him favor at the Vatican and in 1891 he was sent to Santa Fe, N. M., as coadjutor of the diocese, with the title of Bishop of Albissis. In 1893 he was raised to the rank of bishop. His administrative ability again asserted itself and the year 1895 found him Archbishop of Santa Fe. In New Mexico Archbishop Chapelle acquired a perfect knowledge of the Spanish tongue. His constant intercourse with the Spaniards gave him an insight into their manners and customs. In 1897 New Orleans archdiocese was without a spiritual head, and Archbishop Chapelle was transferred to that see.

His successor at Santa Fe, Most Rev. Peter Bourgade, was born in the diocese of Clermont, France, on October 17th, 1845. In 1869, being a deacon, he came to America at the call of the late Archbishop Salpointe, then Vicar-Apostolic of Arizona, and was ordained by him to the priesthood at Tucson, A. T., on November 30th, 1870. Fifteen years later, on May 1st, 1885, he was consecrated Bishop, with the title of Bishop, titular of Thaumacum and Vicar-Apostolic of Arizona. On May 7th, 1897, the Vicariate-Apostolic of Arizona having been erected to a diocese, Bishop Bourgade became the first Bishop of Tucson; and finally in February, 1899, he was promoted by Pope Leo XIII. to the Archiepiscopal See of Santa Fe, of which he took possession on April 6th.

The new bishop of Tucson, Arizona, the Rt. Rev. H. Granjon, D. D., is a very scholarly churchman, born in France, at St. Etienne, Loire, June 15, 1863, his father being an architect in that city. He made his classical studies in the college of the Marist Fathers, at St. Chamond, Loire, at the close of which he spent one year traveling in Europe. In 1882 he entered

the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, and in the fall of 1887 was sent to Rome to finish his theological studies. He was ordained a priest in Lyons, Christmas, 1887, and graduated from the Universities of "the Apollinare" and "the Minerva," in Rome, as Doctor in Divinity, and Doctor in Canon Law, in 1889, and as Doctor in Philosophy in the spring of 1890. The young priest volunteered to go as a missionary to Arizona and left Europe in the fall of 1890 for his new field. He was at once appointed pastor of Tombstone; later transferred to Flagstaff; then to Prescott (Arizona). He built several chapels in those various missions. Bishop Granjon is especially interested in work among the Indians, who number 25,000 in the diocese of Tucson.

Since the preceding paragraphs were written five years ago, many noteworthy events have taken place in the dioceses of the country.

The diocese of Altoona, Pa., was erected by Leo. XIII., and the Right Rev. Eugene A. Garvey, D. D., was made its first bishop. Bishop Garvey was born in Carbondale, Pa., 6th of October, 1845. He studied at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md., and at St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook. He was ordained in Scranton, Sept. 22, 1869, by Right Rev. Wm. O'Hara. From 1871 to 1899, he was pastor of the Annunciation Church, Williamsport, Pa., from 1889 to 1901 of St. John's Church, Pittston. He was appointed Bishop of the new diocese May 31, 1901, and consecrated by Cardinal Martinelli on September 8th of the same year.

The Right Rev. Thomas M. Lenihan, D. D., the second Bishop of Cheyenne, ruled over the diocese little more than four years. He was born in Ireland, 12th of August, 1845. Ordained by Bishop Hennessy, Nov. 19, 1862. Proclaimed in Consistory at Rome in November, 1896, Bishop of Cheyenne; consecrated in St. Raphael's Cathedral, Dubuque, Feb. 24, 1897. Died Dec. 15, 1901. He was succeeded in the see by the Right Rev. James J. Keane, D. D., who was consecrated Oct. 28, 1902.

On May 5, 1902, Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, D. D., Archbishop of New York, passed away. He was born August, 1839, at Newark, N. J.; ordained, Sept. 19, 1863; consecrated May 24, 1873; promoted Archbishop, Oct. 10, 1885.

The propaganda, after a lengthy sitting, recommended the appointment of the Right Rev. John M. Farley, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, to the see made vacant by the death of Archbishop Corrigan. Bishop Farley was considered the logical successor of Archbishop Corrigan. He had thoroughly identified himself with the interests of the great Archdiocese by a service of thirty years. He was the unanimous choice of the priests of the archdiocese and of the bishops of the province. Bishop Farley was born in Newton Hamilton, County Armagh, Ireland, April 20, 1842. He received his education at St. Marcorten's College, Monaghan, St. John's College, New York, St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, and the American Col-

lege, Rome. He was ordained July 11, 1870. In 1872 he became secretary to Cardinal McCloskey, in 1884 he was made private Chamberlain to Pope Leo with the title of Monsignor, in 1891 he became Vicar General of the Archdiocese, and in 1895, Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of July 12, 1902, the first Archbishop of Chicago, the Most Reverend Patrick Augustine Feehan, D. D., passed peacefully to his eternal reward.

The deep veneration which his name everywhere inspired, the magnificent works to which he devoted his long life, and the importance of the see which his death left vacant, merit more than a passing notice.

Patrick A. Feehan was born at Killinnall, County Tipperary, Ireland, August 28, 1829. His college life began at Castle Knock, in 1845, where he studied two years before entering the seminary of Maynooth. The last year of his career at Maynooth he received an appointment to the Dunboyne establishment, an honor conferred only on students of exceptional qualifications.

The same year, 1852, he received a call from Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, to come to America, where he was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Kenrick, November 1, 1852. The next July he was appointed assistant pastor at St. John's Church, St. Louis. His heroic ministrations among the cholera patients of that year was a fitting prelude to his long life of self-sacrifice and devotion to the dependent and destitute.

In 1854 Father Feehan was made President and Professor in Carondelet Seminary, which position he held till July, 1858, when he was appointed pastor of St. Michael's Church, St. Louis. The next year he was transferred to the church of the Immaculate Conception. In 1862 he established a hospital for the care of the sick and wounded soldiers of our Civil War. November 1, 1865, he was consecrated Bishop of Nashville, Tenn., to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Bishop Whelan. The cholera plague, which visited Nashville in 1866 and subsequent years, found Bishop Feehan at his post, courageously ministering to the afflicted and wisely directing the work of relief among the needy.

After the death of Bishop Foley, which occurred in February, 1879, Chicago was raised to an Archiepiscopal See, and on September 10, 1880, Bishop Feehan was promoted to the Archdiocese. His wise and beneficent rule of twenty-two years fostered the growth of the Archdiocese, until it became one of the most important in the whole world. Chicago contains more Catholics of Irish blood than Dublin, more of German stock than Berlin, more Bohemians than Prague and more Poles than Warsaw.

No one could come in contact with Archbishop Feehan, even for a moment, without feeling that he had been in the presence of an exalted character, a strong personality, and yet one full of meekness, gentleness,

sympathy and forbearance. He was a man of magnificent physique, a ripe scholar, and withal as simple and as gentle as a child. His whole manner gave evidence of reserved power; he was a master of his own purpose. Though agreeable in conversation, he knew how to be silent. His will was firm, though never harsh, his nature sensitive to a degree. He felt keenly the ingratitude of any one who had abused his confidence. Still, he preferred to err on the side of clemency rather than even to appear to be unkind. In him true charity was personified,—“Bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things.”

His confidence in his clergy was unbounded. On “the usual zeal” of his pastors he relied for the execution of the most important works, and generally for the initiation of great undertakings. It was his part simply to encourage and guide the energies of others, his especial care to watch over the orphanages, the sisterhoods and the schools of a large Archdiocese. The wonderful growth of churches and parish schools, of academies and colleges, of hospitals and homes for the aged and the orphan, seemed to justify the confidence he had in the working power of those under him. After the meekness and gentleness of Archbishop Feehan’s character, he will be most lovingly remembered as the “defender of our Catholic schools.”

The following editorial from one of the journals of Chicago seems so sympathetic and just that we need not apologize for giving it almost entire:

“Archbishop Feehan was a man who cared little for notoriety. Notoriety, though, is, perhaps, not quite the word that should be used to express the kind of prominence he avoided. He did not seem to care even for fame. It mattered nothing at all to him whether his name became a household word or not. He devoted himself to the diocese to which his consecration as Archbishop had bound him. With public questions beyond the interests of his diocese he seldom meddled. Publicity was for others. The affairs of the Church as found in Chicago were for him. Although said to be a sound scholar, he never wrote on Church history like Gibbons of Baltimore. Although an enthusiastic and energetic patron of schools, he never wrote on education like Spalding of Peoria. Although a man to whom it was given to help in the bringing of many diverse nationalities into a united American life, he never wrote and spoke on the American Church, like Ireland of St. Paul. Although a man of great activity, his unobtrusive manner of work brought him less general recognition than was the lot of Corrigan of New York.

“The public, especially the Protestant public, knew only that the Archbishop of Chicago was called Feehan, and that the prosperity of the archbishopric would seem to show that the administrative officer was a

man of great powers of mind. The presumption was that Archbishop Feehan was responsible for and was to be credited with the condition of the great diocese of which he was the head. To Catholics, especially to Catholics in Chicago, the Archbishop appeared in a clearer light. To them he was known in his public capacity as a most tireless and efficient worker, in his private life as a kind and gentle guide and friend.

"What Archbishop Feehan accomplished in Chicago will seem to the observer to have two features which are particularly worth mention. There was, in the first place, a diplomatic handling of the Irish, German, Polish, Bohemian, French and Italian elements in the diocese. There was, in the second place, an insistence upon parochial schools. In both cases the Archbishop had a gratifying degree of success. There was little stir made, however. In his relations with foreign priests and laymen, in his erection and maintenance of schools, as well as in his encouragement of charitable and philanthropic enterprises, there was no beating of drums, there was no clashing of cymbals. The Catholics built homes and hospitals. They seemed to spring up in a night. They were in operation before the public had heard their names. The immense resources of the diocese, concentrated in the hands of the Archbishop, were for use rather than for exhibition. Hence it is that one can say that if ever a prelate forsook all other interests for those of his diocese, that prelate was Patrick A. Feehan. From the time he received the ring and the crozier he labored but to one end. He put his energies into but one channel, and they were fruitful in good works. His successor will enter into an inheritance accumulated for him by the wise, devout administrator of a great religious trust, who has gone peacefully and painlessly to his rest."

The management of the archdiocese during the vacancy, was entrusted to Bishop P. J. Muldoon, Administrator.

In December, 1903, the Holy See promoted the Right Rev. James Edw. Quigley, D. D., Bishop of Buffalo, to the archbishopric of Chicago.

Bishop Quigley was born Oct. 15, 1855, in Oshawa, Ontario. His early education was received under the Christian Brothers of St. Joseph's College, Buffalo. In 1872 he was successful in the competitive examination for a West Point cadetship, but declined to accept the appointment. Instead he entered the seminary of Our Lady of Angels, at Niagara. In 1873 he was sent by Bishop Ryan to the University of Innsbruck. Thence he went to the College of the Propaganda in Rome. On his return to Buffalo in 1879, he was appointed to the rectorship of Attica, N. Y. His next advance was to the rectorship of the Cathedral Buffalo. He was named Bishop of Buffalo, Dec. 11, 1896.

During his administration of the diocese of Buffalo, he distinguished himself in the settlement of labor difficulties, and in the firm stand he took

against socialism. His career as Archbishop of Chicago has proved one of progress and promise. He has established a Cathedral College, and rebuilt the training school at Feehanville. The diocesan synod, held at the close of 1905, will be remembered for its important enactments.

The diocese of Buffalo, made vacant by the promotion of Archbishop Quigley, was soon filled by the appointment of the distinguished New York pastor, the Rev. Charles H. Colton, who was born in New York and educated at St. Francis Xavier's College. Father Colton was appointed curate and later pastor of St. Stephens, and in 1894 vice-chancellor of the Archdiocese.

The archdiocese of Milwaukee became vacant July 20, 1903, by the death of the Most Reverend Frederick X. Katzer, D. D., its third archbishop. Archbishop Katzer was born Feb. 7, 1844, at Ebensee, Austria, ordained Dec. 2, 1866. Consecrated Bishop of Green Bay, Sept. 21, 1886, and in January, 1891, was promoted to the see of Milwaukee. He was succeeded as archbishop of Milwaukee by the Most Rev. Sebastin G. Messmer, D. D., D. C. L.

Archbishop Messmer was born in Switzerland, Aug. 29, 1847. He was ordained July 23, 1871. He came to this country and taught with great success in Seaton Hall College. When the Catholic University opened, Dr. Messmer accepted the chair of Canon Law. He was consecrated bishop of Green Bay, March 27, 1892. He has contributed much that is of value to the Catholic press, and has taken an active interest in the associations of the laity in the cause of religion, especially of the Central Virein and the federation of Catholic Societies.

"A martyr to duty, and a victim to yellow fever" should be the epitaph of the late Archbishop of New Orleans. Most Rev. Placide Louis Chappelle, D. D., Apostolic Delegate extraordinary, of Cuba and Porto Rico; Archbishop of New Orleans, was appointed Bishop, 1891; promoted Archbishop, 1893, appointed to New Orleans Dec. 1, 1897, and died Aug. 9, 1905.

His successor, Archbishop Blenk, recently appointed to the See of New Orleans, is a Bavarian by birth. His parents were converts, and he was received into the church at the age of thirteen. During the years he has been the spiritual head of the church in Porto Rico, he has shown the most noble traits of character, consummate tact, and good judgment. His promotion to the Archbishopric of New Orleans is a recognition of his merits.

On Oct. 31, 1904, the Most Rev. Wm. Henry Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati, passed away at the age of eighty-five, leaving a name for sanctity of life rarely equaled. His successor is the Most Rev. Henry Moeller. Archbishop Moeller was born in Cincinnati, Dec. 11, 1849.

After finishing his studies in St. Joseph's School he attended St. Xavier's College, from which he was graduated with highest honors. He went to Rome in 1869 and was one of the first students to enter the American College. At the close of his seven years study he was ordained. Returning to his native city he was made pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Bellefontaine, O., and shortly professor in Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati. In 1879 he became chancellor to Bishop Chatard in Indianapolis. A year later Archbishop Elder called Dr. Moeller to be his own chancellor and secretary. For twenty years he occupied this position, being the closest companion to his superior. On Aug. 27, 1900, Dr. Moeller was consecrated Bishop of Columbus, and on April 27, 1903, he became coadjutor archbishop of Cincinnati.

Most Rev. George Montgomery, D. D. Consecrated April 8, 1894, Coadjutor Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, with the right of succession, was appointed Coadjutor Archbishop of San Francisco, March 27, 1903. He is one of the ablest of the American Hierarchy, while the work that is before him and his Archbishop is enough to appall any one.

At 5:15 on the morning of the 18th of April, 1906, the worst earthquake which in modern times has visited the United States occurred in California. San Francisco was shattered to the ground by the earthquake and reduced to ashes by fire. "The work of fifty years is blotted out," wrote Archbishop Riordan. "Help us to begin again." Hardly was the city down before plans for its reconstruction were being formulated; confident in the hope of a new city that shall rise on the ruins of the old. The spirit of the first founders lives in their descendants, and a sublime courage that can not be crushed even by one of the greatest disasters of modern times, and the worst calamity that ever befell an American city.

The second Archbishop of St. Louis ruled the archdiocese about ten years. The Most Rev. John Joseph Kain, D. D., was consecrated Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va., on May 23, 1875. He was made Coadjutor Archbishop of St. Louis, 1893, with right of succession. He became administrator in December of the same year. He was created Archbishop of St. Louis May 21, 1895, and died Oct. 13, 1903.

The successor of Archbishop Kain is one of the most distinguished of the American Archbishops. He was born in Ireland. He was consecrated Coadjutor to the Bishop of Kansas City, June 29, 1896. He was transferred to St. Louis, April 27, 1903, as Coadjutor to the Archbishop of St. Louis, with the right of succession. Archbishop Glennon has been described as "Very young, very tall, very handsome, very eloquent," and in fact "one of the future glories of Church in America."

On his sixtieth birthday, Sept. 20, 1902, His Excellency, Most Rev. Diomedea Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, was transferred to

the United States to succeed Cardinal Martinelli. He was born Sept. 20, 1842, at Pescocostanzo, diocese of Monte Casino, in Italy. He entered the Franciscan Order in 1860, and on completing his studies he was sent as a missionary to the United States and was ordained by Bishop Timon of Buffalo. He was professor of philosophy in St. Bonaventures College Allegheny (1866), and finally president of the college (1868). He was sent to Newfoundland by his order, where he labored with much success from 1868 to 1882. He returned to Italy in 1884. He was successively re-elected provincial, of his order. He was consecrated bishop July 17, 1892, promoted archbishop, 1895, and 1899 he was appointed first apostolic delegate to Canada.

One of the most notable events in the history of the church in America took place in Baltimore, April 29, 1906. The occasion was the centenary of the Cathedral. Recently Cardinal Gibbons characterized the cathedral as "The great hall of Legislation for the church of the United States. Ten Provincial and three Plenary or National Councils have been held there. The Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick presided over the first National Council, in 1852. Archbishop Spalding presided at the second National Council, in 1866, and Cardinal Gibbons presided over the third Plenary Council in 1884. Many of the American citizens are in the habit every year of making pilgrimages to Mount Vernon to view the spot where the father of his country is buried. And many a citizen of the republic of the church is piously drawn to the Cathedral of Baltimore, that he may contemplate the last resting place of the patriarchs of the American Church. In the crypt under the high altar are deposited the ashes of Carroll and Mareschal, Whitfield and Eccleston, Kenrick and Spalding."

The progress of the church may be guessed from a glance at the list of the bishops appointed.

Among the recently consecrated bishops of this country, should be mentioned Right Rev. Augustus F. Schimmer, D. D., Bishop of Superior, born in Milwaukee May 1, 1863, ordained March 2, 1889, consecrated July 25, 1905.

Right Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, D. D., Bishop of Leavenworth, ordained Aug. 15, 1885, consecrated Dec. 27, 1904.

Right Rev. John P. Carroll, D. D., Bishop of Helena, born in Dubuque, Feb. 22, 1864, ordained July 7, 1889, consecrated Dec. 21, 1904.

Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D. D., Coadjutor Bishop of Rochester, consecrated May 24, 1905.

Right Rev. Theophile Meerschaert, D. D., Bishop of Oklahoma, born Aug 24, 1846, appointed bishop, Aug. 25, 1905.

Right Rev. John Joseph O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of Newark, consecrated July 25, 1901.

Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., born Aug. 1, 1847, in Ireland, ordained Dec. 21, 1872, in Montreal, consecrated Nov. 24, 1901.

Right Rev. Bishop Joseph Garrigan, D. D., Bishop of Sioux City, born 1840, ordained in 1870, consecrated May 25, 1902.

Right Rev. John Baptist Pitavac, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Santa Fe, born Feb. 10, 1858, in France, ordained December, 1881, in Denver, consecrated July 25, 1902.

Right Rev. John N. Stariha, D. D., First Bishop of Lead, consecrated Oct. 28, 1902.

Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canovin, D. D., Coadjutor Bishop of Pittsburg, born June 5, 1853, consecrated Feb. 24, 1903.

Right Rev. Chas. J. O'Reilly, D. D., First Bishop of Baker City, consecrated Aug. 25, 1903.

Right Rev. Mathius C. Lenihan, D. D., First Bishop of Great Falls, Montana, born October 6, 1854, at Dubuque, ordained Dec. 20, 1879, consecrated Bishop Sept. 21, 1904.

Right Rev. Cornelius Van de Ven, D. D., Bishop of Natchitoches, consecrated Nov. 30, 1904.

Right Rev. Joseph J. Fox, D. D., Bishop of Green Bay, ordained June 7, 1879, consecrated July 25, 1904.

Right Rev. Wm. Stang, D. D., First Bishop of Fall River, consecrated 1904.

Right Rev. Thos. F. Cusack, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York, consecrated April 25, 1904.

Among those who passed away in the same period are Right Rev. Denis M. Bradley, D. D., First Bishop of Manchester, born Feb. 25, 1840, in Castle Island, County Kerry, Ireland, ordained June 3, 1871, and consecrated June 11, 1884. He died Dec. 13, 1903.

Right Rev. John Baptist Brondil, D. D., First Bishop of Helena, born Feb. 23, 1842, in Bruges, Belgium. Died Nov. 3, 1903.

Bishop Bradley's successor was Right Rev. John B. Delancy, D. D., the youngest bishop in the American hierarchy, born in Lowell, Mass., 1864, ordained 1891, consecrated Sept. 8, 1904, and died July 11, 1906.

Right Rev. Anthony Durier, D. D., Bishop of Natchitoches, born Aug. 8, 1832, consecrated March 19, 1885. Died Feb. 28, 1904.

Right Rev. Richard Phelan, D. D., born Jan. 1st at Tralee, Kerry, Ireland. Ordained May 4, 1854, consecrated Aug. 2, 1885. Died Dec. 20, 1904.

In nearly all the dioceses we have thus mentioned, and particularly in the eastern and middle states of the Union, Catholic interests in recent

years have derived both help and encouragement from organizations of the laity. This does not refer to purely devotional bodies, or to fraternities specially instituted for the performance of works of mercy, like that of St. Vincent de Paul. The organizations we allude to have other personal or social objects, but are composed entirely of Catholics and constituted and managed under the wise supervision of the clergy. We would gladly furnish here the history and statistics of these various bodies, but can only afford the space to distinguish by mention the Knights of Columbus, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Catholic Order of Foresters, and the Central Verein.

It is doubtful if the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston ever held a larger congregation than that which assembled there on the evening of Oct. 12, 1906, in attendance at the solemn vesper service, under the auspices of the Massachusetts State Council, Knights of Columbus, in commemoration of Columbus Day.

The special feature of the evening was a magnificent sermon by Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, D. D., Coadjutor Archbishop of Boston, from which the following extract is taken:

"Tonight I look out upon your body, young and hearty and strong in all the vigor of youth, not only as individuals, but in the splendid cohesiveness of your organization. I see in your faces the light of energy, and I read in the story of your united association all the power of manhood in its prime. Your organization is still young; as life goes, you are young. Not one of you but wishes to it long duration, permanency and continued efficacy. Not one of you perhaps but has seen many another like it pass, even in a few brief years, through all the periods of birth, growth and decay. Many of you, maybe more than once, since the birth of your organization, have feared the same sudden course for it, too. Will it last? Will it endure? That is the question which all really interested in its welfare ask with anxiety. It is not enough that it now stands out among similar societies as numerically strong, nor that it is spreading its branches far and wide. That is good, but it is no more security against decay than the florid condition of a healthy youth is security against the feebleness of age. Just now, when its vigor and its far reaching strength are most evident and gratifying, is the very time to look beyond today and to provide for its future as well as for its present strength. That is a subject well worth investigating. We must think and provide, not only for the growth, but for the permanency of this organization. That is what we shall consider tonight.

"I have said that the law of growth and decay is universal for all things merely human. The conserving element which alone can modify this law must be spiritual. And just as the human body retains the vigor

of life and action so long as the soul inhabits it, and instantly succumbs to the law of disintegration and decay the very moment the soul deserts it, so is it true of the moral body or organization. If its aims and its objects be merely material,—if the spirit which vivifies it be of the world,—then it is certain that whatever be its momentary strength, its wealth in numbers and resources, however promising its hopes and flattering its prospects, the day must come when time will sound the trump of death. The enthusiasm of its founders will begin to slacken in the hearts of its lukewarm members. The law of change soon leaves its imprint upon its purposes through dissension, and gradually the vivifying principle which sustained it, diluted in its expanding breadth, becomes weaker, and then the decadence begins. One only kingdom in all the world escapes this general law, and that is the Kingdom of God—the church. As she lives by the spirit of God, which changes not, so the ages pass over her and leave her still ever youthful. And those organizations alone participate in that perennial youth which are governed, animated and vivified by the same spirit which preserves her from any danger of decay.

“If, today, Sir Knights, you desire to multiply your strength, not only in numbers, but of your claims for noble recognition, you must resolve to reduce to its lowest factor all that is selfish and elevate to its highest point all that tends to bring out from every member of your body corporate the elements of true knighthood—fidelity to God’s law, fidelity to His church and her laws, the love of God which preserves from sin, and the love of your neighbor, which will bring you wherever there is human need.”

An extract from an address of Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., Professor of church history in the Catholic University of America, will afford in like manner some idea of the organization of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

“Now, the Ancient Order of Hibernians has always been the largest and best organized nucleus of devotion to the political interests of Ireland, both in the United States and in the magnificent growing state of Canada, aye, and in the splendid young republic of Australia. From the North Pole to the Southern Cross you have girdled the earth with a band of united brethren in whose hearts the uppermost thought was the political freedom of the little island that gave birth to them or to their fathers. And be it said to your greater credit that this devotion was kept alive by no class of nobles with estates and revenues to win back, by no body of men interested in the improved conditions of the land when restored to its former freedom, by no rich and varied middle classes, with their hands on the purse-strings, and thereby on nearly all political growth and action. No! the cause of Ireland was then a kind of religion, a sacred heirloom,

cherished mostly by the poor and the humble. It was kept alive by a multitude of men and women almost equally poor and resourceless and who had no idea of returning to the land for which they were willing to make so many sacrifices. In all history there is no such chapter of political idealism. Let the Pole and the Finn look up and not despair! The Irish people and their descendants have shown that it is possible for an age of romantic political heroism to live on coincident with a time of crass selfishness and materialism. They have helped to demonstrate that every fortress of political and social wrong must fall in an age of universal enlightenment, and not by the dread arbitrament of war, thank God, but because the native justice and the original equality of the human heart, the common good sense of mankind, are allowed finally to prevail over prejudice and privilege and all forms of private interest."

This society of the Ancient Order of Hibernians has the distinction to have received from the Paris exposition, a medal for general excellency as an organization.

In 1899 the National Secretary was requested to submit some data as to the workings, membership and general scope of the organization. This was immediately complied with, and details entered into as to the early history of the organization in Ireland and its organization in the United States in 1836, the amount of benefits paid to its members, its charity and benevolence to religious objects and its donations in the cause of public education, citing the fact that \$50,000 had been contributed in one instance to the Catholic University in Washington to establish a chair of Irish Literature.


Some statistics were also presented of the members of the organization who volunteered their services during the Spanish-American War, and showed where whole commands were members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, so that the awarding of the medal was given upon the grounds of benevolence, charity and patriotism, which exactly cover the field upon which the energies of the organization are always displayed.

It is not too much to say that all and severally these societies have shown themselves ever willing to assist and cooperate with their pastors in such good works or public celebrations as the laity may fitly share. The two first-named bodies have likewise done themselves honor by making each a donation of fifty thousand dollars to endow professorships in the Catholic University of America. It is pleasant to record that the membership of these organizations is steadily on the increase and their usefulness to the cause of religion bids fair to flourish as the years roll on.

Chapter LI.

In Our Island Dependencies.

FRUITS OF RECENT WAR.—A SENATOR'S JUDGMENT.—THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES.—CATHOLIC FROM DISCOVERY TIMES.—CHURCHES AND CLERGY.—AN AMERICAN PAPAL DELEGATE.—PROJECTS OF WISDOM.—TWO NEW PRELATES.—STORY OF THE PHILIPPINES.—THE FRIARS AND THEIR WORK.—CONVERSION OF SAVAGE RACES.—THE PRESS SLANDERERS REBUKED BY FACTS.—A FUTURE OF GOLDEN PROMISE.

T was the original design of this work to tell the story of Catholic progress merely on the American continent and chiefly as to the territory of this dominant Republic. It has lately happened, however, that the fortunes of war have attached to our nation, as colonies or dependencies, some important islands in the oceans of both hemispheres. Whatever be the future of these islands they are at present bound with us under a common governmental power, and the Catholics of this country are fraternally interested in knowing the status of religion on their shores. The facts we submit on this subject are taken from sources that may be implicitly relied on. Meanwhile we refrain entirely from comment on the war by which the islands have come into our possession. An accomplished ex-Senator, who is also an ex-Cabinet minister, has thus written of it: "We go to war with Spain in behalf of an oppressed colony of hers. We solemnly proclaim this to be a war—not of conquest—God forbid!—but of liberation and humanity. We invade the Spanish colony of the Philippines, destroy the Spanish fleet, and

invite the cooperation of the Filipino insurgents against Spain. We accept their effective aid as allies, all the while permitting them to believe that, in case of victory, they will be free and independent. By active fighting they get control of a large part of the interior country, from which Spain is virtually ousted. When we have captured Manila and have no further use for our Filipino allies, our President directs that, behind their backs, a treaty be made with Spain transferring their country to us; and even before that treaty is ratified, he tells them that, in place of the Spaniards, they must accept us as their masters, and that if they do not, they will be compelled by force of arms. They refuse, and we shoot them down; and, as President McKinley said at Pittsburg, we shall continue to shoot them down 'without useless parley.'

"I have recited these things in studiously sober and dry matter-of-fact language, without oratorical ornament or appeal. I ask you now what epithet can you find justly to characterize such a course? Happily, you need not search for one, for President McKinley himself has furnished the best when, in a virtuous moment, he said that annexation by force should not be thought of, for, according to the American code of morals, it would be 'criminal aggression.' Yes, 'criminal' is the word. Have you ever heard of any aggression more clearly criminal than this? And in this case there is an element of peculiarly repulsive meanness and treachery. I pity the American who can behold this spectacle without the profoundest shame, contrition, and resentment. Is it a wonder, I repeat, that the American people, in whose name this has been done, should be troubled in their consciences?"

The history of the Church in Cuba begins with the discovery of the island, for Columbus was a true son of the Church and in all the lands which he discovered the standard of the Cross was raised beside the flag of Spain. As the agent of sovereigns claiming pre-eminently the title of Catholic, Columbus, in taking possession of newly discovered lands for the kingdom of Castile, brought them at the same time under the dominion of the Church; for Spain, whatever the shortcomings of her people or her rulers, has never, since embracing the true faith, swerved from her allegiance to the See of Rome.

In 1511 Cuba was brought under subjection. In that year an expedition was fitted out in Hayti for the conquest of the neighboring island. The pious and learned Las Casas, then an inmate of a Dominican monastery in Hayti, determined to accompany the expedition. He was present with the

Spanish freebooters when the unfortunate natives were defeated at Caonao and massacred by thousands. Las Casas made strenuous efforts to control the conquerors, but was unable to stop the carnage.

Very soon after the conquest large numbers of missionaries came to the island, principally Franciscans and Dominicans. They obtained large grants of land, and priories were established at various points. The monks were loved and revered by the people, whom they befriended by every means in their power. The Dominican friars did much for the slaves, Indian and negro. Wherever possible they procured their emancipation, and in thousands of cases redressed their grievances where they were unable to procure their freedom.

There were also many convents founded, where nuns from the best families of Spain educated the daughters of the wealthy and instituted primary schools for the children of the poor. Las Casas established himself in Cuba and devoted himself assiduously to the service of the Indians. He made repeated voyages to Spain to obtain protection for them, interested in their misfortunes Cardinal Ximenes, who sent three companions with Las Casas to labor among them.

Coming later to the island, the Jesuits have labored faithfully in Cuba. They have established colleges in Havana, Matanzas, Santiago, and Puerto Principe. The Lazarist Fathers have at least one monastery, and one in the neighboring island, Porto Rico. The clergy are as a rule excellent gentlemen, but seem to have lost their hold to some extent upon the native people. They are part of the Spanish establishment and wedded to the idea of the union of church and state, and although there are in Cuba numbers of churches and many learned and estimable priests and bishops, the clergy are not regarded with the respect and affection we are accustomed to find in our own country. The Cubans, with the ardent temperament of their tropic clime, their sunny, light-hearted disposition, and an innate love of light and color, regard with more approval the gorgeous ceremonial of the Church and her frequent "festa" than her moral and religious teaching. For these differences we must seek a cause in the great wrong imposed by Spain on her colonies: the appointment to episcopal sees and other benefices of foreigners, alien in sentiment to the people to whom they are to minister and chosen, often, less for their piety, learning, or other priestly qualifications, than through political or family influence, blind favoritism or partisan feeling.

Until 1788 the whole of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies were

comprised in one diocese, the cathedral city being Santiago. At that time the island of Cuba was divided, making a new diocese in the West, its seat being Havana and each bishop having under his pastoral care a number of smaller islands contiguous to his province. In 1804 Santiago was raised to an archiepiscopal see, having two suffragans, of Havana and Porto Rico. The good old Archbishop of Santiago showed himself, during the attack on the city and the threatened bombardment of Santiago, a most compassionate Christian gentleman. He used his best endeavors to avert the impending evil.

A people as noble and generous as the Cubans have been described by those who have visited their country and made a study of its conditions, have surely deserved a better fate than theirs has been under Spanish rule. Through many conflicts and scenes of devastation they have come, we hope, to an era of liberty and independence. Our own government, in dealing with the problem of their emancipation, will find itself confronted with many anomalous conditions; there must be confusion, perhaps unwarranted and unjustifiable interference, and much mistaken policy. To free so suddenly an entire nation, which had for centuries been dominated by a foreign power; to substitute for the fiat of an oligarchy the free vote of a free people; to offer them, in exchange for the cold or careless rule of a foreign ministry, the sympathetic and paternal guidance of a priesthood one with themselves in principle, feeling, and interest—this is the stupendous task now laid before the government of these United States. This is the task, in the latter portion of which our Holy Father, Leo XIII., is called upon to share. For the performance of this delicate and difficult office he has selected as his delegate the Most Rev. the Archbishop of New Orleans.

The Most Rev. P. L. Chapelle, Apostolic Delegate to the Church of the West Indies, was born at Etâbles, Department of Mandé, southern part of France. His uncle, a French abbé, was sent on a mission to Brazil and proposed to be accompanied by his young nephew, who had already completed his classical course in France. They came to Baltimore as the guests of the Sulpician Fathers at St. Mary's Seminary, and here Mr. Chapelle was induced to remain and study for the priesthood. He made the course of philosophy and theology, but on completing his studies was still too young to be ordained. He took a position as teacher at St. Charles' College, at the same time preparing for examination for the doctorate. In 1864 he was ordained by Archbishop Spalding and took charge of the missions in Mont-

gomery County. He was selected in 1869 by the archbishop to accompany him, as theologian, to the Vatican Council, and on his return was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, of Baltimore.

In 1882, on the death of the Rev. Francis E. Boyle, Dr. Chapelle was appointed by Archbishop Gibbons to the important position of pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington City, at that time, as it is now, the most distinguished congregation in the United States. He more than filled the place of the great men who had preceded him. During his stay in Washington he took an active interest in all that appertained to church matters, and was recognized as a representative man in church circles. At the solicitation of Archbishop Salpointe Dr. Chapelle was appointed coadjutor of the see of Santa Fé, N. M., and in time succeeded to the archbishopric. Upon the death of the beloved and lamented Archbishop Janssens, he was chosen as his successor in the see of New Orleans.

Being a fine linguist, as well as an authority in ecclesiastical jurisprudence, Dr. Chapelle is eminently fitted for the duties of his new office, which, as before intimated, will require extraordinary judgment, extensive information, and much diplomatic shrewdness. He has himself defined, as far as it is possible now to do, the lines on which he proposes to work. Speaking to a Washington reporter, the archbishop expressed himself in these words: "My mission is that of a priest as well as an American citizen. While striving to watch over the religious interests of the Catholic Church, helping the bishops in their work of reorganization, I shall use my utmost influence to help the government of the United States to succeed in the work of political and social reconstruction. I am indeed profoundly convinced that upon this success depends, in large measure, the social, political and economic welfare of the inhabitants of these islands."

About a year later the Most Rev. Archbishop was further commissioned as Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands. Commenting on the latter appointment the Literary Digest observed: "There is scarcely another American who at the present moment has so weighty an influence in determining the trend of future conditions in the new American possessions in two hemispheres, and it is thought that especially in the Philippines the advent of an American prelate will prove a powerful factor in the establishment of better religious and civic conditions. Monsignor Chapelle is said to be admirably equipped for his difficult mission. He is master of Spanish and an able church historian and canonist, qualifications very necessary for his work."

When appointed Papal Delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico, one of His Grace's most important acts was the consecration of a new Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba who was in sympathy with American and Cuban ideals, and of an American priest, the Rt. Rev. James H. Blenk, as Bishop of Porto Rico.

Rt. Rev. James Hubert Blenk, S. M., D. D., Bishop of San Juan, Porto Rico, the first American Prelate of this ancient See, was born in the City of New Orleans, August 6, 1857. After receiving a primary education in the schools of his native city, the future Bishop Blenk entered Jefferson college, La. Thence he passed to France and was received into the Society of Marist Fathers at Lyons. His ecclesiastical studies were completed at the Marist House, Dublin, Ireland; where he was ordained priest October 16, 1885, by Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand. Immediately after ordination Father Blenk returned to the United States, and was assigned to the Chair of Professor at Jefferson College. In the year 1891 he was chosen President of this institution, which position of trust he held until his transfer as pastor of the Church of the Holy Name of Mary, in New Orleans.

At the Consistory held in Rome, June 19, 1900, His Holiness preconized the Rev. James Hubert Blenk, S. M., Bishop of Porto Rico.

Most Rev. F. Barnada, D. D., Archbishop of Santiago, is a native of the island of Cuba. Previous to his elevation to the Metropolitan See of Cuba and Porto Rico. Father Barnada held the office of Canon of the Cathedral of the Assumption of the B. V. M. at Santiago de Cuba. But the greater portion of his priestly labors had been spent in the Diocese of Havana, from which he had passed to the Archdiocese of Cuba some twelve years ago.

Of Porto Rico it may be said that the history and present conditions of the Catholic Church are much the same as for Cuba. Porto Rico is the most eastern of the group of islands known as the Greater Antilles, and is situated more than a thousand miles from the nearest American port, Key West, Florida. It was one of the earlier islands discovered by the great Geneose navigator, and derives its name from two Spanish words, meaning rich port. The island covers 3,550 square miles, is well watered by numerous rivers, and the rolling character of the country affords good drainage to the plains and valleys. The soil is fertile, tropical fruits grow in profusion, and cattle and sheep supply the finest quality of meat. In Porto Rico every acre is thickly populated, even on the mountain tops, whereas Cuba has hundreds of miles of practically unsettled country. Sensational pens have created the impression that Porto Rico is woefully behind the times, and that her people

are densely ignorant. But the more intelligent and better intentioned visitors to the island have brought back lasting impressions of the warm-hearted hospitality, the enlightenment, and the broad charity of the better classes of the people, and of the simplicity of their home lives. Nor are they lacking in that wider evidence of progress afforded by public works. When the late Major General Henry was in command at Ponce, he found there a hospital conducted so admirably by the Sisters of Charity that as a mark of his appreciation he provided them with a most elaborate outfit of hospital supplies, which it is needless to say gave great joy to the devoted Sisters, who had hitherto made their own bandages, scraping the lint and performing every detail of the tedious work in addition to their many other duties. This institution, called the City Hospital, is a superb building, one of the handsomest on the island, and is enduring testimony to the charity of the rich families whose liberal donations were its chief sources of income. It received no government aid, but its doors were ever open to the distressed, and all who came received the tenderest care from the good Sisters. Not the natives alone have reason to bless the efforts of these noble women. Their kindness will long be remembered by American Red Cross nurses who were with the army in Porto Rico, and by the American soldiers whose privilege it was to be ministered to by them.

Let us now glance at our islands in the far off Eastern seas. The organization of the Church in the Philippines, writes Mr. Bryan J. Clinch, is in essentials the same as in every other Catholic country. The Archbishop of Manila and four suffragan bishops have the same spiritual authority over the priests and people of their respective dioceses as the Archbishop of New York has over the priests and people of New York. The relations between the Philippine bishops and their clergy are, indeed, more strictly defined, but it is only because the general canon laws of the Church are established there, which make parish priests irremovable unless for cause given and proved. The peculiarity in the Philippines is that the larger part, about three-fourths, of the regular parishes are entrusted by long established law to various religious orders, Augustinians, Franciscans, Recollets, Dominicans, Benedictines and Jesuits. Each order, as a corporation, has the right of presentation to certain parishes. On the death or removal of a priest in those parishes, the head of the order submits three names to the bishop or archbishop, who chooses one, and gives him canonical appointment if himself satisfied of his fitness. If not satisfied he may require other names to be submitted, but in

practice little difficulty is found in the selection. The Augustinian or Dominican priest in charge of a parish is subject to the bishop in everything relating to its administration and to his own conduct as a priest. He is not released from his vows as a religious, however, and may be removed at any time by the superiors of his order, besides being bound to the observance personally of its special rules.

To account for this predominance of religious, or friars, as the Spaniards term them, in the Philippines we must go back over three centuries. The Spanish kings of that day regarded as a duty the conversion of the savage races within their dominions. The Philippines, when Legaspi established the first European settlement in Zebu in 1564, were peopled by Malay races in about the same condition as the Hawaiians were when first visited by Cook. They had no central government nor towns, and they were engaged a good deal in piracy. Legaspi settled his first post and afterwards Manila without bloodshed, and in fact there has been little fighting in the whole history of the Philippines except with the Sulu and Bornean pirates on the south, or the English and Dutch rivals of Spain. Philip II. applied to the Augustinians for some of their priests to instruct the natives in the Christian religion and the ways of settled life. Eighty years of experience in the American colonies recommended the choice of friars rather than secular priests for such a task, and the result has justified the selection. The Augustinians were followed by other orders, anxious to share in the work of conversion. When Manila had become a place of some importance it was made a diocese like any other part of Catholic Spain, but the friars continued to attend to the instruction of the wild natives. By orders from Rome, the districts converted were left under jurisdiction of the mission orders even when a hierarchy was established of four, now five, bishops. The last vestiges of heathenism have long disappeared from most of the islands. A few Negritos and Igorotes in a condition like that of the Sioux of the Western prairies a generation ago are still found in Luzon. In Mindanao there is a large Mohammedan population, perhaps half a million. Through the rest of the group the whole population is Catholic, but the friars up to the present continue to furnish pastors to the descendants of their original converts.

It may be asked what tangible result has been attained by three centuries of their work, and the answer is the formation of a Christian people from a race of savages. It is a task which has been often spoken of but nowhere else accomplished on such a scale. The passage of a people from barbarian

to civilized life is a very slow process in the usual course of history. The Spanish friars undertook the task of giving civilization to the Malays of the Philippines and no other body of men of any race or any faith have accomplished what they have done.

A task of somewhat similar kind has been attempted by others in our own day in the name of Christian civilization but not the Catholic Church. Hawaii has been under control of missionaries from New England for seventy-five years more completely than the Philippines were ever under that of the Spanish friars. The native kings adopted the new creed and enforced its adoption on their subjects by vigorous corporal punishments. The missionaries were abundantly supplied with such resources of civilization as money could buy and they have grown wealthy on their mission, but what has been the fate of the natives? They have dwindled in numbers to a fourth of what they were when Messrs. Bingham and Thurston entered their islands, their lands have been taken by strangers, their government overthrown by brute force, and the scanty remnant has dropped the religion imposed on them. In the Philippines in a hundred and forty years a million of Catholic natives has grown seven fold. In Hawaii under missioners of the world's manufacture a hundred and forty thousand of the same race has shrunk to thirty-eight thousand. Have the promises of the Spanish friars or those of the American ministers been the most truthfully kept?

The actual condition of the Catholic population formed by the work of the religious orders should not be judged by the excesses which have marked the present revolution. Many old Christian nations have gone through similar experiences. It would be as unreasonable to judge the Christianity of France by the Reign of Terror as to condemn the Filipino population for the atrocities sanctioned by Aguinaldo. The mass of the country population has taken no part in these deeds of blood which are the work of a small number of political adventurers and aspirants for office by any means. Until lately revolutionary disturbance was unknown in the Philippines. During three centuries there was only one serious Indian rebellion, that of Silan, in the province of Ilocos, at the time of the English invasion. The Spanish military force was always too small to hold the islands had there been any real disaffection to the Government. The whole force at Manila in the present war, as given by General Otis, was only fifty-six hundred and about as many more represented the entire Spanish force among a population of seven millions. The disposition of the Catholic Filipinos is essentially law abiding.

One of the friars lately driven from the islands by the revolution assured the writer that in Panay, an island with a population of half a million, a murder did not occur more often than once or twice in a year. In our own country last year the proportion was more than fifty times as great. There is no forced labor as in the Dutch Indian colonies to compel the native Philippines to work, yet they support themselves in content without any of the famines so common in India under the boasted rule of civilized England. A sure evidence of material prosperity is the growth of the population, and of its religion a fair test is the proportion of Catholic marriages, baptisms and religious interments to the whole number. The proportion of marriages in 1896 to the population among the natives administered by the friars was one to every hundred and twenty, which is higher than England, Germany or any European country. The number of baptisms exceeded the deaths by more than two and a half per cent, a greater proportion than in our own land. Compare this with Hawaii and one feels what a farce is the promise of increased prosperity held out by the American Press as the result of the expulsion of the Spanish friars.

It is not easy to compare accurately the intellectual development of the Catholic Filipinos with American or European standards. The ideals of civilization of the Catholic missionaries were different from those popular with English statesmen and their American admirers. The friars did not believe that the accumulation of wealth was the end of civilization, but the support of a large population in fair comfort. There are no trusts and few millionaires in the islands but their population is six times greater than that of California after fifty years of American Government. The test so often applied of reading and writing among the population finds the Filipinos fairly up to the standard of Europe at least. Of highly educated men the proportion is not so large as in Europe, but it is not inconsiderable, and neither in science nor in literature are the descendants of the Malay pirates unrepresented in their remote islands. The native languages have developed no important literature of their own but they have a fair supply of translations from Spanish works in history, poetry and philosophy. In that they are superior to the Hindoo of British India though spoken by nearly a hundred millions. These are facts that throw a strange light on the real meaning of civilization as planted by the Spanish friars among a barbarian race. Compare them with the fate of the Indian races on our own territory and say what benefit the Filipinos may expect from the advent of "Anglo-Saxon" civilization.

The islands were formed into a diocese in 1581, a Dominican, Salazar, being the first bishop. Manila was made an Archbishopric in 1591 with three suffragan sees, one in Cebu for the Visaya Islands, and two in Luzon. The number of priests compared to the Catholic population in the Philippines is less than in almost any Catholic country and most parishes have only one priest. In 1896 there were about thirteen hundred priests of all the Orders, Augustinians, Franciscans, Dominicans and Jesuits, and besides their colleges and seminaries these furnished parish priests for about five and a half millions of Catholics. The secular clergy numbered about eight hundred and had charge of a million and a quarter of souls.

The missionary work of the Orders settled in the Philippines has not been limited to those islands. From Manila the Franciscans and Dominicans sent out missionaries all through the last three centuries to the countries of Eastern Asia. Annam, Siam, Cambodia, China and Japan have received missionaries from the Philippines. There has been no lack of martyrs in those lands. Within the last sixty years at least three Dominican Bishops have given their lives for the Faith in Tonquin as Fisher and More gave theirs in the days of the English Henry. The Franciscans who furnished Japan with its first martyrs are the beginning of a glorious list of brave believers who sealed their faith with their blood among the Friars of the Philippines.

And now a few words about the natives, for which credit is also due to Mr. B. J. Clinch of San Francisco. The bulk of the population, about six millions roughly estimated, is of the Malay race, divided into three nations. The largest is the Tagal, which occupies the greater part of Luzon, and numbers about three millions. The Visayas, who occupy the islands to the south, of which Panay, Zebu, Samar, Leyte, and Mindoro are the chief, are about two and a half millions, and the Pampangos between six and seven hundred thousands. Each division has a distinct language, but none ever had a common national government. Their social organization when the Spaniards first came to the Philippines was a number of small tribes under the rule of chiefs, mostly hereditary, but none of any extensive dominions. In becoming Christians their mode of government was little changed. The friars endeavored to group them into villages to a greater extent than they had been in their savage days, but the chiefs, under Spanish names of capitan or gobernadorcillo—little governor—continued to direct the common affairs of each pueblo. A Spanish governor in each island or province controlled the gen-

eral administration, and the governor-general at Manila was practically the absolute ruler of the whole group, subject, of course, to the laws of Spain and the will of its home government. The natives are nearly all farmers or fishermen, the first class owning their own lands subject only to the taxes imposed by the general government. Having no political traditions and little intercourse with the outside world, they have for generations found sufficient occupation for their energies and thoughts in the quiet routine of daily life in a fertile country and under a tropical sun. The parish church has been the chief center of their social life. They have gathered around for worship on Sundays and holydays, they have come to it for baptism, for marriage, for burials and ever-recurring periods, and they neither know nor desire political assemblies, nor the contest of parties. The schooling of the children is provided for by at least one school for boys and one for girls in each pueblo, and if any of the pupils desire to follow higher studies there are colleges in the towns, and a university at Manila which receives whites and natives alike to its courses. Some time ago the university was credited with two thousand students preparing for the different professions, law, medicine, and the church. Lawyers and judges and doctors of pure Tagal or Visaya blood are found, though not numerous in proportion to the native population. There are also rich planters cultivating large estates by hired labor, but the great majority of Tagals, Visayas, and Pampangos are small farmers. The proportion of the natives that can read and write is larger than in many European countries, and includes the majority of both men and women. It may be added that slavery is wholly unknown and has never existed in the Philippines under Spanish rule.

The white population is very small, not exceeding fifty thousand, or one per cent. of the whole, excluding the army. The half-breeds, or Mestizos, are several hundred thousand, but the majority among them are not of Spanish but Chinese origin. From the first settlement the Chinese element was conspicuous in the population of Manila, and to-day the Chinese half-breeds form the bulk of the population there and in the other trading towns. The character of the Mestizos is different from that of the Malay country population. In business intelligence the Chinese can hold their own with the shrewdest traders of the white race, and they have transmitted their character to their Christian descendants in the Philippines. The Mestizos have, besides, the advantage of acquaintance with a European language and schooling. The Chinese are also as a people fond of forming secret societies among

themselves. This trait has been inherited by many of the Mestizos. As a body they are more intelligent and less moral than the Tagals or Visayas; much as town and country population even of the same race differ the world over. They furnish the largest part of the native professional men and clergy, and nearly the whole of the politicians. It is with this class almost exclusively that Americans or Europeans who visit Manila or other towns come in contact and form their ideas of the Philippine natives.

What has been said will give a clearer idea of the natives as they are than general reflections about their advancement or backwardness in civilization. They are Asiatics, and have the general Asiatic characteristics of calmness of disposition, resignation and obedience to established authority, without any thought of changing the legislation under which they have been brought up. If leading orderly lives of regular labor, respecting the lives and property of those around them, and practising the observances of the church of the largest part of the civilized world, entitles them to be called civilized, they are so. If lack of modern machinery or ways of government debars them from that name, they are not civilized; but then the same might be said of the French habitants of Canada or the early settlers of most of the United States.

Since the advent of American authority in the Philippines, and the same may be said of our other new island dependencies, there have been serious abuses of power by our own military and civil representatives. But we may not hold this government responsible for the vandalism and dishonesty of individuals. Time will be the sure corrective of all such wrongs and the addition of millions of Catholics to the already eleven millions who are children of the United States will in no way affect the even tenor of the ways of church or state. These new peoples are unconsciously pining for that untrammelled freedom which is the secret of the purity and success of the Catholic Church in the Republic of the United States.

THE AGLIPAY SCHISM CRUSHED

(Note, Nov. 23, 1906)

The decision of the Philippine Supreme Court concerning the ownership of the parish church, in the town of Lagonoy, is a death blow to the schism led by Aglipay, the self-anointed, self-appointed archbishop of the so-called National Catholic Church of the Philippine archipelago. This sect was organized by a native priest, who was chaplain in chief of the insurgent army under Aguinaldo. It was a "patriotic" movement, with more politics than piety. It has been gradually subsiding for more than a year and a half, as the "independencia" conspiracies have failed and the personal

character of Aglipay has become known to his followers. He is a bright, superficial, plausible, and ambitious young man, and his plan has been to organize a national church independent of the pope, with himself as the high priest. Aglipay's appeals to the people on the theory that "the Philippines belong to the Filipinos" brought him a very strong following. A large portion of the native padres joined him and he claimed to have 30 per cent or more of the parishes throughout the archipelago. Archbishop Harty contended that he never got more than a hundred or so, but he probably had several hundred—most of them parishes which had been deserted by the friars and were left entirely without priests. In such places Aglipay was accustomed to install priests of his following and take possession of the church property. In several towns his followers threw out the regular pastors by violence. He had churches in nineteen provinces throughout the archipelago, and the largest number were in the diocese of Bishop Rooker, who used to be secretary of the apostolic legation in Washington.

Archbishop Harty of the Catholic Church of Manila appealed to the Philippine commission to protect him in the possession of all properties belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, but it refused to interfere, and in July, 1905, passed an act giving the Supreme Court of the archipelago original jurisdiction over all questions involving the titles to church property. Suits were brought in nineteen different provinces to eject the priests or custodians of the so-called National Catholic Church of the Philippines and to compel the municipal authorities to take charge of the property formerly owned and used by the regular Roman Catholic clergy and to turn it over to the recognized representatives of that church. In many cases the municipal authorities immediately confessed judgment and in other cases would not make any defense. Vast volumes of evidence were submitted, arguments were heard at length on both sides, and finally the first decision was rendered in the case of Bishop Barlin against Padre Ramirez, one of Aglipay's priests, who had taken possession of the parish church and parsonage at Lagonoy.

The decision will doubtless cause the collapse of the Aglipay independent church movement. It began to go down rapidly when Rev. Father Jorg Barlin, a native priest of Nueva Caceras, was ordained as bishop, 1906. That was the first time a native Filipino has ever been made a bishop, and the failure to promote the native clergy has always been a serious cause of dissatisfaction. Every bishop has been of Spanish birth, or, if born in the Philippines, of Spanish parentage; the Filipino priests were kept in the background. That is the strongest argument that Aglipay has been able to bring in support of his movement, and now that a native Filipino has been elevated to a bishopric, it has no further significance.

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